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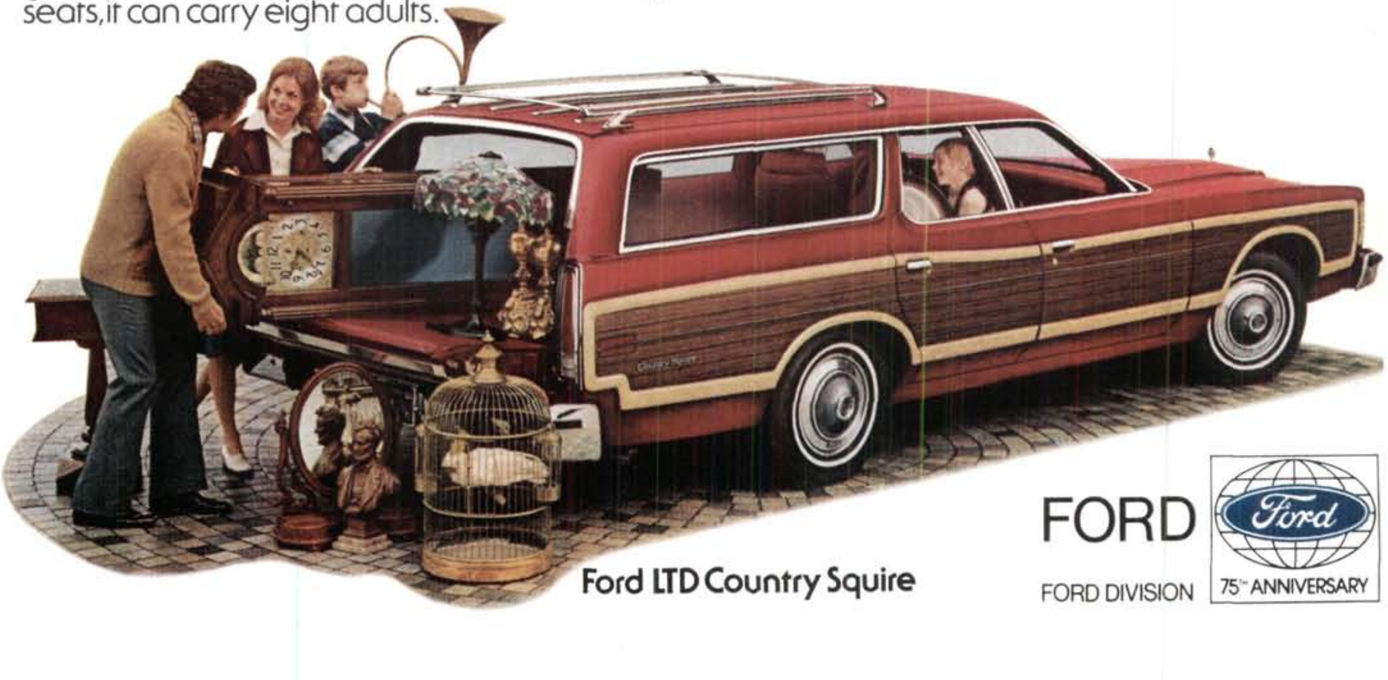

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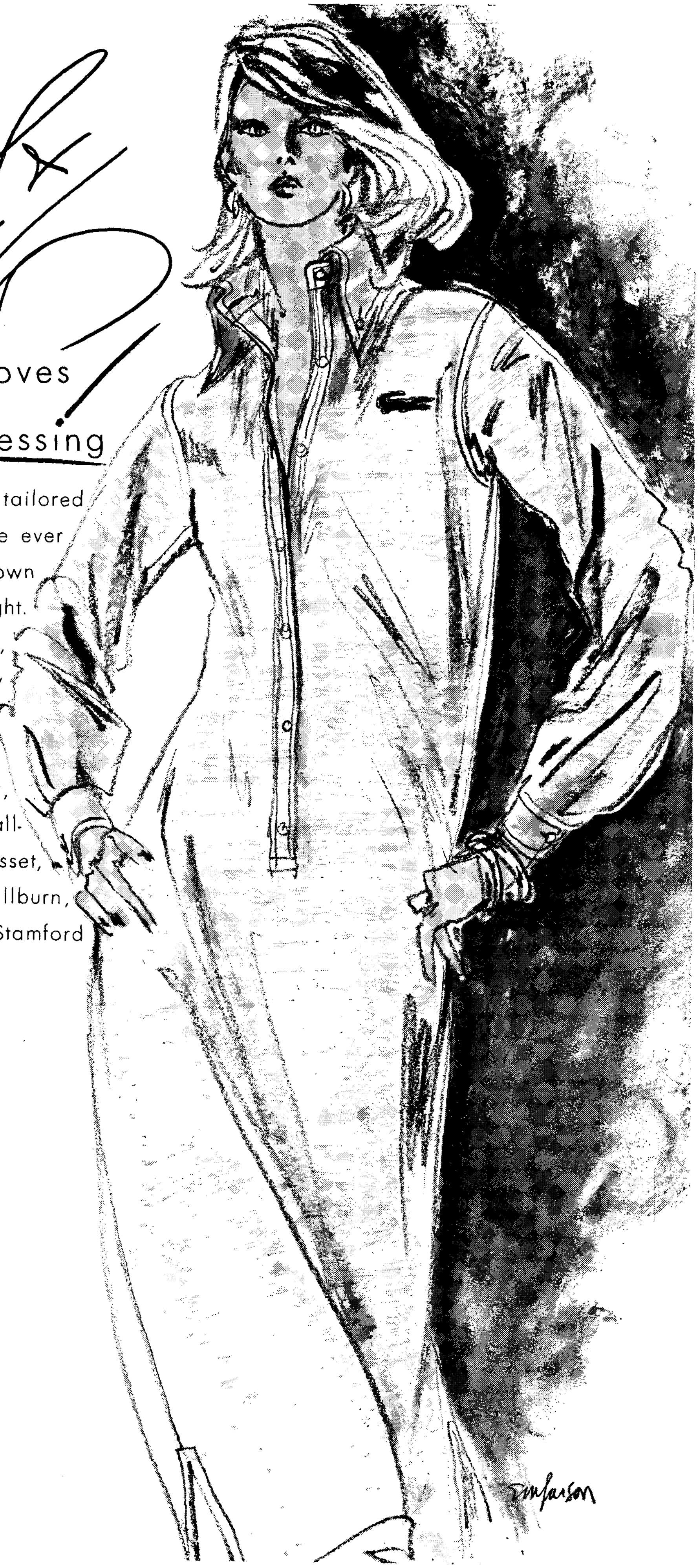

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Act—We are in a Las Vegas night club, watching a gifted performer do a series of star turns. The performer is played by Liza Minnelli and she *is* gifted, but who would want to be in Vegas? (Reviewed in our issue of 11/7/77.) (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Ain't Misbehavin'—A musical (first seen last February at the Manhattan Theatre Club) comprising songs written by or made famous by Fats Waller. With Nell Carter, Andre De Shields, Armelia McQueen, Ken Page, and Charlaine Woodard. Directed by Richard Maltby, Jr. Previews through Monday, May 8. Opens officially on Tuesday, May 9. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Weeknights, except Thursday, May 11, at 8, and Sundays at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Angel—Fred Gwynne and Frances Sternhagen in a musical based on Ketti Frings' play and the Thomas Wolfe novel "Look Homeward, Angel," with music by Gary Geld, lyrics by Peter Udell, and a book by Miss Frings and Mr. Udell. Directed by Philip Rose. Previews through Wednesday matinée, May 10. Opens officially on Wednesday, May 10, at 6:15. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas—A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch, and about the political and sexual mores of our SuperState. Tommy Tune, as bright and inventive as ever, was the choreographer; Carol Hall wrote the melodic score and agreeable lyrics; and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the entertaining libretto. The company, under the direction of Mr. Masterson and Mr. Tune, is as proficient as it is high-spirited. With Henderson Forsythe, Delores Hall, Jay Garner, Susan Mansur, and Carlin Glynn. (5/1/78) (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A Bistro Car on the CNR—A chipper little revue from Canada, set aboard a train running between Toronto and Montreal. The score, by Patrick Rose, is tuneful and varied, and he himself is the most able of the four able performers who comprise the cast. The others are Marcia McClain, Tom Wopat, and Henrietta Valor. Lyrics by Merv Campone and Richard Ouzounian, and scenery and costumes by John Falabella. Mr. Ouzounian directed. (4/3/78) (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Bleacher Bums—We are in the presence of eight raffish Chicago Cub fans, in a corner of Wrigley Field during all nine innings of a game against the Cardinals. The action—a matter of small bits—is sometimes funny, sometimes not, and almost always earsplitting. The actors, members of the Organic Theatre of Chicago, do quite well; Michael Saad, as a blind man, does very well. (Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. 966-3651. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8 and at midnight; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Broadway—A revival of a 1926 play by Philip Dunning and George Abbott, with a cast headed by William Atherton, Teri Garr, and Chris Sarandon. Directed by Robert Allan Ackerman. Previews Tuesday and Wednesday, May 9-10. Opens officially on Thursday, May 11. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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Catsplay—István Orkény's comedy—about the trials and eventual triumph of a spunky, feisty widow in Budapest whose lover is snatched away from her—makes an entertaining evening, under Lynne Meadow's capable direction. Helen Burns plays the elderly heroine with great zest, and she is well supported by Katherine Squire and Robert Gerringer, among others. (4/24/78) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 7.)

Chapter Two—A new comedy by Neil Simon, less funny than most of its predecessors. Judd Hirsch plays a miserable widower who suddenly finds a new love and doesn't know what to do with her, except to marry her and make her as miserable as he has been. (12/12/77) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Cold Storage—Ronald Ribman's curiously divided play—the first act seems to have very little to do with the second—is an occasion for some admirable acting by Martin Balsam and Len Cariou. (1/16/78) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Da—In this entertaining play by Hugh Leonard, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. Brian Murray is the dramatist, and Barnard Hughes his late Da, and both are in top form. Richard Seer, Lester Rawlins, and Sylvia O'Brien are among the other good actors in this excellent production under Melvin Bernhardt's direction. (3/27/78) (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Dancin'—Superb young dancers (who can also sing) carry out the witty and sexy notions of the great show-biz choreographer Bob Fosse. (4/10/78) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Deathtrap—A thriller almost as clever as

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COVER: *Paul Degen*

DRAWINGS: *Robert Weber, William Steig, George Price, Al Ross, Lee Lorenz, Charles Addams, James Mulligan, Jack Ziegler, Mischa Richter, James Stevenson, Frank Modell, Barney Tobey, Stan Hunt, Gahan Wilson, Bill Woodman, J. B. Handelsman, Joseph Mirachi, Charles Barsotti, Arnie Levin, Edward Frascino, Edward Koren*

THE NEW YORKER

25 WEST 43RD STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, (212) 695-1515

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The New Yorker, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N.Y. 10036; Peter F. Fleischmann, chairman; George J. Green, president; William P. Buxton, Milton Greenstein, and Sam R. Spoto, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee, treasurer; Elaine M. Matteo, secretary. Branch advertising offices: 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Ill. 60601; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 523 West Sixth St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90014; 1175 Peachtree St. N. E., Atlanta, Ga. 30361; 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W1X OED. Vol. LIV, No. 12, May 8, 1978. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash.

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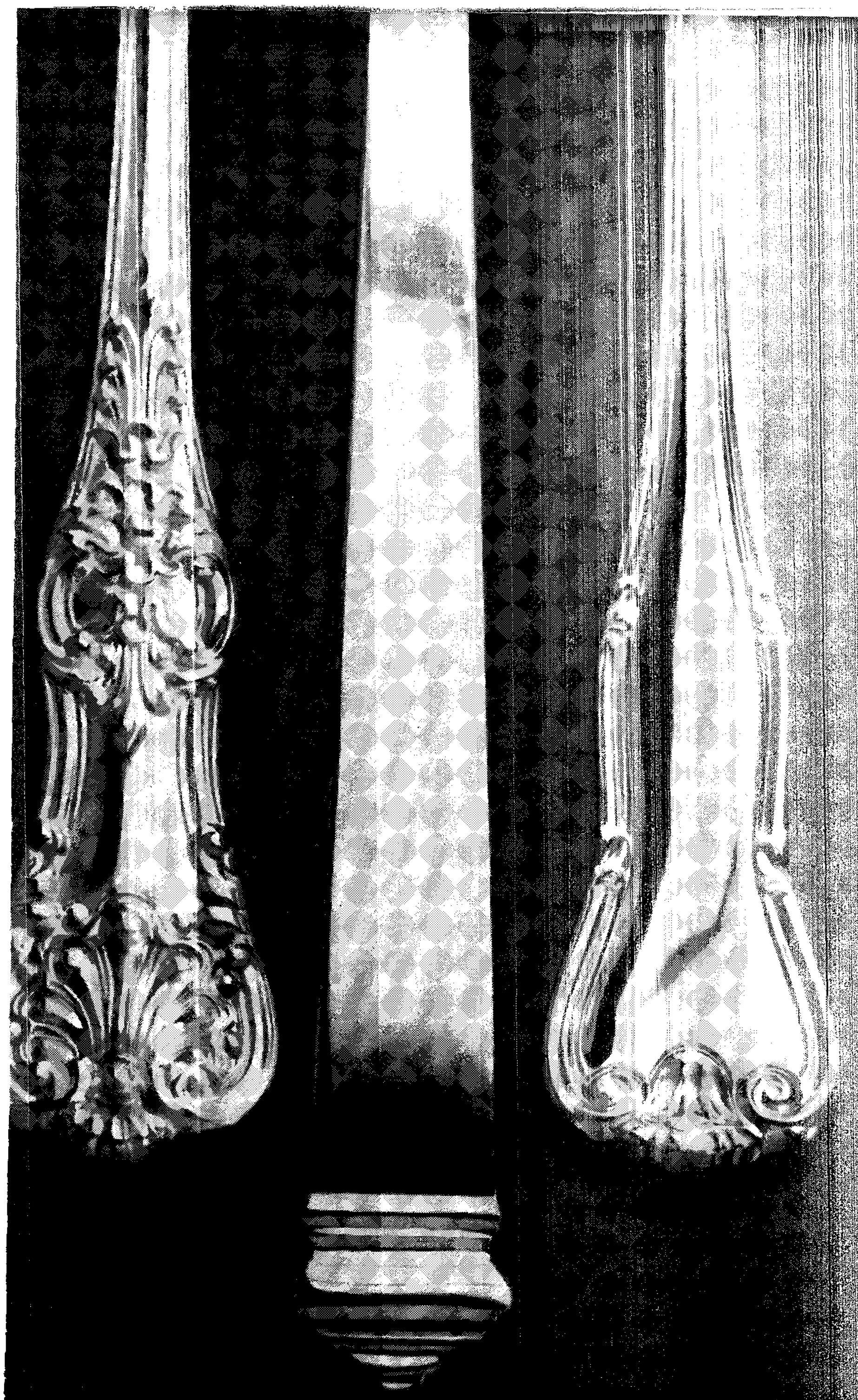
Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: In U.S. and possessions, one year, $20.00; two years, $35.00. In Canada and Mexico, one year, $22.00. Other foreign, $26.00.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

"Sleuth." The author is Ira Levin, and the star is John Wood. (3/13/78) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Dracula—Frank Langella co-stars with Edward Gorey's sets and costumes in this highly entertaining revival of a twenties melodrama. (10/31/77) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—The final production of the season will be a revival of the musical **company**, with a score and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, and a book by George Furth. Preview Wednesday, May 3. Opens officially on Thursday, May 4, and will run through Sunday, May 28. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Family Business—A wealthy old Jewish manufacturer dies of a heart attack at the end of Act I, and the two remaining acts are given over to his grown sons' squabbles and quarrels over money and other matters. The results are depressing, but there are hints throughout that the script, by Dick Goldberg, is worthy of a livelier performance. (4/24/78) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The 5th of July—A number of former activists of the nineteen-sixties and their friends gather at a farm in Missouri in 1977 and talk your ear off, to no discernible purpose. There are a few lively scenes here, but not enough. Lanford Wilson wrote the play, and Marshall W. Mason directed the competent performance. Very good settings by John Lee Beatty. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Square. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Gin Game—Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn as occupants of an old people's home, each fiercely determined to have his way. A grim but often very funny play by D. L. Coburn. The director is Mike Nichols. (10/17/77) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

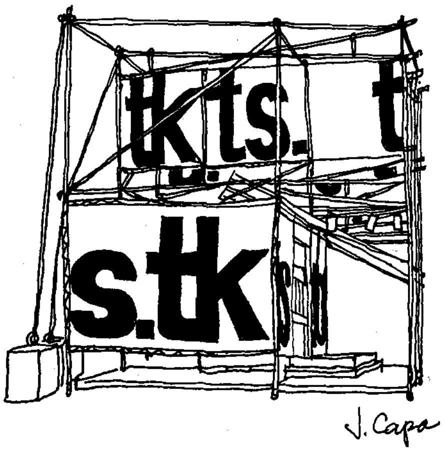
Hello, Dolly!—Carol Channing and this musical ought to be placed on the National Register of Historic Places. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Incarnations of Reverend Goode Blacque Dresse—A play by Garland Lee Thompson. (Urban Arts Corps Theatre, 26 W. 20th St. 924-7820. Thursday through Saturday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 6. Closes Sunday, May 7.)

The Last Minstrel Show—Della Reese heads the cast of a musical play by Joe Taylor Ford. Directed by Donald McKayle. Previews Thursday through Saturday, May 4-6. Opens officially on Monday, May 8. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Life in the Theatre—David Mamet's loving tribute to the theatre in the form of a collage of the offstage conversations between a seasoned actor and a younger one, and of their onstage dialogues in brief parodies of every conceivable kind of scene. The play is very funny and subtly haunting as well. With Ellis Rabb and Peter Evans as the actors. Gerald Gutierrez was the estimable director, and John Lee Beatty the estimable scenic designer. Starting Tuesday, May 9, José Ferrer and James McDonnell will replace the Messrs. Rabb and Evans. (10/31/77) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Molière in Spite of Himself—A play adapted (and directed) by Michael Lessac from a play



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by Mikhail Bulgakov. (3/20/78) (Colonnades, 428 Lafayette St. 673-2222. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

On the Twentieth Century—Though newly composed, a dated musical version of a dated play. Robin Wagner's train set is superb. (3/6/78) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Passion of Dracula—An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters, Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (10/10/77) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

P.S. Your Cat Is Dead!—A (rewritten) revival of a play by James Kirkwood. (4/3/78) (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Runaways—Elizabeth Swados' musical is moving from Off Broadway to Broadway. It is about the plight of runaway children in this city and is, paradoxically, quite exhilarating. The members of the cast, most of them unknown, range in age from eleven to their early twenties, but their proficiency at singing, dancing, and acting is unlimited. (3/20/78) Previews Saturday, May 6, through Saturday matinée, May 13. Opens officially on Saturday evening, May 13. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

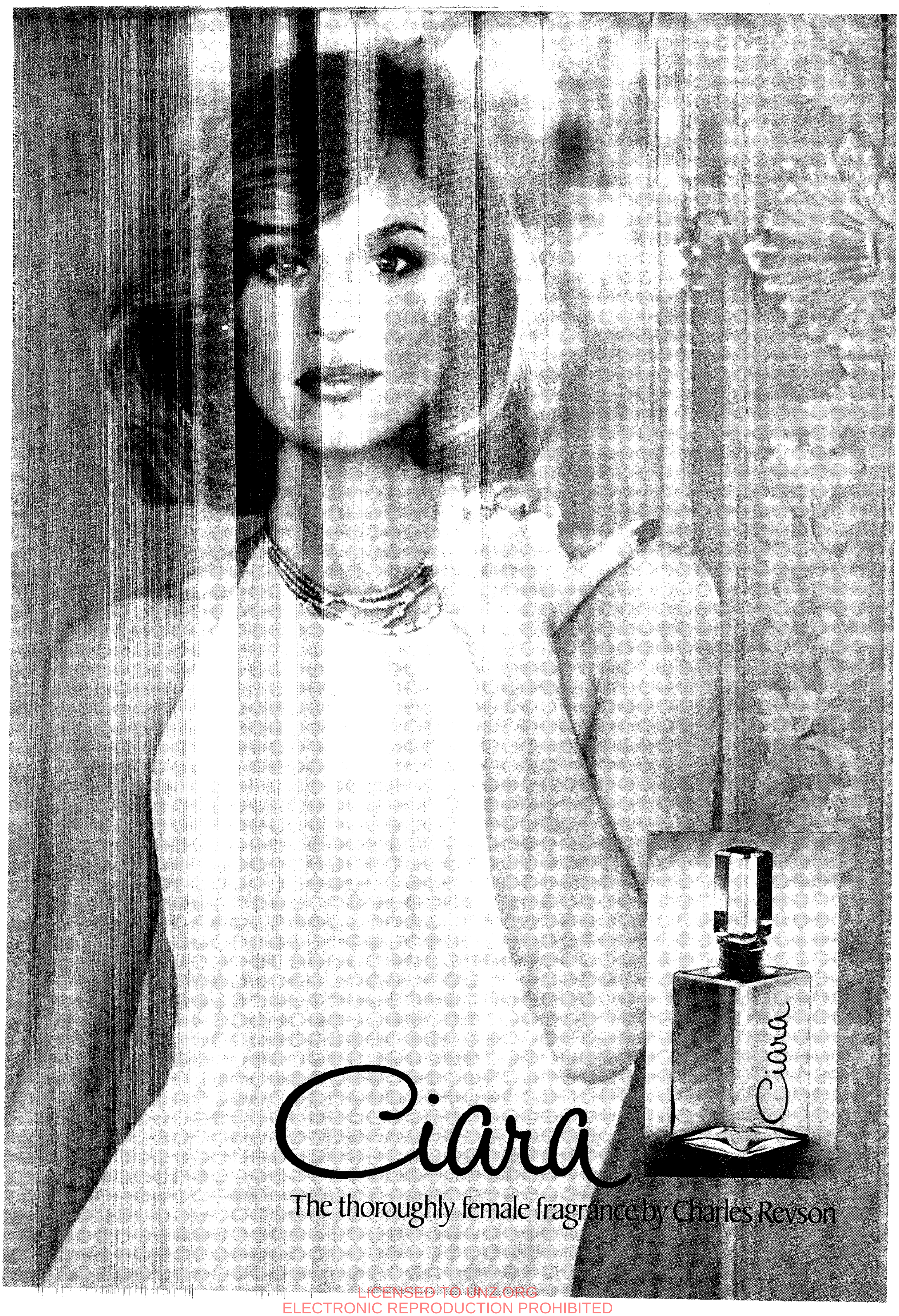
Run'ers—A play (about a black girls' track team) by Ivey McCray. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 240 E. 3rd St. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 7. Free.)

13 Rue de l'Amour—A farce by Georges Feydeau, much dishevelled in the course of adaptation and casting. Louis Jourdan emerges with honor, looking less perplexed than he must feel. (3/27/78) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 21.)

Timbuktu!—Geoffrey Holder has put together an all-black musical based on silly old "Kismet." Very pretty, and as loud and empty as a tribal drum. (3/13/78) (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Twilight Dinner—Two middle-aged black men, one American, the other West Indian, and both in comfortable circumstances, meet after seventeen years and recall their radical past with mixed emotions. Lennox Brown's somewhat sketchy play could be considered an elegy for the nineteen-sixties. The cha
acters and what they say and feel are b
lievable, and the performance, under the d
rection of Douglas Turner Ward, goes we
With Reuben Green, Leon Morenzie, ar
Karen Bernhard. This is the Negro Ensen
ble Company's final offering of the seaso
(5/1/78) (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Secor
Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesda
through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; ar
Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 ar
Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 14.)

Long Runs—**annie:** A long musical based on t
celebrated comic-strip characters Little O
phan Annie and Daddy Warbucks. Dor
thy Loudon is marvellous as an alcohol
scold. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-864
Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matiné
Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Su
days at 3.) . . . **a chorus line:** A group
young dancers audition for a handful
chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehears
and by the time the evening is over we kno
everything about all of them. A brilliant, i
novative musical, conceived, choreographe
and directed by Michael Bennett. (Shube
225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, exce
Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays ar
Saturdays at 2.) . . . **the club:** Eve Merriam
musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen
club in 1903, but the company consists of se
en women, lightly disguised in top hats, whi
tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authe
tic, indelicate songs of the period. As fem
nist projects go, this one is unusually goo
humored, and the singing, and especially t
dancing, under Tommy Tune's direction,
proficient and pleasing. (Circle in the Squa
Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tue
days through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 a
9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sunda
at 3.) . . . **the fantasticks:** 7,488 performanc
so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sul
van St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesda
through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 1
and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3
. . . **for colored girls who have considered su
cide:** The marvellous poems and prose of
American writer, Ntozake Shange, are sp
ken and danced to by seven remarkably gift
young black women. The director, Oz Sco
must be given high credit for the captivati
result. Choreography by Paula Moss. (Boot
222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays throu
Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 a
Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **gemini:** In Albert I
naurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard u
dergraduate, son of an Italian-American
borer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of h
classmates—a well-to-do brother and sist
from Cambridge—and is thrown into a pan
that at first appears to be social, but is actual
sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father a
Anne DeSalvo and Jonathan Hadary, amo
other good actors. Peter Mark Schifter dire
ed. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-642
Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matiné
Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **grease:**
musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jaco
and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithf
imitation, the songs and dances of the nin
teen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 24
5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at
Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at
and Sundays at 3.) . . . **i love my wife:** Som
singable songs by Cy Coleman and Micha
Stewart, and an admirable cast, but not
ing much can be done with Mr. Stewart
tasteless book. Gene Saks is the brave d
rector. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th S
246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at
Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2
. . . **the king and i:** An irresistibly tunef
Rodgers and Hammerstein show, all the mo
pleasing for being somewhat old-fashione
Yul Brynner is its superb star. (Uris, 51
St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesda
through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wedne
days and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3
. . . **the magic show:** A wretched musical, b
the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 13
W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays, Friday
and Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wedne
days, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2, a
Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **mummenschanz:**
merry evening of pantomime with thre
masked players. The masks are ingenious an
surprising and so are the ideas of this nimb
troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-850
Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinée
Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sunday


Ciara
Ciara
The thoroughly female fragrance by Charles Revson

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

at 3.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR**: A slick and sentimental comedy about happy marriages and a single twenty-five-year-long, happy adultery, practiced annually. With Betsy Palmer and Monte Markham. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **VANITIES**: In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE WIZ**: An elaborate and mostly successful version of "The Wizard of Oz," with an all-black cast of great talent. Directed by Geoffrey Holder, who also did the costumes. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

BEATLEMANIA—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Harrison. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

CIRCUS—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey, back in town with their hundred-and-eighth edition. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesdays through Fridays, except Thursday, May 11, at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursday, May 11, at 10:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sundays at 1 and 5:30. Closes Sunday, June 4.)

ONDEKO-ZA DEMON DRUMS—A program of music, ritual, and dance, from the Japanese island of Sado. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Nightly, except Sunday, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 3. Closes Saturday, May 13.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, May 3, at 8: "Ballo della Regina," "The Cage," "Valse-Fantaisie," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3."...¶ Thursday, May 4, at 8: "Fanfare," "Allegro Brillante," and "Vienna Waltzes."...¶ Friday, May 5, at 8: "Ballo della Regina," "Duo Concertant," "Valse-Fantaisie," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3."...¶ Saturday, May 6, at 2: "Raymonda Variations," "Irish Fantasy," and "The Concert."...¶ Saturday, May 6, at 8: "Raymonda Variations," "The Cage," "Valse-Fantaisie," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." ...¶ Sunday, May 7, at 1: "Four Temperaments," "Other Dances," and "Vienna Waltzes."...¶ Sunday, May 7, at 7: "Four Temperaments," "Pas de Deux," and "Vienna Waltzes."...¶ Tuesday, May 9, at 8: "Raymonda Variations," "Four Temperaments," and "Stars and Stripes."...¶ Wednesday, May 10, at 8: "Ballo della Regina," "Chaconne," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto."... ¶ Thursday, May 11, at 8: "Raymonda Variations," "Prodigal Son," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto."...¶ Friday, May 12, at 8: "Chaconne," "Prodigal Son," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3."...¶ Saturday, May 13, at 2: "Ballo della Regina," "Pas de Deux," and "Vienna Waltzes."...¶ Saturday, May 13, at 8: "Allegro Brillante," "Prodigal Son," and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, July 2.)

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AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Wednesday through Friday evenings, May 3-5; Saturday matinée and evening, May 6; and Monday and Tuesday evenings, May 8-9: "Don Quixote; or, Kitri's Wedding."...¶ Wednesday and Thursday evenings, May 10-11: "La Bayadère," "At Midnight," "Other Dances," and "Graduation Ball."...¶ Friday evening, May 12, and Saturday matinée and evening, May 13: "The Nutcracker." (Metropolitan Opera House. 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, June 10.)

ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATRE—Opening performances of a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, May 21—Wednesday, May 3, at 8: "Gazelle," two premières—"Passage" and "Butterfly"—and "Suite Otis."...¶ Thursday, May 4, at 8: "The Lark Ascending," "Coverage II," "Blood-Burning Moon" (première), "The Time Before the Time After," and "Night Creature."...¶ Friday, May 5, at 8: "Hidden Rites," "Cry," "Masekela Langage," and "Suite Otis."...¶ Saturday, May 6, at 2: "Gazelle," "Passage," "Butterfly," and "Revelations."...¶ Saturday, May 6, at 8: "Night Creature," "Pas de Duke," "Masekela Langage," and "Caravan."...¶ Sunday, May 7, at 2: "Hidden Rites," "Suite Otis," and "Revelations."...¶ Sunday, May 7, at 7:30: "The Lark Ascending," "Pas de Duke," "Blood-Burning Moon," "The Time Before the Time After," and "Night Creature."... ¶ Tuesday, May 9, at 8: "Gazelle," "Cry," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations."...¶ Wednesday, May 10, at 8: "Streams," "Icarus," "Passage," and "Revelations."...¶ Thursday, May 11, at 8: "Night Creature," "Hermit Songs," "Masekela Langage," and "Caravan."...¶ Friday, May 12, at 8: "Butterfly," "Facets," "Choral Dances," and "Suite Otis."...¶ Saturday, May 13, at 2: "Streams," "The Time Before the Time After," "Gazelle," and "Suite Otis."...¶ Saturday, May 13, at 8: "Night Creature," "Icarus," "Blood-Burning Moon," and "Revelations." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

LAR LUBOVITCH DANCE COMPANY—"Scriabin Dance," "North Star," "A New Work," "Marimba," "Les Noces," and "Exsultate Jubilate." (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Wednesday through Friday, May 3-5, at 8; Saturday, May 6, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, May 7, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town....¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALI'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—An ongoing festival of contemporary and out-there jazz. Tenor saxophonist **KALAPARUSHA MAURICE MC INTYRE** leads a quartet through Saturday, May 6; on Tuesday, May 9, free trombonist **GRACHAN MONCUR III** will bring in a quartet. Mondays are turned over to trumpeter Ted Daniel and Energy, his gangly, free-form, accessible fourteen-piece band. Music from about ten. Closed Sundays.

BALLROOM, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (673-9121)—Just about the only place left in this part of town where one can see artists hanging out is in the Ballroom mural—eighteen by twelve feet, depicting Rivers, Indiana, Rudi Stern, et al. There aren't many places where one can hear Brecht and Weill almost every night, either: singer Martha Schlamme goes on at eight-thirty and ten-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dinner.

BEEFSTEAK CHARLIE'S, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—A dark lounge and bar—with busts of, presumably, Mr. and Mrs. Beefsteak Chas. placed at both ends of the bar and which serve as hat stands—with a conscientious music policy. The music almost always begins promptly, and first-rate musicians are brought in. Guitarist John Scofield leads a quartet through Saturday, May 6; Wednesday through Saturday, May 10-13, pianist **STEVE KUHN** will work with his quartet. Music from nine until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Here's a partial lineup: British punk rocker Ian Dury is here with his Blockheads opposite Chicago bluesperson **KOKO TAYLOR** and her Blues Machine on Wednesday, May 3; Thursday through Saturday, May 4-6, pop singer **CARLY SIMON** will make one of her rare forays into the world of live night-club audiences (her performances are already sold out); on Tuesday, May 9, Ellen McIlwaine, a strong folksinger, will be present; and on Wednesday, May 10, **TODD RUNDGREN**, the flashiest rock-and-roller ever to come out of Woodstock, will bring in some special effects—fog, strobes, and laser beams, for example—and musical colleagues for a five-night visit (Rundgren's shows are sold out, too). Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Q: When is the bar at Bradley's two-people deep? A: Only when it's not three-people deep. **JOANNE BRACKEEN** and **CECIL MC BEE** make a first-rate piano-bass team through Saturday, May 6; on Monday, May 8, pianist **BEN ARONOV** and bassist **HERB BUSHLER** will work together. Sundays are turned over to the house favorite, pianist **JIMMY ROWLES**, who improvises, recasts, and composes while you wait. From ten most nights, from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

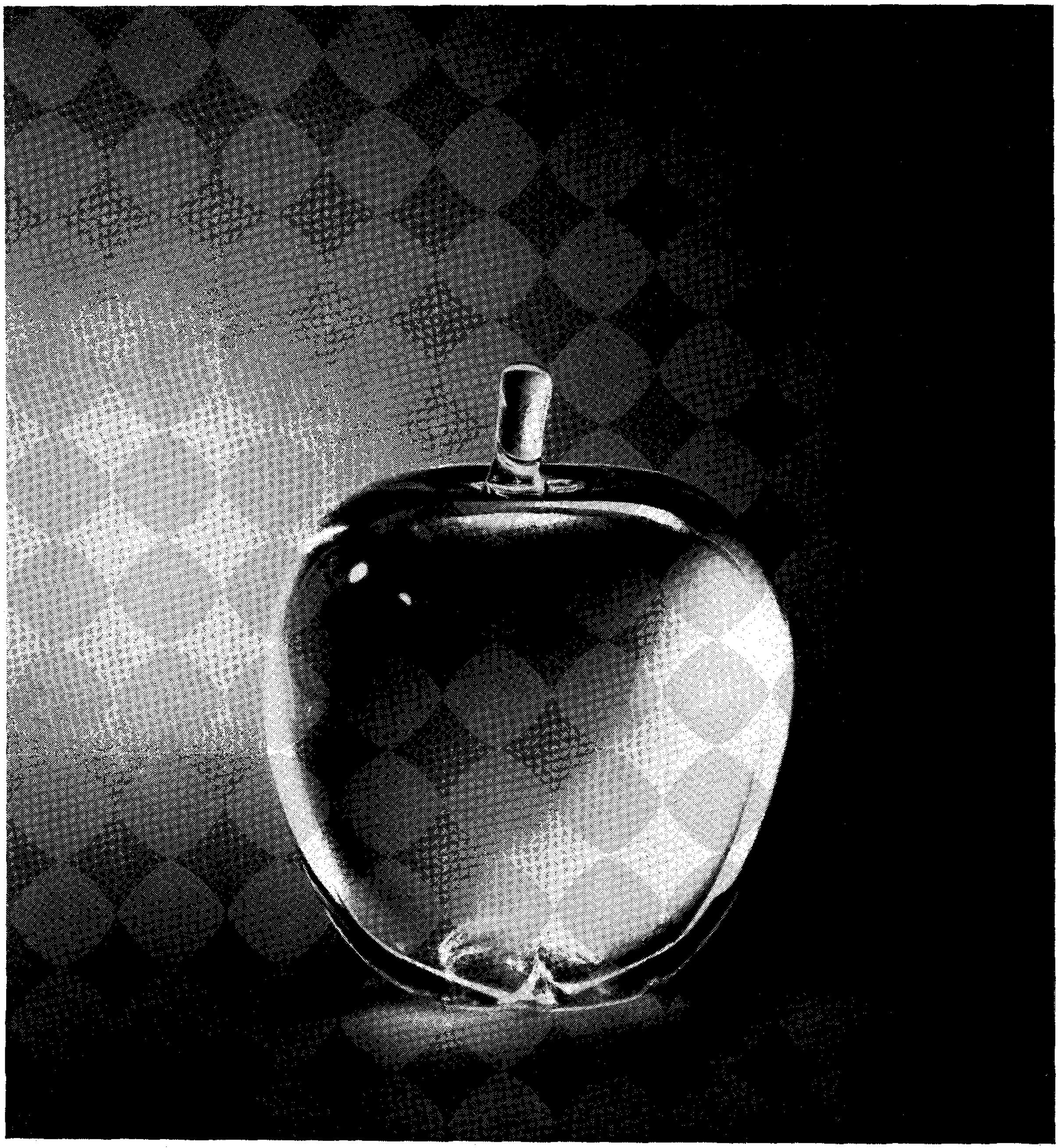
CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BERNIE LEIGHTON** is both an expert cocktail pianist of the old school and a dazzling, driving jazz pianist who works in the single-note vineyards of Art Tatum and Nat Cole. **HOWARD COLLINS** is on guitar and **RON MARKOWITZ** on bass. Tuesdays through Thursdays from eight-thirty to twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to one. Dinner and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, **BOBBY SHORT** pays tribute to the pre-Bee Gees era of popular songs with a little help from bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **GENE GAMMAGE** Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-thirty. Singer-pianist Michael Carney appears Mondays after nine-thirty. Dinner and supper.... **MARIAN MC PARTLAND** presides over the keyboard in the Bemelmans Bar weeknights, from nine-thirty to one.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (PL 7-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS** is here, playing the great August Förster piano with driving serenity. He does everything in his power to stay out of the listener's way, and he does everything in his power to swing. Weeknights from eight until midnight. Dinner.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This bar has for a couple of years distinguished itself by presenting some of the most bizarre, if not always musically accomplished, rock and punk-rock bands around. Music most nights from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**ALBERTA HUNTER**, a rocking, funny, full-voiced blues singer, songwriter, and legend (she's eighty-three), performs with pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Al Hall, delighting her audiences Mondays through Thursdays, at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and on Fridays and Saturdays, at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. On Sundays, from eight to one, **ROSE MURPHY** is at the piano, singing her thirty-odd-year-old hits "I Can't Give You Anything But Chichi" and "Button



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STEUBEN GLASS

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Up Your Chichichi." Bassist Morris Edwards lends a hand. Dining.

Crawdaddy, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—This room flanks 45th Street and has ceiling fans, a tile floor, high-backed Windsor chairs, and food with a New Orleans tinge. **WARREN VACHÉ**, a young trumpeter, plays in the style of the swing era with pianist **DON COATES** and drummer Chuck Briggs Mondays through Fridays from six-thirty until eleven-thirty.

David K's, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—Singer and pianist **HUGH SHANNON**, a picture of international café-society nonchalance, tosses off tunes by Porter, Coward, and Stevie Wonder in the Aquarium Lounge. Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to two.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Bobby Gordon, Vic Dickenson, Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, Ed Polcer, and Red Balaban (who owns the place) are the traditionalists who usually make up the house band. On Tuesday, May 9, trombonist George Masso will sit in with the regulars. On Sunday, May 7, tenor saxophonist **SCOTT HAMILTON** will lead a swing quintet. Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty, Sundays from eight-thirty. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An attractive haunt, short on space but not on music. Mondays from ten to three, **AL HAIG**, **MORRIS EDWARDS**, and **AL GAFA** perform piano-bass-guitar bebop variations; on Tuesdays, from ten to three, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** leads a trio. Wednesdays through Saturdays, pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** usually holds down the fort with **FRANK LUTHER** on bass, **JOE PUMA** on guitar, and vocalist Alicia Sherman. This foursome works from ten to three; on Sundays, they put in a walloping eight-hour session, from seven to three. Weeknights from seven to ten, pianist and trumpeter Gene Roland and bassist Morris Edwards get together on the tiny bandstand.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—**JOE WILLIAMS**, who is still best known for his six stunning and bluesy years as Count Basie's vocalist in the late fifties and early sixties, is today an exciting singer of standards and an occasional blues number. He appears Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one; no music Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE**, back from his leave of absence, is buoyed by drummer Eddie Locke, pianist Johnny Morris, clarinettist Joe Muranyi, bassist Ted Sturgis, and trombonist Bobby Pratt. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave, at 13th St. (242-1664)—Mouth-numbing chili for transplanted Texans, Lone Star beer for unwary non-Texans, and, often (but not always), good, solid country and rock music. Thursday through Sunday, May 4-7, will see Greezy Wheels, an exuberant country-rock bar band from Austin, take over the stage. On Wednesday, May 10, **ERNEST TUBB** and his **TEXAS TROUBADORS** will perform. Tubb, who was born in Crisp, Texas, sixty-four years ago, was one of the earliest performers at the Grand Ole Opry. He was greatly influenced by Jimmie Rodgers and Rodgers' famous blues song "T for Texas," and in the early forties became a honky-tonk singer—honky-tonk combined rural country-music elements with the more jazzy Western-swing forms. He is to this day an adamant Texan, and he'll no doubt sing "There's a Little Bit of Everything in Texas, and a Whole Lot of Texas in Me" while he's here. Other groups round out the week. Music weeknights from nine-fifteen to three, and Sundays from eight-thirty to two.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**JOE VENUTI** is an impeccable violinist who loves rocket tempos, cheek-shaking rhapsodies, and showy, good-time blues. His intonation is perfect, and he has a superb sense of dynamics. **RIO CLEMENTE** is on piano, **MILT HINTON** is on bass, and **BOBBY ROSENGARDEN** is on drums, and every so often, **SPIEGELE WILLCOX**, who worked with Venuti in Jean Goldkette's band fifty-five years ago, sits in on trombone. Through Saturday, May 6. Beginning Tuesday, May 9, singer and actress Claudia McNeil will pay tribute to Ethel Waters. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

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Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A fine place to test the effects of smoke, rhythm-and-blues, and jazz on hanging plants. **CISSY HOUSTON**, her loose, adept R. & B. band, and her backup singers celebrate sixties soul music through Saturday, May 6. Mondays are turned over to Tom Pierson, a pianist, composer, and musical director for Broadway shows, who also writes for and directs a jazz-rock quintet, Turning Point. A very fine and versatile saxophonist named **LOU MARINI** does most of the soloing. Music from ten until two. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Canadian folksinger Bruce Cockburn trades sets with singer Paula Lockheart's band Thursday through Saturday, May 4-6. Music most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

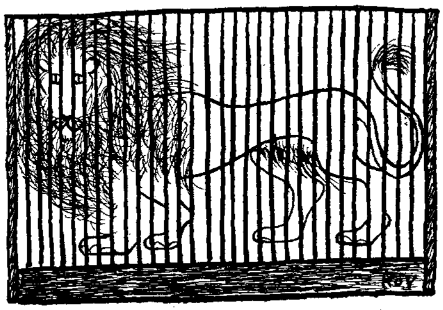
Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—Lots of tourists, a few sagacious natives, and a dance band populate this room with an indoor and an outdoor view. **SY OLIVER** directs a dance septet Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dinner.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—S*R*O*, a comedy and singing trio, performs Tuesdays through Sundays at nine and midnight. Mondays are given over to new talent. Dinner.

Sibi, 151 E. 50th St. (753-3429)—**JOHNNY HARTMAN** is the last of the luxuriant, big-voiced black singers who came along in the forties. He is accompanied by the brilliant **TONY MONTE** on piano, **RON NASPO** on bass, and **RONNIE BEDFORD** on drums. Through Saturday, May 6. Monday through Saturday, May 8-13, has been reserved for pianist Ahmad Jamal, who once estimated that he has played "Poinciana" about a hundred thousand times. Mondays through Thursdays at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten, twelve, and one-thirty.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Pianist **JUNIOR MANCE**, who is given to blues-infested crescendos, leads a trio through Saturday, May 6; Sunday and Monday, May 7-8, saxophonist Hal McKusic will direct a combo; and Tuesday through Saturday, May 9-13, tenor saxophonist **GEORGE COLEMAN** will be on hand with a quintet. Music from about nine-thirty. Dinner.

Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A smudgy glass door and an unlit entranceway leads one downstairs to the action, and in the eyes of many people in the rock-and-roll record business and the many more trying for a recording contract, this club answers that eternal Zen-like riddle, "Where's the action?" Rock music every night but Sunday, provided mostly by bands on the way up and occasionally by established musicians. Showtimes are usually at midnight and two. Dinner.



Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Downstairs: On Friday and Saturday, May 5-6, **LIGHTNIN' HOPKINS**—known as Lightnin' Sam to his admirers—will sing rural Texas blues tributes to women, cotton, mojo hands, and hurricanes in his unmistakable gravelly voice, and he'll accompany himself with a few of his favorite guitar chords. On the following Friday and Saturday—May 12-13—the master, **DIZZY GILLESPIE**, will be here with his sextet. Music from ten. Upstairs: Bob January guides a fifteen-piece dance band on Sundays from seven to eleven. Harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN**, guitarist **EDDIE BERG**, and bassist **LISLE ATKINSON** perform on Thursdays from nine to midnight.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (AL 5-4037)—Guitarist **JACK WILKINS**, exciting, flamboyant, and always musical, is here with his fine young quartet—pianist **PHIL MARKOWITZ**, drummer **JOE LA BARBARA**, and bassist **JOHN BURR**—playing with equal enthusiasm original tunes, bossa-nova numbers, and hard-bop standards like "Freight Train." Through Sunday, May 7. On Tuesday, May 9, pianist **RED GARLAND** and two fellow-Dallas beboppers will descend the stairs. On Monday, May 8, **GEORGE RUSSELL**, the highly admired composer and jazz theorist, will lead a youthful seventeen-piece band. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—The soul-food craze is still going strong in this popular, out-of-the-way bar and restaurant. Mondays through Wednesdays, Sonelius Smith is at the piano; Thursdays through Sundays are turned over to Harris Simon. Music from eight to two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The swing music here is divided between trumpeter Franc Williams, who leads a quintet Wednesday through Sunday, May 3-7, and Tuesday and Wednesday, May 9-10, and pianist Ram Ramirez, who will bring in a combo on Thursday, May 11. Music from nine to one-thirty. Student food at student prices.

W.P.A., 152 Spring St., near West Broadway. (226-3444)—Striking black-and-white murals, painted in the heroic style of the twenties and thirties, portraying workers of the world—farmers, stevedores, chorus girls (they're workers, too). Tuesdays through Saturdays, **JILL MC MANUS** plays clean articulate, well-lighted piano, in which harmony is implied more than stated and excitement is the result of logic rather than adventurousness. Music from nine to one.

DISCOTHÈQUES

Ipanema, 240 W. 52nd St. (765-8025)—A Plexiglas dance floor over colored lights. Live Latin music on Tuesdays; recorded disco music Thursdays through Saturdays and recorded disco and Brazilian music on Sundays. Music from nine most nights; from six on Thursdays. Closed Mondays and Wednesdays.

New York, New York, 33 W. 52nd St. (245-2400)—A lighting man and a licensed laser officer are in charge of the special effects: laser beams projected onto a screen; moving, spinning colored spotlights; and a fog machine. From ten nightly.

Régine's, 502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (826-0990)—An Art Deco interior carried out in tones of aubergine and silver. Dancing from ten-thirty. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

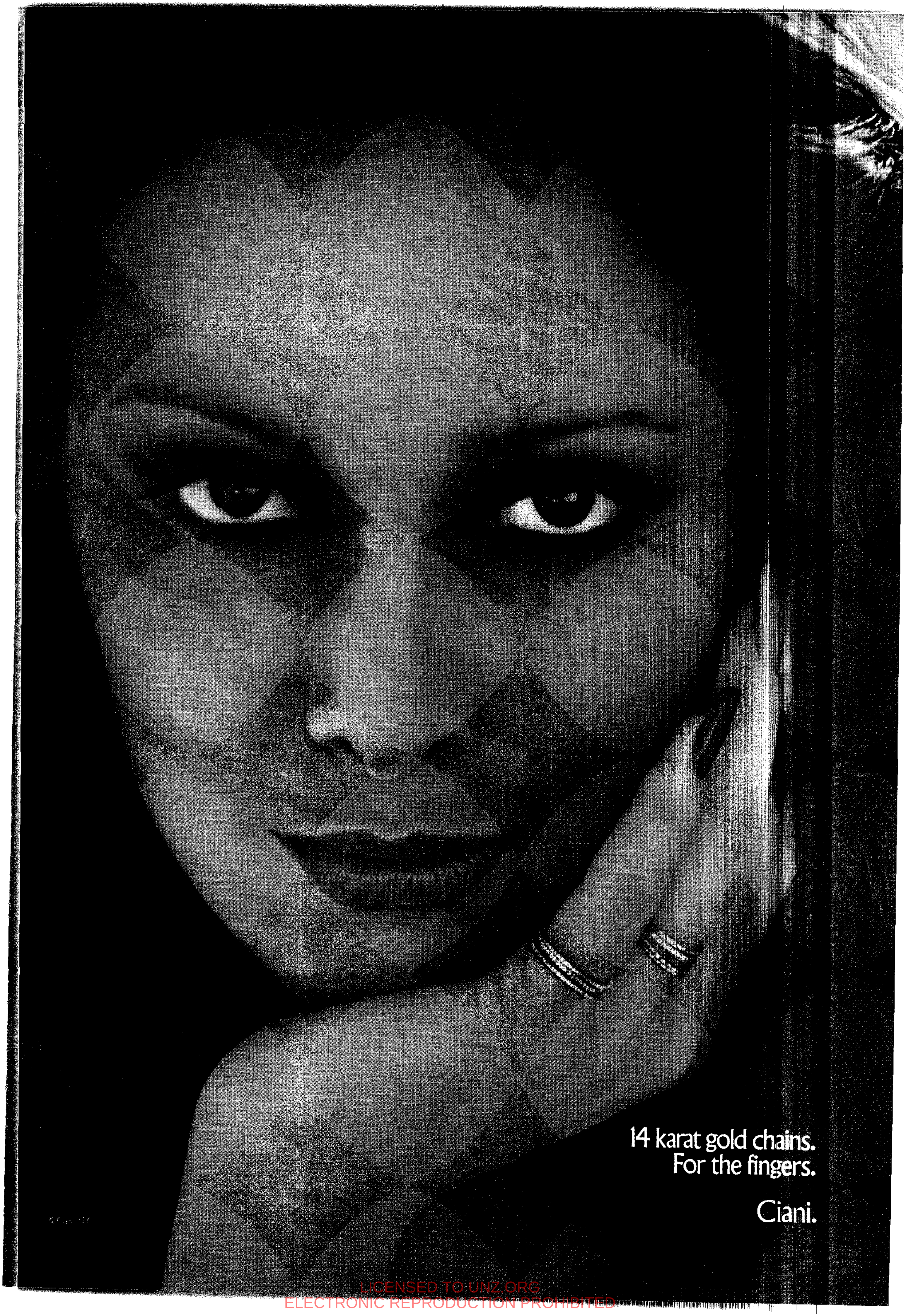
Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (489-7667)—This place was built in 1927 as the Fortune Opera House; now it accommodates large numbers of dancers. From ten. Closed Mondays. (Many private parties are held here; therefore, the nights on which the facilities are open to the public may vary.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, May 3, at 5:45: **MOLLY PICON**. . . ¶ Wednesday, May 10, at 5:45: **MARILYN MICHAELS**.

George Benson—Belasco Theatre, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Wednesday and Thursday, May 3-4, at 8, and Friday through Sunday, May 5-7, at 7:30 and 10:30.

Roy Ayers Ubiquity and **Dexter Wansel**—Avery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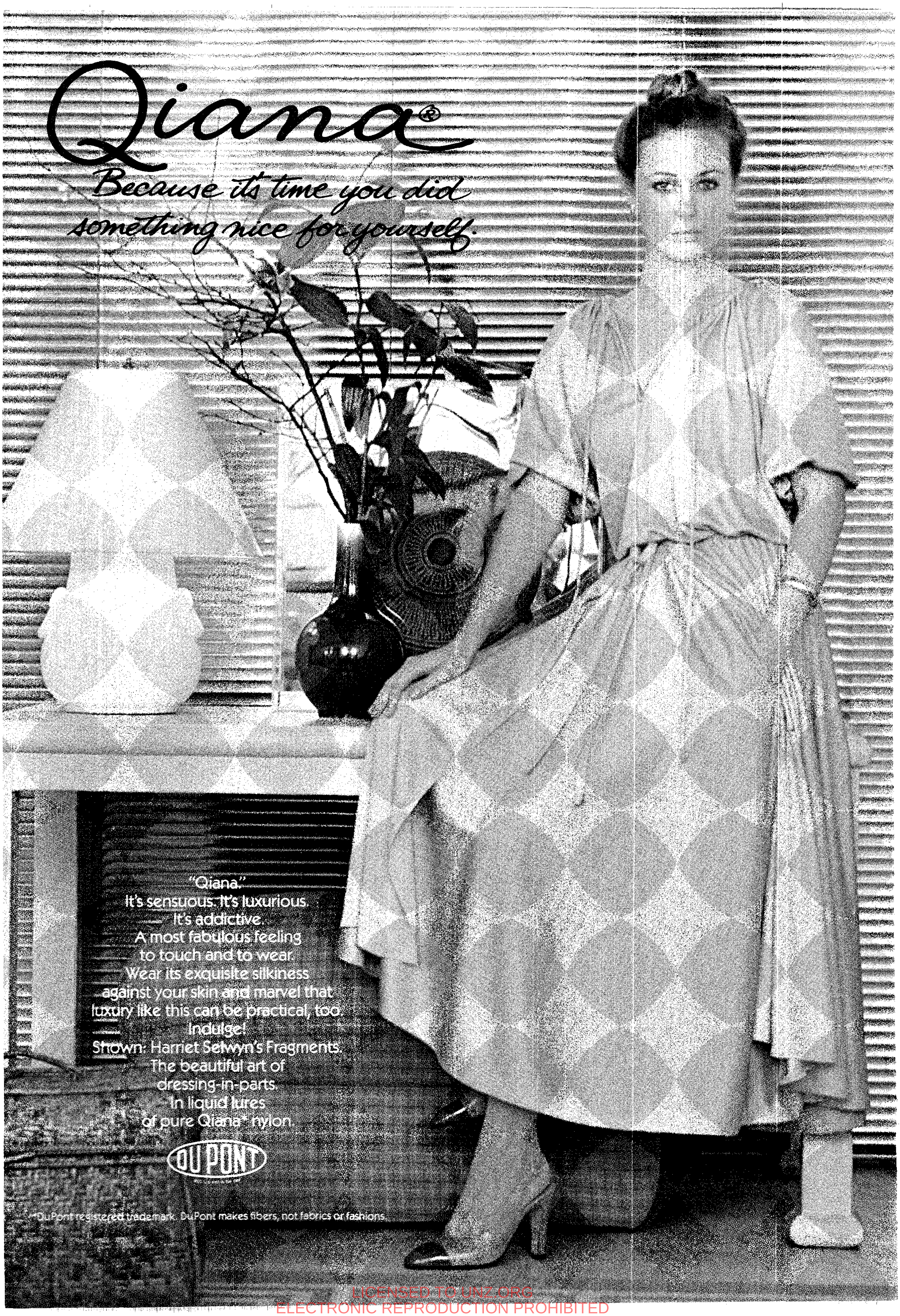
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Wednesday, May 3, at 8.

Old Time Country Music Festival—Wednesday, May 3, at 8: J. D. Crowe, Donny & Gina Gilchrist, and Joseph Cormier. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 4, at 8: Martin, Bogan & Armstrong, Graham Townsend, Glen Paul, Donny & Gina Gilchrist, and Joseph Cormier. . . . ¶ Friday, May 5, at 8: Martin, Bogan & Armstrong and the Balfa Brothers. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 6, at 8: The Balfa Brothers and Roscoe Holcomb. . . . ¶ Sunday, May 7, at 2: Smokey Valley Boys and Roscoe Holcomb. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Blondie and **Robert Gordon (with Link Wray)**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Thursday, May 4, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

Al DiMeola—With John Miles. (Palladium. Friday, May 5, at 8.)

Sun Ra and His Arkestra—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Friday and Saturday, May 5-6, at 8:30 and 11.

Harold Melvin & the Blue Notes and **Millie Jackson**—Brooklyn Academy of Music. Saturday, May 6, at 7 and 10.

Elvis Costello and the Attractions, Mink DeVille, and **Nick Lowe (with Rockpile)**—Palladium. Saturday, May 6, at 7:30 and midnight.

Lester Flatt and the Nashville Grass and **Easy on the Tuba**—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Saturday, May 6, at 8. For information about tickets, call 427-1488.

Mikis Theodorakis—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Sunday, May 7, and Wednesday, May 10, at 8.

Eartha Kitt—A benefit concert. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, May 7, at 8:30.)

David Bowie—Madison Square Garden. Monday and Tuesday, May 8-9, at 8.

Bonnie Raitt and **Michael Franks**—With others, in a benefit concert. (Palladium. Tuesday, May 9, at 8.)

Charles Aznavour—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Thursday, May 11, at 8.

Archie Shepp and **Muhal Richard Abrams**—Public Theatre. Friday and Saturday, May 12-13, at 8:30 and 11.

Eddie Kendricks—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, May 13, at 7 and 11.

Herbie Mann, Eric Gale, and **John Handy**—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 13, at 8.

National Jazz Ensemble—Chuck Israels conducting, with Slide Hampton. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Saturday, May 13, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Peter Bardazzi—Abstract paintings into which occasional Asiatic dragons and occasional exuberant vegetation can be read. Through Saturday, May 13. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Leland Bell—Stylized figure paintings, several of them devoted to the same bedroom scene. Through Saturday, May 6. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Camille Bombois (1883-1970)—Thirty-one paintings by this French naïf. Through Saturday, May 13. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Leonora Carrington—Surrealist paintings and other recent works. Through May 27. (Brewster, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

A. M. Cassandre (1901-68)—Posters from the twenties and thirties, including his famous one of the little man drinking Dubonnet and a couple of travel advertisements for Wagons-Lits and the Normandie. Through May 27. (Reinhold-Brown, 26 E. 78th St.)

Jud Fine—Conceptual drawings. Through Saturday, May 6. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

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Jean-Michel Folon—Man trying to get his bearings in the urban maze is the theme of many of these watercolors, done in incongruously soft tones. Through May 27. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Sidney Geist—Bands of acrylic on narrow wood panels. Through May 24. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Morris Graves—Still-lifes of fruits and flowers, done in tempera, dominate this show of recent works, but a couple of his more familiar predatory birds are also on hand. Through May 24. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Robert Harvey—Realist paintings of the artist's family and friends. Through May 20. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Barkley L. Hendricks—Portraits. Through May 20. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

Budd Hopkins—A new series of geometric abstractions called "Hera's Wall." Through May 31. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Paul Jenkins—Recent abstract paintings and sculptures. Through Saturday, May 13. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Reuben Kadish—This sculptor is said to have encouraged de Kooning to start modelling in clay, so it is interesting to note that some of his own figurative bronze and terra-cotta works in this exhibit have a pronounced de Kooning flavor. Through May 18. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Ida Kohlmeyer / John Safer—Mrs. Kohlmeyer, a New Orleans artist who specializes in grids made up of small, independent abstracts, is now moving toward larger components and a more representational approach. Through Saturday, May 6. / Lean abstract sculptures in smooth acrylics and metals. Through May 27. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

David Levine—Watercolors and sharp pen-and-ink caricatures and satirical drawings. Through Wednesday, May 10. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Robert Motherwell—Along with the large, sombre abstracts done over the last couple of years there are new collages made of gleanings from his chic dustbin—foreign cigarette cartons, wrappings from exotically stamped overseas packages, and so on. Through May 27. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

George and Henriette Amiard Oberteuffer—This pair of artists met and married in Paris in 1905, where he had come from Philadelphia to paint and she had come from Le Havre to study art. The works of both are shown. Through Wednesday, May 10. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Meret Oppenheim—Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by the Surrealist credited with the "Fur-Lined Teacup" (1936); first solo show in New York. Through May 27. (Cucalón, 145 E. 72nd St. Opens at noon.)

Picasso (1881-1973)—A circus scene, done partly in gouache and partly in an ink wash, showing a demure nude riding bareback around the ring, is one of the highlights of this variety show of his oils and works on paper. Through June 3. (Saidenberg, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

Sahl Swarz—The subject for these forty new sculptures is fellow-sculptor Katie Ohe, and the representations of her range from lifelike portraits to abstractions. Through May 20. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Yvonne Thomas—A three-dimensional grid system underlies these folded-paper constructions, in which the various exposed surfaces are scrubbed with colored crayons. Through May 20. (Ericson, 23 E. 74th St.)

Group Shows—At the **carus,** 1044 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Works from the twenties by Constructivists, including Moholy-Nagy, Lozowick, and El Lissitzky. Through May 20. . . . **fourcade,** 36 E. 75th St.: Sculptures—several pieces by de Kooning, Michael Heizer, and Tony Smith and a single work each by Bourgeois, Raymond Duchamp-Villon, Lichtenstein, and Henry Moore. Through June 3. . . . **hirschl & adler,** 21 E. 70th St.: Eastman Johnson and Winslow Homer are two of the stars in an exhibition entitled "American Genre Painting in the Victorian Era." Several of the Homer drawings are unfamiliar ones. Through Saturday, May 6. . . . **hutton,** in a new location at 33 E. 74th St.: Early-twentieth-century paintings by Russian and German artists, among them Alexandra Exter, Lyonel Feininger, and Max Pechstein. Through June 2. (Open Mondays; closes at 4 on Saturdays.) . . . **nicholls,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Cartoons and illustrations by Alain, Helen Hokinson, Reginald Marsh, Mary Petty, Carl Rose, James Thurber, and others. Through Saturday, May 6. . . . **wildenstein,** 19 E. 64th St.: The Chrysler Museum at Norfolk, Virginia, will benefit from a showing of highlights from its collections, among them Veronese's altarpiece "The Virgin and Child with Angels," Degas's "Danseuse aux Bouquets," and Kline's "Bleecker Street Bar." Through Saturday, May 13. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Elena Borstein—Village houses in Rhodes in two mediums: sprayed acrylic on canvas, and pastels on paper. Through Saturday, May 13. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Don David—Watercolors, pastels, and pencil drawings of unusual rock formations jutting out of the Pacific along the Oregon coast. Through Thursday, May 11. (Alonzo, 30 W. 57th St.)

Burgoyne Diller (1906-65)—Small drawings by this leading American Constructivist, whose tiny works seem to illuminate the huge compositions he was best known for. Through May 20. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

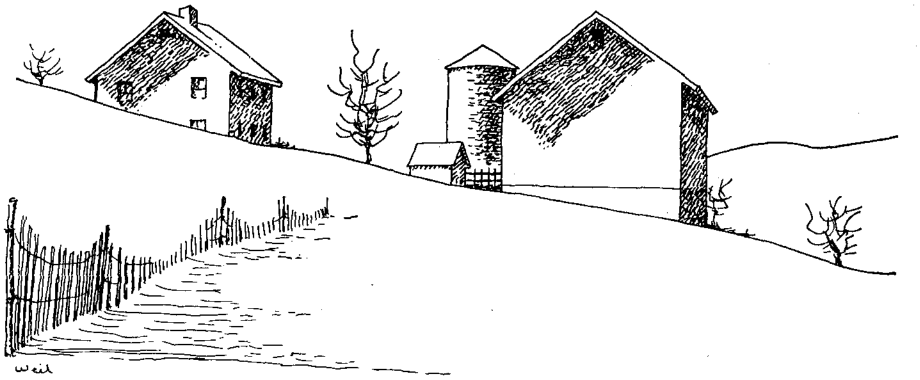
Jim Dine—New works, in which pumpkins, red peppers, and other produce are shown among empty glass bottles and such. Through June 9. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Madeleine Gekiere—Abstract paintings and drawings that remain elusive although they seem on the very edge of turning into everyday cityscapes or figurative works. Through May 18. (Aaron Berman, 50 W. 57th St.)

Stephen Greene—Recent abstract oils. Through May 18. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Al Held—Geometric black-and-white canvases. Through May 17. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Joseph Hirsch—Realist paintings of Biblical themes in modern guise—Belshazzar's feast and Susanna and the Elders, for instance—



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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plus other works by a noted figure painter. Through Saturday, May 13. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Dorothy Hood—Recent abstract paintings. Through Thursday, May 11. (Long, 7 W. 57th St.)

Ray Johnson—Painted-wood silhouettes of art-world lions and other notables—Larry Rivers, Victor Hugo, Lou Reed. Through Saturday, May 6. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

Richard Lindner (1901-78)—Some new additions to the mysterious gallery of demimonde characters created by this artist, who died last month. Nine are portrayed in oil, eleven in watercolor, and three in pastel. Through Saturday, May 6. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

Eleanore Lockspeiser—Abstract paintings. Through May 18. (Phoenix, 30 W. 57th St.)

Fred Meyer—Small terra-cotta figures, plus a couple of large bronze figures, by a sculptor whose heart is in the twenties. Through May 20. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

George Nick—Realist paintings of Massachusetts dwellings and storefronts, plus a couple done in Eastern Europe—one of the Alexander Nevsky Cathedral, in Sofia, and the other of a forlorn Russian locomotive on a siding in Poznań. Through Thursday, May 11. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Joseph B. O'Sickey—Large Impressionist paintings of sun-drenched patios all but engulfed in riotous blossoms. Through Saturday, May 6. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.)

Robert Andrew Parker—Watercolors inspired by old movies—soldiers on furlough and the girls who entertain them, song-and-dance teams, the Marx Brothers, First World War battleships all in a row. Through Friday, May 5. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Philip Pearlstein—Seven more of his huge female nudes; this time the modelling seems less patchy, and in a couple of the paintings a good deal of attention is given to complicated shadows. Through Saturday, May 6. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

Bruce Robbins—Thirty-one small-scale seesaws set on prismatic fulcrums are strewn around the gallery floor, giving it the look of an abandoned playground. Through June 3. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

Judith Shahn—Paintings, drawings, and prints of interiors and landscapes. Through May 27. (Summit, 101 W. 57th St. Opens at 12:30.)

Wallace H. Smith—Still-lifes, landscapes, and a self-portrait he calls "A Mediocre Specimen." Through Saturday, May 13. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Open Mondays.)

Hedda Sterne—Desolate landscape paintings. Through Saturday, May 6. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Bill Sullivan / Bruce Monteith—Large, racy drawings, many devoted to backstage scenes at the Paris fashion shows, by an artist who works in oil pastels. / Boxes containing miniature café interiors, plus tiny, mysterious houses and storefronts. Through Saturday, May 6. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Antoni Tàpies—Works from the last three years by a leading Spanish abstract artist. Through May 19. (Jackson, 521 W. 57th St.)

Michael Tetherow—A series of faces that seem sunk just out of sight in these canvases, except for the eyes, which are gouged through the surface with a knife. Through Saturday, May 6. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Don Celender / Neil Trager—Copies of two paperback books—"Observations, Protestations and Lamentations of Museum Guards Throughout the World;" and "Destiny of a Name," which contains written interviews with people whose names seem to indicate their occupations (Raymond Blood, M.D., N. Marshall Schools, professor). / Photographs of automobile mechanics. Through May 20. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Max Gimblett—Two-color abstract paintings. Through May 18. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St.)

Maryann Harman—Abstract paintings based on Virginia landscapes. Through Saturday, May 6. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway.)

Diane Kaiser—Short brushstrokes of ink wash applied to paper in abstract patterns, and ceramic reliefs. Through May 24. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Diane Karol / Cynthia Gallagher—Canvas-and-wash wall hangings. / Painted jigsaw-puzzle pieces in abstract collages. Through Saturday, May 13. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Anatol Kovarsky—Colorful sequential paintings depicting stripteases, prizefights, parades, and so on, in a manner reminiscent of Greek-vase decorations. Through May 31. (Jack, 138 Prince St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

David Novros—Outlines of geometric shapes in soft-colored oil paintings and drawings. Through June 3. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

Blinky Palermo (1943-77)—Times of the day depicted in six works, each consisting of four aluminum panels painted in a simple abstract pattern with primary acrylic colors. Through Saturday, May 13. (Friedrich, 393 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Martin Schreiber / Esther Gilman—Abstract paintings, some with touches of neon colors. / Seed packages, cloth dolls, and apple cores figure in these watercolors. Through May 17. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Drawings for Animated Films—A survey of this genre which includes drawings and cels from films done by studio artists (from Disney, Warner Brothers, Hubley) as well as by independent artists. Of special note are ten pen-and-ink drawings from Winsor McCay's 1914 "Gertie the Dinosaur." Through June 10. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Group Show—Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Dorothea Rockburne, Robert Ryman, Stephen Rosenthal, and others. Through May 23. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Ann Freilich—A retrospective of works on paper and constructions spanning a fifty-year period. Through May 27. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Opens at noon.)

Dale Henry / Bernard Joubert—A single monochromatic interior painted in the style of Matisse and placed behind an actual table and chair. Also, an installation made entirely of materials found in the gallery. / Strips of painted cloth tape applied to the floors and walls. Through Saturday, May 13. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St. Opens at 1.)

David Rabinowitch—A two-gallery showing of drawings. (Pretto, 176 Franklin St., near Hudson St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 3 to 6. Through May 25. . . . ¶ Bellamy, 333 Park Ave. S., at 25th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5. Through June 1.)

Group Shows—At the **glass**, 315 Central Park W., at 91st St.: Portraits in pastels by Mimi Gross Grooms, drawings and lithographs of female nudes by Raphael Soyer, and a number of other items. Through Saturday, May 13. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.) . . . **pace university**, 41 Park Row: Small monochromatic abstract works by twenty-nine artists, among them Arakawa, Robert Kapelis, and Louise Nevelson. Through Saturday, May 6.

Constructions—The Organization of Independent Artists has mounted an exhibit devoted entirely to three-dimensional wall pieces in a variety of styles and mediums. More than fifty artists have contributed one work apiece. Through May 30. (The Bleecker Renaissance, 644 Broadway, at Bleecker St. Opens at noon.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Ansel Adams—Early works. Through June 24. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St.)

Edouard Denis Baldus (1815-82)—This architectural photographer recorded Paris sites (St. Sulpice, the Louvre, the Tuileries palace before its destruction during the Commune), as well as the viaducts and cast-iron stations along the original Paris-to-Marseilles railway. Through Saturday, May 13. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

John G. Bullock (1854-1939)—Platinum prints of landscapes and people in Pennsylvania by a founding Photo-Secessionist. Through May 20. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

Frank Gohlke / Alex Jameson—This artist, born in Wichita Falls, Texas, photographs expansive Midwestern landscapes of trailers, billboards, empty parking lots, and endless telephone lines. / Abstractions and an accompanying text. Through May 20. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Jeanne Moutoussamy—Forty-five prints, some in color, devoted to urban and rural South Africa. Through Saturday, May 6. (JAM Gallery, 50 W. 57th St.)

Martin Munkacsi (1896-1963) / **Peter Magubane**—A retrospective of works by this Hungarian photographer. / Photographs by a black South African photojournalist spanning the last twenty years and centering on social unrest in his home country. (Many of the photographs are of riots.) Through May 28. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open daily, except Mondays, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Walter Rosenblum / Tim Gidal—Documentary photographs of, among other places, Haiti, the Gaspé, New York City, taken over the past forty years. / Photographs of Europe in the thirties. Through Saturday, May 13. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Jean-Pierre Sudre—Still-lifes; first one-man show in New York. Through June 9. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Tad Yamashiro—Silver-emulsion prints of lower Manhattan, mostly. Through May 14. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

James Wong Howe: 60 Years Close-Up—An exhibition of photographic enlargements chronicling the life and career of the noted cinematographer. Through Thursday, May 11. (Chinese Cultural Center, 159 Lexington Ave., at 30th St. Daily, 10 to 6.)

Group Show—Thirty-five silver prints by Alfred Stieglitz (including his cloud studies and pictures made at Lake George) dominate a show of photographs and paintings by Strand, Adams, Marin, O'Keeffe, and others who showed at Stieglitz's last gallery, An American Place, between the years 1929 and 1946. Through May 27. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Rubens' "Self-Portrait with Helena Fourment and Their Child," recently bought for big bucks by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wrightsman and loaned to the museum, is on view for the first time here, in the European Paintings Galleries. . . . ¶ An exhibit of eighty-one paintings that Claude Monet did of his surroundings at Giverny. Through July 9. . . . ¶ "The Arts Under Napoleon" is an exhibit that outlines the influence of Napoleon on French craftsmen of the period, with objects ranging from furniture and firearms to silk and silver. Through July 30. . . . ¶ Fifteenth-

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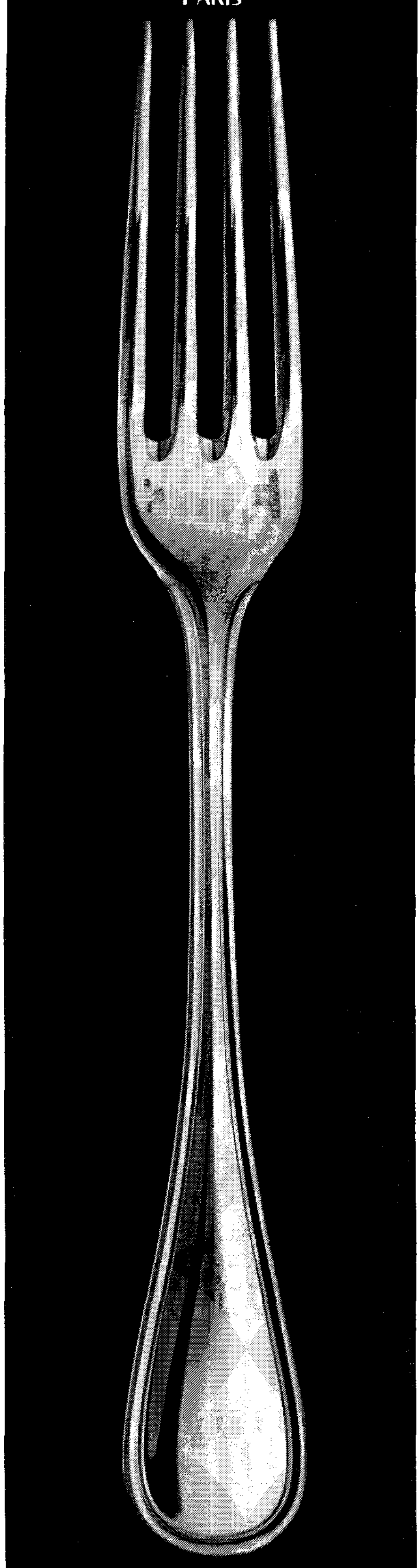

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

century Italian drawings, many of them shown in sixteenth-century frames, from the Robert Lehman Collection. Through June 18. . . . ¶ An exhibit of about five hundred fancies and frivolities from the costume collection. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of a hundred and eighty twentieth-century American and European drawings (School of Paris to Abstract Expressionism) recently acquired by the museum from the Joan and Lester Avnet Collection. Through July 4. . . . ¶ A survey of Mexican art. Through June 29. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Forty-five paintings and sculptures, chiefly by Europeans (Calder and Archipenko are the exceptions; Léger, Bombois, and Matisse are some of the painters), from the Evelyn Sharp Collection. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A Saul Steinberg retrospective of watercolors, drawings, collages, and other works. Through July 9. As a complement to this exhibition, Poster Originals (924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St., and 386 West Broadway) is showing more than fifteen Steinberg posters done between 1965 (for the Betty Parsons Gallery) and last year (for the Galerie Maeght). Through May 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Paintings of indigenous American subjects—the Everglades, New York City playgrounds, Indian reservations—by contemporary artists commissioned by the Department of the Interior during the Bicentennial year. The painters include Richard Estes, Ellen Lanyon, and Neil Welliver. Through May 21. . . . ¶ More than a hundred prints (by Nevelson, Tanguy, Dali, Calder, others) made at Stanley William Hayter's Atelier 17, now observing its fiftieth anniversary. Through May 14. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Wood carvings predominate in a show of artifacts from Nigeria that date from the eighteenth century to the twentieth. Through May 31. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—Paintings, commissioned from Indian artists primarily by British and other European colonists, that portray the landscapes and customs of India between 1760 and 1880. Through June 4. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

CHINA HOUSE, 125 E. 65th St.—Album leaves, hanging scrolls, rank badges, and three dragon robes from the Sung, Ming, and Ch'ing dynasties constitute an exhibit entitled "Embroidery of Imperial China." Through May 28. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An exhibit of decorative objects (a Breuer chair, a Desfosse wallpaper series, Japanese screen samples) from the museum's vast permanent collection. Through May 20. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

GROLIER CLUB, 47 E. 60th St.—New York in literature is the theme of an exhibit that brings together books and manuscripts by such authors as Washington Irving, Henry James, Edith Wharton, Edmund Wilson, Ralph Ellison, and Ruth McKenney. Through June 3. (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E 36th St.—Oxford University Press books, type, and type specimens in an exhibit that traces that publisher's five-hundred-year history (1478 to the present). Through Sunday, May 7. . . . ¶ French and English flower books and drawings, most of them executed by seventeenth- and eighteenth-century naturalists. Through May 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—Paintings, quilts, weathervanes, furniture, and other articles either recently acquired or from the permanent collection. Through June 11. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—An encyclopedic accounting of footwear (chopines, high-button shoes, Indian moccasins, Japanese clogs, sneakers); representations of shoes and of feet by Robert Arneson, Andy Warhol, Ann Slavit (one of her contributions is the pair of thirty-foot inflated legs that dangle from the museum's roof); shoes worn by dancers, sports figures, space explorers. Through June 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Literature in Exile" is the title of an exhibit of original letters, manuscripts, and early printed editions drawn from the Berg Collection. Through Saturday, May 13. (The library is open daily except Thursdays and Sundays. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 9. The Berg Collection, however, always closes at 6.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—A retrospective of the oils and drawings of Beauford Delaney, a Tennessee-born artist who worked in Paris between 1953 and 1971. Through July 2. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

MANHATTAN OPERA SINGERS—Lois Albright directing a performance of Gounod's "Faust," staged by Carol Bayard, with the Players Orchestra of New York. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. Saturday, May 6, at 8. For information about tickets, call 695-1454.)

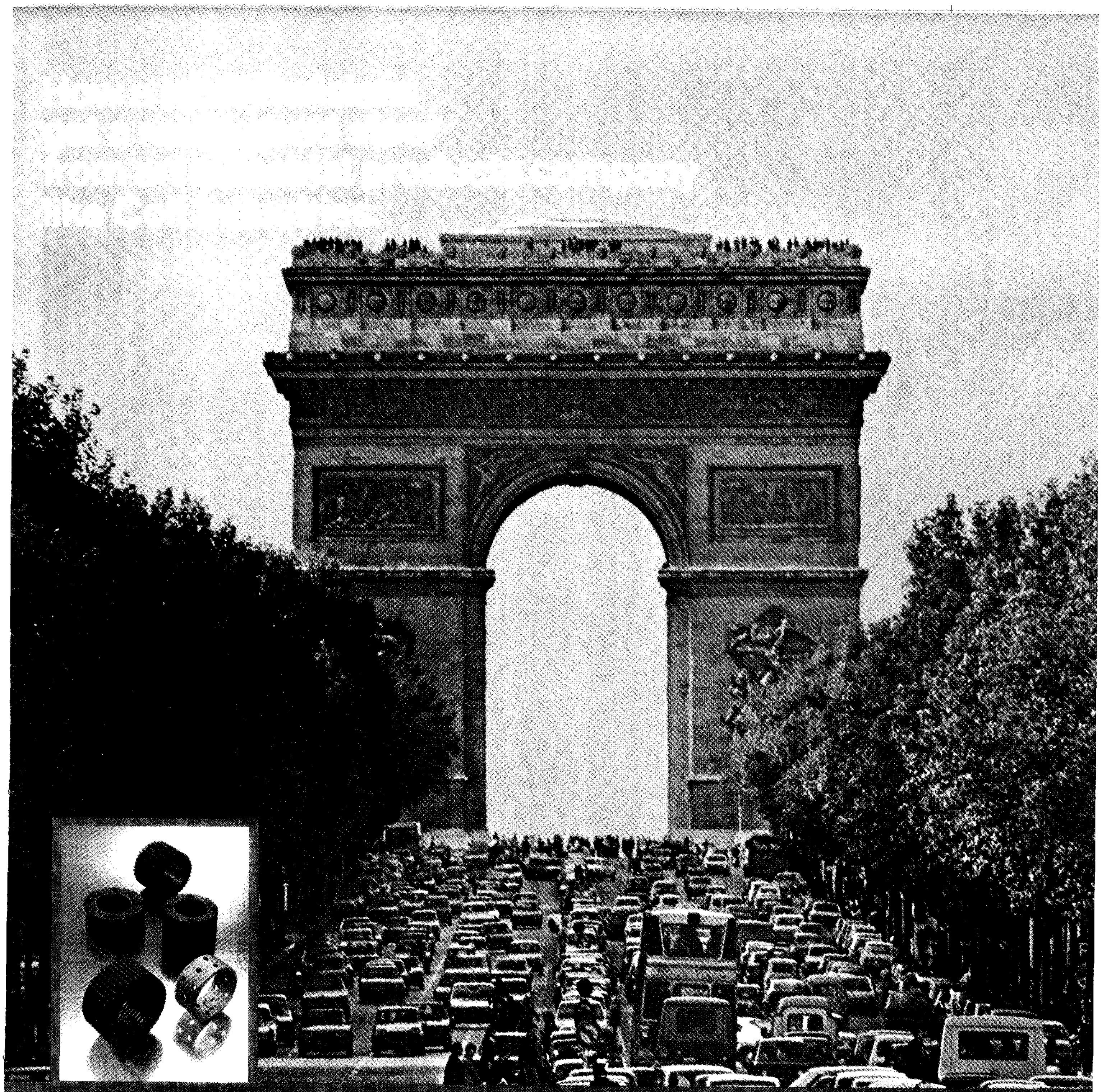
BRONX OPERA COMPANY—Two performances of Ralph Vaughan Williams' "Sir John in Love," staged by R. Sebastian Russ, with the Bronx Opera Orchestra conducted by Michael Spierman. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Friday and Saturday, May 12-13, at 8. Tickets at the box office at performance times.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall—"Music in May," four programs for classic and baroque orchestra. Thursday, May 4, at 8, Neville Marriner conducting (with Rudolf Firkusny, piano); Friday, May 5, at 8, Alexander Schneider conducting (with Yefim Bronfman, piano; Shlomo Mintz, violin; and Yo-yo Ma, cello); Saturday, May 6, at 8, Neville Marriner conducting (with Earl Wild, piano); and Sunday, May 7, at 8, Alexander Schneider conducting and acting as violin soloist (with Peter Serkin, piano, and Julius Baker, flute). . . . ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting the opening concerts of a three-week season of "Promenades" that will run through Saturday, May 27. "Gala Promenade" on Wednesday and Thursday, May 10-11, and Saturday, May 13, at 8:30 (with Mr. Wild, piano); and "Springtime Promenade" on Friday, May 12, and Tuesday, May 16, at 8:30 (with Angel Romero, guitarist).

OSLO PHILHARMONIC—Okko Kamu conducting, with Staffan Scheja, piano, and Arve Tellefsen, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 6, at 8.)

CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Georg Solti conducting four all-Brahms concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, May 8, at 8, with Alfred Brendel, piano; Tuesday, May 9, at 8, no soloists; Wednesday, May 10, at 8, with Mr.



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Brendel; and Friday, May 12, at 8, with Kiri Te Kanawa, soprano, and Bernd Weikl, baritone, as well as the Chicago Symphony Chorus.)

Franz Liszt Chamber Orchestra of Budapest—Frigyes Sándor conducting, with Andras Schiff, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 4, at 8.)

Chicago Symphony Brass—Fifteen members of the brass section of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 11, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss directing a performance of Verdi's Requiem, with Esther Hinds, soprano; Joy Blackett, mezzo-soprano; Renato Francesconi, tenor; Simon Estes, bass; the Collegiate Chorale; and the Brooklyn Philharmonia Chorus. The final program of the season. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, May 12-13, at 8, and Sunday, May 14, at 3.)

New York Choral Society—Robert DeCormier directing the last in a series of concerts, this one with Jonathan Reinhold, baritone, and a symphony orchestra. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 5, at 8.)

Dessoff Choirs—Michael Hammond directing a performance of Hindemith's "Apparebit Repentina Dies" and of Bruckner's Mass in E Minor. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 6, at 8.)

Sine Nomine Singers—Harry Saltzman directing the last in a series of concerts. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, May 6, at 8.)

RECITALS

Abbey Simon—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 3, at 8.)

Marina Tafur and Lionel Party—Soprano and harpsichord, with assisting artists. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, May 3, at 8.)

Alfred and Heidi Kanwischer—Duo piano, with Jonathan Haas, percussion. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, May 3, at 8.)

Parnassus—The last in a series of concerts of music of our time. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, May 3, at 8.)

Music from Marlboro—The final program in two series of concerts, performed by Isidore Cohen and Mitchell Stern, violin; Kim Kashkashian and Sarah Clarke, viola; and Timothy Eddy and Paul Tobias, cello. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, May 6, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680. . . . ¶ Alice Tully Hall. Monday, May 8, at 8.)

Boston Symphony Chamber Players—The second of two concerts, this one with Gilbert Kalish, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, May 7, at 3.)

Vladimir Horowitz—Piano, in an all-Chopin recital. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 7, at 4.)

Sabicas—Flamenco guitarist. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Sunday, May 7, at 7.)

Robert Silverman—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, May 7, at 8.)

Michael Rudiakov and Evelyne Crochet—Cello and piano, in the first of two recitals, this one a program of music by contemporary American composers. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, May 8, at 8.)

Peter Pears and Murray Perahia—Tenor and piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, May 9, at 8.)

Richard Stoltzman—Clarinet, in the last in a series of recitals, this one with Peter Serkin, piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, May 9, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—The fifth in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, May 10, at 8.)

Laura Flax—Clarinet, with the Schoenberg String Quartet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, May 10, at 8.)

Chicago Symphony String Quartet—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, May 11, at 8.)

Jorge Morel—Classical guitarist. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, May 12, at 8.)

Malcolm Frager—Piano, in a benefit recital. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 13, at 3.)

Michael Habermann—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, May 13, at 5:45.)

Ivan Nunez—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 13, at 8.)

Tokyo String Quartet—With Paula Robison, flute. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, May 13, at 8:30, and Sunday, May 14, at 2.)

SPORTS

Baseball—**YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Kansas City, Wednesday, May 3, at 8. . . . ¶ Texas, Friday, May 5, at 8, and Saturday and Sunday, May 6-7, at 2. . . . ¶ Minnesota, Monday and Tuesday, May 8-9, at 8. . . . **METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Houston, Friday, May 12, at 8:05, and Saturday, May 13, at 2:05.

Crew—Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Philadelphia. Saturday, May 6.). . . ¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell and Princeton. (Ithaca. Saturday, May 6.)

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT**: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Monday, May 22. The Carter Handicap, Saturday, May 6, and the Vagrancy Handicap, Sunday, May 7. . . . **CHURCHILL DOWNS**, Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, Saturday, May 6. . . . **MONMOUTH PARK**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30, from Thursday, May 11, through Monday, Sept. 4. (A special train will leave Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:35.)

Soccer—Cosmos vs. Detroit. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, May 7, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

Pro Tennis—World Team Tennis—Apples vs. Indiana, Friday, May 5. . . . ¶ Apples vs. Seattle, Tuesday, May 9. . . . ¶ Apples vs. Boston, Friday, May 12. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Matches begin at 7:30.)

Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY**: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, July 8. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 18. . . . **MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK**: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 5.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

Poetry and Prose Readings—Mark Strand reading from his own works. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, May 9, at 7:30. Tickets at the museum on the night of the reading.). . . ¶ Erica Jong reading from her own works. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, May 11, at 8.)

Auctions—At **SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, May 3, at 11 and 2, and Thursday, May 4, at 10:15 and 2: Old Master, nineteenth-century, and twentieth-century prints; from various sources. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, May 5-6, at 2: Renaissance and later French and other Continental furniture, from several owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, May 9-10, at 10:15 and 2, and Thursday, May 11, at 10:15: Japanese and other Southeast Asian works of art, from a number of collectors. Exhibition starts Thursday, May 4. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 11, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese works of art and furniture, from various owners. Exhibition starts Friday, May 5. . . . **CHRISTIE'S**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Thursday, May 4, at 10:30 and 2: Chinese works of art, from many owners. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, May 5-6, at 10:30 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints and photographs, including lithographs by George Bellows, posters by Toulouse-Lautrec, and photographic works by Eugène Atget and Edward Weston; from a number of collectors.

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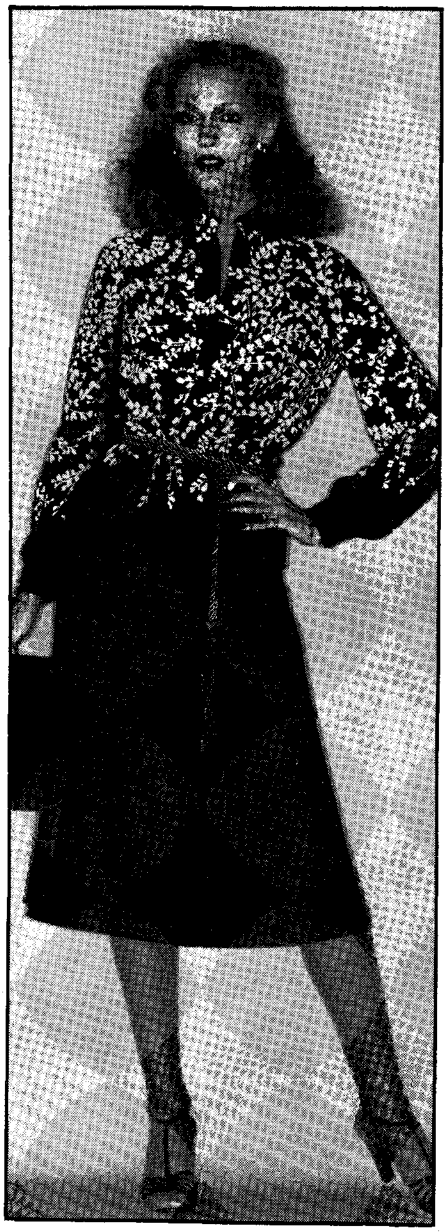

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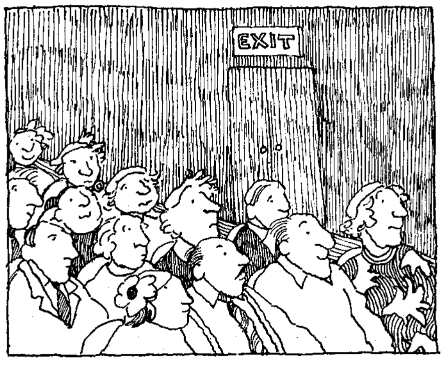
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through May 9: "Padre Padrone."
From May 10: "The Man Who Loved Women."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through May 9: "Julia" and "The Garden of the Finzi-Continis."
From May 10: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 9: "The Goodbye Girl."
From May 10: "Julia."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Close Encounters of the Third Kind."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"An Unmarried Woman."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through the afternoon of May 11 (tentative): "I Wanna Hold Your Hand."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"F.I.S.T."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Dear Detective."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through May 9: "I Wanna Hold Your Hand."
From May 10: "Coming Home."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Madame Rosa."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through May 11 (tentative): "High Street."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Pretty Baby."

59th St. East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Savage Is Loose."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through May 11 (tentative): "High Anxiety."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through May 6: "Coming Home."
From May 7: "Cat and Mouse."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Saturday Night Fever."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"We Will All Meet in Paradise."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"An Unmarried Woman."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through May 4: "Cousin, Cousine."
From May 5: "The Last Supper."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"House Calls."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through May 9: "Julia."
From May 10: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through May 9: "Julia."
From May 10: "Coming Home."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"I Wanna Hold Your Hand."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Manitou."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Fury."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"F.I.S.T."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"FM."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Close Encounters of the Third Kind."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Joseph Andrews."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through May 9: "Rabbit Test."
From May 10: "Coming Home."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "High Anxiety."
Theatre 2: "Word Is Out."
Theatre 3: "Annie Hall."
Theatre 4: Through May 9: "The Gentleman Tramp." From May 10: "Allegro Non Troppo."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"High Anxiety."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"The Sea Gypsies."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"The Last Waltz."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through May 9: "Joseph Andrews."
From May 10: "Coming Home."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through May 9: "Julia."
From May 10: "Coma."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through May 9: "Annie Hall."
From May 10: "Joseph Andrews."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"An Unmarried Woman."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"An Unmarried Woman."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"A Woman of Paris."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through May 9: "The Goodbye Girl."
From May 10: "Julia."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through May 9: "High Anxiety."
From May 10: "Coming Home."
Theatre 2: "Rabbit Test."
Theatre 3: "FM."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through May 9: "The Gentleman Tramp."
From May 10: To be announced.

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through May 9: "Coma" and "Audrey Rose."
From May 10: "Julia" and "Harry & Tonto."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
May 3: "The 400 Blows" (1959), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre Léaud; and "Me" (1970), in French, directed by Maurice Pialat.
May 4: "Fat City" (1972), directed by John Huston, with Stacy Keach and Jeff Bridges; and "The Man Who Would Be King" (1975), directed by John Huston, with Sean Connery, Michael Caine, and Christopher Plummer.
May 5-6: "Fellini's Roma" (†) and "Fellini Satyricon." (†)
May 7: "The Silence" (†) and "Winter Light." (†)
May 8: "All These Women" (†); and "The Girls" (1968), in Swedish, directed by Mai Zetterling, with Bibi Andersson and Harriet Andersson.
May 9: "The Man Who Fell to Earth" (†) and "Sympathy for the Devil." (†)
May 10: "The Good Soldier Schweik" (1957), a Czech film, directed by Jaroslav Hasek; and "The Threepenny Opera" (1931), in German, directed by G. W. Pabst, with Lotte Lenya.
May 11: "The Ladykillers" (1956), directed by Alexander Mackendrick, with Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker, Peter Sellers, and Herbert Lom; and "Kind Hearts and Coronets" (1950), directed by Robert Hamer, with Alec Guinness, Valerie Hobson, and Dennis Price.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
May 3: "Design for Living" (1933), directed by Ernst Lubitsch, with Fredric March, Miriam Hopkins, and Gary Cooper; and "Star!" (1968), directed by Robert Wise, with Julie Andrews, Richard Crenna, Michael Craig, and Daniel Massey.
May 4: "Woman in the Dunes" (1964), in Japanese, directed by Hiroshi Teshigahara, with Eiji Okada; and "Page of Madness" (1926), a Japanese silent film with added musical sound track, directed by Teinosuke Kinugasa.
May 5: "The Last Picture Show" (1971), directed by Peter Bogdanovich, with Timothy Bottoms and Jeff Bridges; and "Hud." (†)
May 6: "Mahler" (1976), directed by Ken Russell, with Robert Powell; and "The Music Lovers" (1971), directed by Ken Russell, with Richard Chamberlain and Glenda Jackson.
May 7: "The Lady Vanishes" (1938), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker; and "Young and Innocent." (†)
May 8: "Umberto D." (1952), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica; and "Mandabi" (1968), in Wolof, directed by Ousmane Sembène.
May 9: "Valerie and Her Week of Wonders" (1974), a Czech film, directed by Jaromil Jires; and "Black Moon." (†)
May 10: "Contempt" (1964), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Brigitte Bardot, Jack Palance, Fritz Lang, and Michel Piccoli; and "A Woman Is a Woman" (1961), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Anna Karina, Jean-Paul Belmondo, and Jean-Claude Brialy.
May 11: "The Rise of Louis XIV" (†) and "La Marseillaise." (†)

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through May 4: "Shoe-Shine" (1946), and "Umberto D." (1952), both films in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica.
May 5-6: "Repulsion" (†); and "The Fearless Vampire Killers" (1967), directed by Roman Polanski, with Jack MacGowran and Sharon Tate.
May 7-8: "Fellini's Casanova" (†); and "The Decameron" (1971), in Italian, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini himself.
May 9: "A Special Day" (1977), in Italian, directed by Ettore Scola, with Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni; and "Two Women" (1961), in Italian, directed by Vittorio De Sica, with Sophia Loren, Eleanora Brown, and Jean-Paul Belmondo.
May 10-11: "Beauty and the Beast" (1946), in French, directed by Jean Cocteau, with Jean Marais and Josette Day; and "Orpheus." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
May 3: "The Charge of the Light Brigade" (1968), directed by Tony Richardson, with Trevor Howard, Vanessa Redgrave, John Gielgud, and David Hemmings; and "Paths of Glory" (1957), directed by Stanley Kubrick, with Kirk Douglas.
May 4-6: "West Side Story" (1961), directed by Robert Wise, with Natalie Wood, Richard Beymer, Russ Tamblyn, Rita Moreno, and George Chakiris.
May 7-8: "The Apartment" (†) and "One, Two, Three." (†)
May 9-10: "A Thousand Clowns" (†) and "Marty." (†)
From May 11: "Separate Tables" (1958), directed by Delbert Mann, with Rita Hayworth, Deborah Kerr, David Niven, Burt Lancaster, and Wendy Hiller; and "Sweet Smell of Success." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through May 4: "They Live by Night" (1948), directed by Nicholas Ray, with Farley Granger, Cathy O'Donnell, Jay C.

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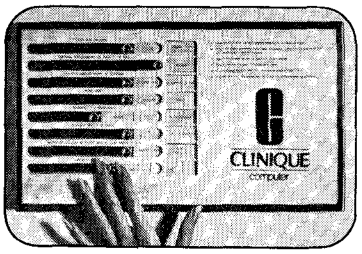

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Flippen, and Howard Da Silva; and "Gun Crazy" (1949), directed by Joseph H. Lewis, with Peggy Cummins, John Dall, Morris Carnovsky, Berry Kroeger, and Don Beddoe.

May 5-6: "Jules and Jim" (1962), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre; and "The 400 Blows" (1959), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre Léaud.

May 7-8: "Great Expectations" (1946), directed by David Lean, with Valerie Hobson, John Mills, Martita Hunt, Finlay Currie, and Alec Guinness; and "Billy Budd." (†)

May 9: "The Spirit of the Beehive" (1973), in Spanish, directed by Victor Erice; and "The Little Kidnappers." (†)

May 10-11: "The Asphalt Jungle" (†); and "The Lineup" (1958), directed by Donald Siegel, with Eli Wallach, Robert Keith, and Warner Anderson.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

May 3: "Maytime" (1937), directed by Robert Z. Leonard, with Jeanette MacDonald, John Barrymore, and Nelson Eddy; and "Naughty Marietta" (1935), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Jeanette MacDonald, Nelson Eddy, Elsa Lanchester, and Frank Morgan.

May 4: "I Love You Again" (1940), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Myrna Loy, William Powell, Frank McHugh, and Edmund Lowe; and "Love Crazy" (1941), directed by Jack Conway, with Myrna Loy, William Powell, Florence Bates, Gail Patrick, and Jack Carson.

May 5-6: "The Women" (1939), directed by George Cukor, with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, and Paulette Goddard; and "Dinner at Eight" (1933), directed by George Cukor, with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore.

May 7-8: "Kismet" (1955), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Howard Keel, Ann Blyth, Dolores Gray, Vic Damone, and Monty Woolley; and "Kiss Me Kate." (†)

May 9: "Made for Each Other" (†); and "Swing High, Swing Low" (1937), directed by Mitchell Leisen, with Carole Lombard, Fred MacMurray, Jean Dixon, and Charles Butterworth.

May 10: "The Mask of Fu Manchu" (†) and "Mr. Moto Takes a Vacation." (†)

May 11: "A Free Soul" (†) and "Riptide." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—May 4 at 2:30: "The Red Desert" (1964), in Italian, directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Monica Vitti and Richard Harris. . . . ¶ May 4 at 6: "The Honeymoon Killers" (1970), directed by Leonard Kastle, with Shirley Stoller and Tony Lo Bianco. . . . ¶ May 4 at 8:30: "Mikael" (1924), a German silent film, directed by Carl Dreyer, with Benjamin Cristensen and Walter Slezak; no English titles. . . . ¶ May 5 at 2:30: "Love Will Conquer" (1916), with Mack Swain; and "Mistress Nell" (1915), directed by James Kirkwood, with Mary Pickford and Owen Moore. . . . ¶ May 5 at 6: "The Battle of the Sexes" (1928), directed by D. W. Griffith, with Jean Hersholt and Phyllis Haver. . . . ¶ May 6 at noon: "The Jungle Book" (1967), an animated feature from the Disney studios. . . . ¶ May 6 at 2:30: "Love Will Conquer" and "Mistress Nell." . . . ¶ May 6 at 5: "The Red Desert." . . . ¶ May 7 at noon: "The Jungle Book." . . . ¶ May 7 at 2:30: "The Lodger" (1944), directed by John Brahm, with Merle Oberon, George Sanders, and Laird Cregar. . . . ¶ May 7 at 5: "Love Affair" (1939), directed by Leo McCarey, with Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer. . . . ¶ May 8 at noon: "Man of Aran" (1934), directed by Robert Flaherty. . . . ¶ May 8 at 2:30: "The Honeymoon Killers." . . . ¶ May 8 at 6: "Riddles of the Sphinx" (1977), directed by Linda Mulvey and Peter Wollen. . . . ¶ May 9 at noon: "Man of Aran." . . . ¶ May 9 at 2:30: "Laughter" (1930), directed by Harry D'Arrast, with Nancy Carroll and Fredric March. . . . ¶ May 9 at 6: "Ahnyung America: Two Korean Families" (1978), directed by Pat Jaffe. . . . ¶ May 11 at 2:30: "The Lodger." . . . ¶ May 11 at 6: A program of films by Steve Dwoskin. . . . ¶ May 11 at 8:30: "The Silent Cry" (1977), directed by Steve Dwoskin. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through May 7: "Always for Pleasure" (1977), directed by Les Blank; and "The Black Indians of New Orleans" (1976), directed by Maurice M. Martinez. Showings at noon, 2, and 4. . . . ¶ Starting May 9: "Caught in the Act" (1973) and "The Little Match Girl Ballet" (1975), both videotapes by Eleanor Antin. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Jacobs, Nelson, Peterson, Kirsanoff, Rossellini, Noren, Smith, Ozu, Riefenstahl, and others. Showings May 3-5 at 7 and 9; May 6 at 2:30, 7, and 9; May 9-10 at 7 and 9; and May 11 at 7.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—A program of seven films by Maya Deren. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350)—"Born to Win" (1971), directed by Ivan Passer, with George Segal, Karen Black, Jay Fletcher, and Paula Prentiss. Showings Fridays at 8 and 10; Saturdays at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:15; and Sundays at 3, 6, and 8.

Metropolitan Museum, American Cinémathèque, Junior Museum Auditorium, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (879-5674)—A series of films directed by Ernst Lubitsch: May 4: "So This Is Paris" (1926), with Monte Blue and Patsy Ruth Miller; and "Lady Windermere's Fan" (1925), with Irene Rich and Ronald Colman. . . . ¶ May 9: "Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" (1938), with Claudette Colbert and Gary Cooper. . . . ¶ May 11: "Monte Carlo" (1930), with Jeanette MacDonald and Jack Buchanan. Showings Tuesdays and Thursdays at 8.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Allegro Non Troppo—An animated film by Bruno Bozzetto. In Italian. (Quad Cinema; starting May 10.)

All These Women (1964)—Ingmar Bergman's first color film, an unfunny slapstick comedy, set in the twenties, about a master cellist, his foppish biographer, and his many women. With Jarl Kulle, Eva Dahlbeck, Bibi Andersson, Harriet Andersson, and Gertrud Fridh. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 8.)

Annie Hall (1977)—Woody Allen's film is very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, called Alvy Singer and played by Mr. Allen, is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton, for whom Mr. Allen has written a splendidly funny and loving part. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/25/77.) (Quad Cinema. . . . ¶ Little Carnegie; through May 9.)

The Apartment (1960)—Billy Wilder directed this acrid story as if it were a comedy, which is a cheat, considering that it involves pimping and a suicide attempt and many shades of craven ethics. Jack Lemmon plays the hero, which is also a cheat, because Lemmon is comic and likable, and the character's behavior is neither. Only Wilder could possibly have got away with it as well as he does. Shirley MacLaine is the co-star. (Regency; May 7-8.)

The Asphalt Jungle (1950)—A competent (often overrated) thriller by John Huston about a group of crooks who plan a jewel robbery and how their characters determine the results. The rogues' gallery includes Sterling Hayden, Sam Jaffe, James Whitmore, and Louis Calhern; Jean Hagen and Marilyn Monroe are among the ladies. From the W. R. Burnett novel. (Thalia; May 10-11.)

Audrey Rose (1977)—Directed by Robert Wise, with Anthony Hopkins as a man who hangs about a West Side school because he believes that an eleven-year-old girl there is the reincarnation of his own daughter, killed in a car crash eleven years earlier. (Olympia; through May 9.)

Billy Budd (1962)—Melville's short novel is stripped for action in this tense, straightforward shipboard narrative, directed by Peter Ustinov. Ustinov's efficiency and Robert Krasker's stylized black-and-white cinematography help to release the ambiguities without clogging the film with metaphysical speculation or too many homoerotic overtones. As Billy, the beautiful sailor, an American Prince Myshkin, Terence Stamp wears white pants and suggests angelic splendor without falling into the narcissistic poses that juveniles often mistake for grace. Robert Ryan is the depraved master-at-arms, Claggart, whose self-hatred makes it necessary for him to destroy Billy, the image of goodness; Ryan gives the role the requisite satanic ugliness. Unfortunately, Ustinov miscasts himself as Captain Vere; as he plays the part, the Captain is a humane man, a good liberal tragically torn by the demands of authority. But what gives Melville's story its fascination and its greatness is the suggestion that Claggart is merely the underling doing the Captain's evil bidding. As actor, director (and co-scenarist, with the uncredited Robert Rossen), Ustinov may be too much the relaxed, worldly European to understand Melville's raging emotions; in Ustinov's view, Billy is just a victim of unfortunate circumstances. The film doesn't approach Melville's passion, but it's a good movie anyway. (Thalia; May 7-8.)

Black Moon (1975)—Louis Malle is temperamentally unsuited to the meandering, enigmatic, post-apocalypse fantasy he attempts here; he's a sane man trying to make a crazy man's film. Fifteen-year-old Cathryn Harrison is Alice in a bombed-out Wonderland, where flowers squeal when they're stepped on and a unicorn talks. There's no obsessive quality in the disordered vision, and no wit. It's deadly. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 9.)

Cat and Mouse—With Michèle Morgan, Serge Reggiani, and Jean-Pierre Aumont; directed by Claude Lelouch. In French. (Cinema I; starting May 7.)

Close Encounters of the Third Kind—This celebration of the wonders up there in the skies is the best-humored of all technological-marvel fantasies. It has visionary magic, along with a love of surprises and a skeptical, let's-try-it-on spirit. Written and directed by Steven Spielberg. (11/28/77) (Bay Cinema, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

Coma—Geneviève Bujold as a surgical resident in a Boston hospital. She discovers that large numbers of young healthy patients have gone into irreversible comas while undergoing minor surgery, and then—vegetablized—have been packed off to a facility that provides long-term life-support systems. The story glides along smoothly, as if computer-operated, but it doesn't give you a lift. Michael Crichton directed. With Michael Douglas, Richard Widmark, Rip Torn, and Elizabeth Ashley. (2/6/78) (Olympia; through May 9. . . . ¶ Playboy; starting May 10.)

Coming Home—The time is 1968; the place is Los Angeles. Jane Fonda plays the proper, repressed wife of a hawkish Marine captain (Bruce Dern); after her husband leaves for Vietnam she volunteers for work in a veterans' hospital and meets a paraplegic (Jon Voight), who is in a rage of helplessness. Hal Ashby directed this intuitive yet amorphous movie, which falls apart when he resorts to melodramatic cross-cutting. (2/20/78) (Cinema I; through May 6. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux East, Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, Festival, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting May 10.)

Cousin, Cousine (1976)—Jean-Charles Tacchella's cheerful film about a big family and two Rabelaisian apostates within it. In French. (68th St. Playhouse; through May 4.)

Dear Detective—Philippe de Broca's film, silly in the Comédie Française tradition of friskiness. Philippe Noiret plays an eager eater and oratorio singer; the admirable Annie Girardot is a detective who is made to scurry about endlessly and to ask men anxiously what they think of her hairdo. In French. (5/1/78) (Sutton.)

Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands—Directed by Bruno Barreto. In Portuguese. (Paris.)

Fellini Satyricon (1970)—Fellini's big pagan

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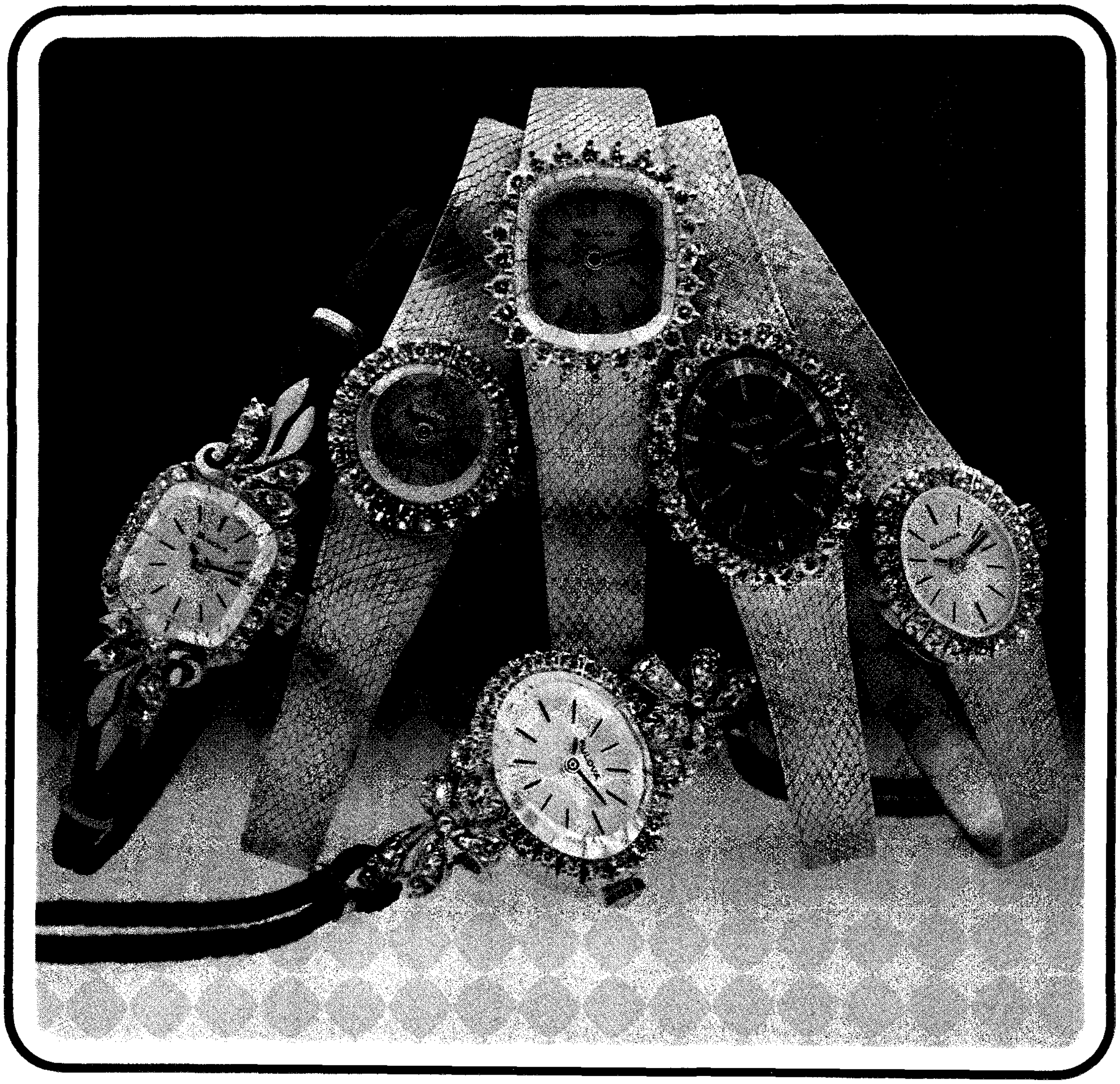

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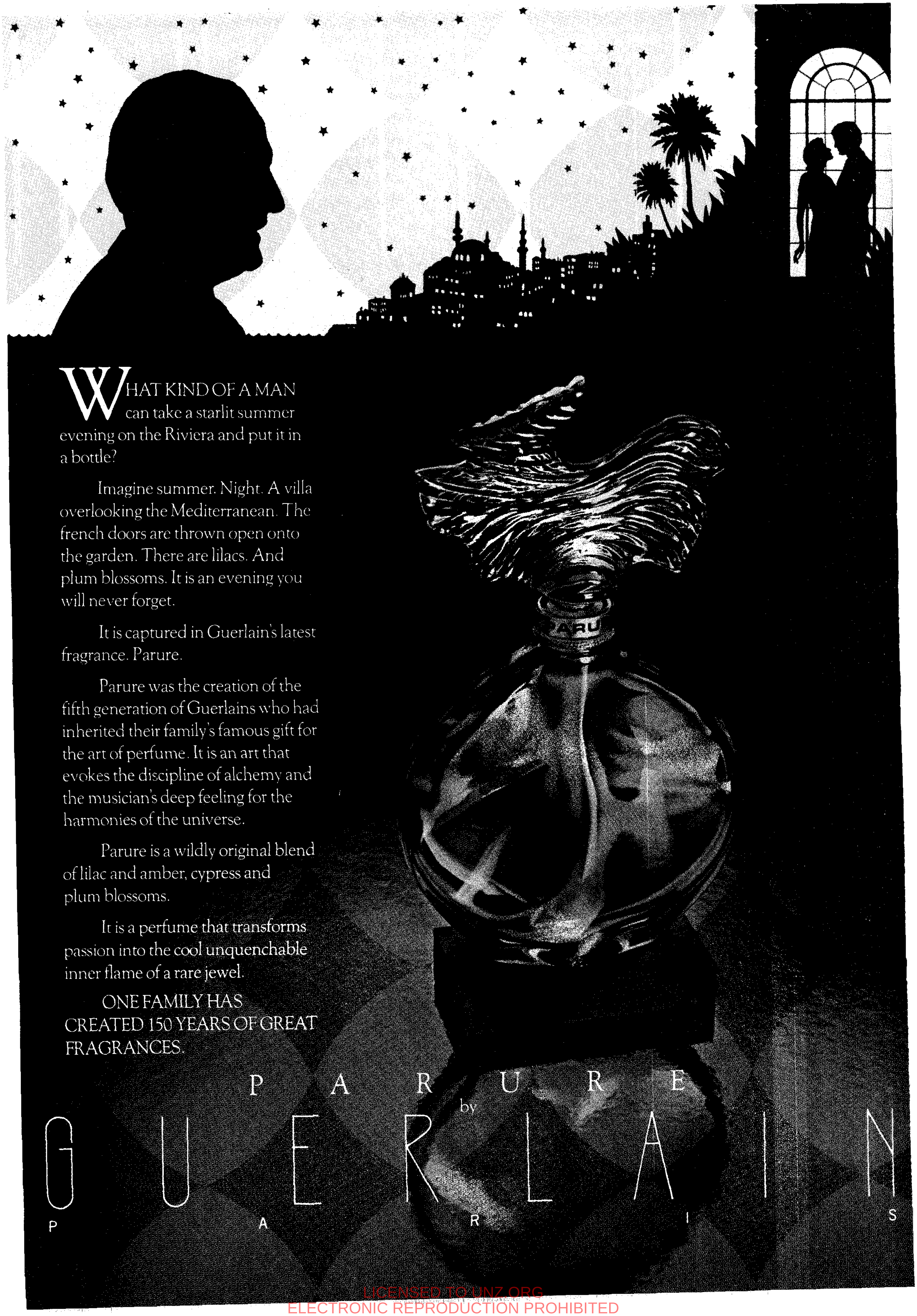

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ball. Cautionary images of depravity that seem to come out of the imagination of a Catholic schoolboy—leering cripples, fat people with hideous grins, and so on. Monotonous. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 5-6.)

Fellini's Roma (1972)—This funeral ode to a poisoned city is often beautiful, but it's also fatuous and empty. Fellini appears to see himself as official greeter for the apocalypse. In English and Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 5-6.)

Fellini's Casanova (1977)—Here Fellini attempts an epic about his own alienation; it takes great dedication to sit this one out. Donald Sutherland is used as an unfunny caricature of Casanova. (Cinema Village; May 7-8.)

F.I.S.T.—With Sylvester Stallone, Rod Steiger, and Peter Boyle; directed by Norman Jewison. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Eastside Cinema, and 86th St. East.)

FM—With Michael Brandon, Eileen Brennan, Alex Karras, and Cleavon Little; directed by John A. Alonzo. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

A Free Soul (1931)—This melodrama was a sensational success. Adela Rogers St. John, the daughter of a lawyer, wrote the story, about a brilliant alcoholic lawyer (Lionel Barrymore) whose independent, "free" daughter (Norma Shearer) has a hot affair with a man whom her father had got acquitted on a murder charge—a racketeer known as Ace (Clark Gable). Shearer's acting is dreadful, but she was in her bold-indiscreet-modern-woman period and looks sexily undressed in her silky Adrian gowns, and Gable had erotic menace in his villainous role. Things get fairly maudlin when high-minded Leslie Howard, Shearer's former fiancé, shoots Gable and is defended by Barrymore, and Barrymore hams fearfully (he got an Academy Award for it), but it's a vintage "daring" movie in the glossy-hokey M-G-M style. Clarence Brown directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 11.)

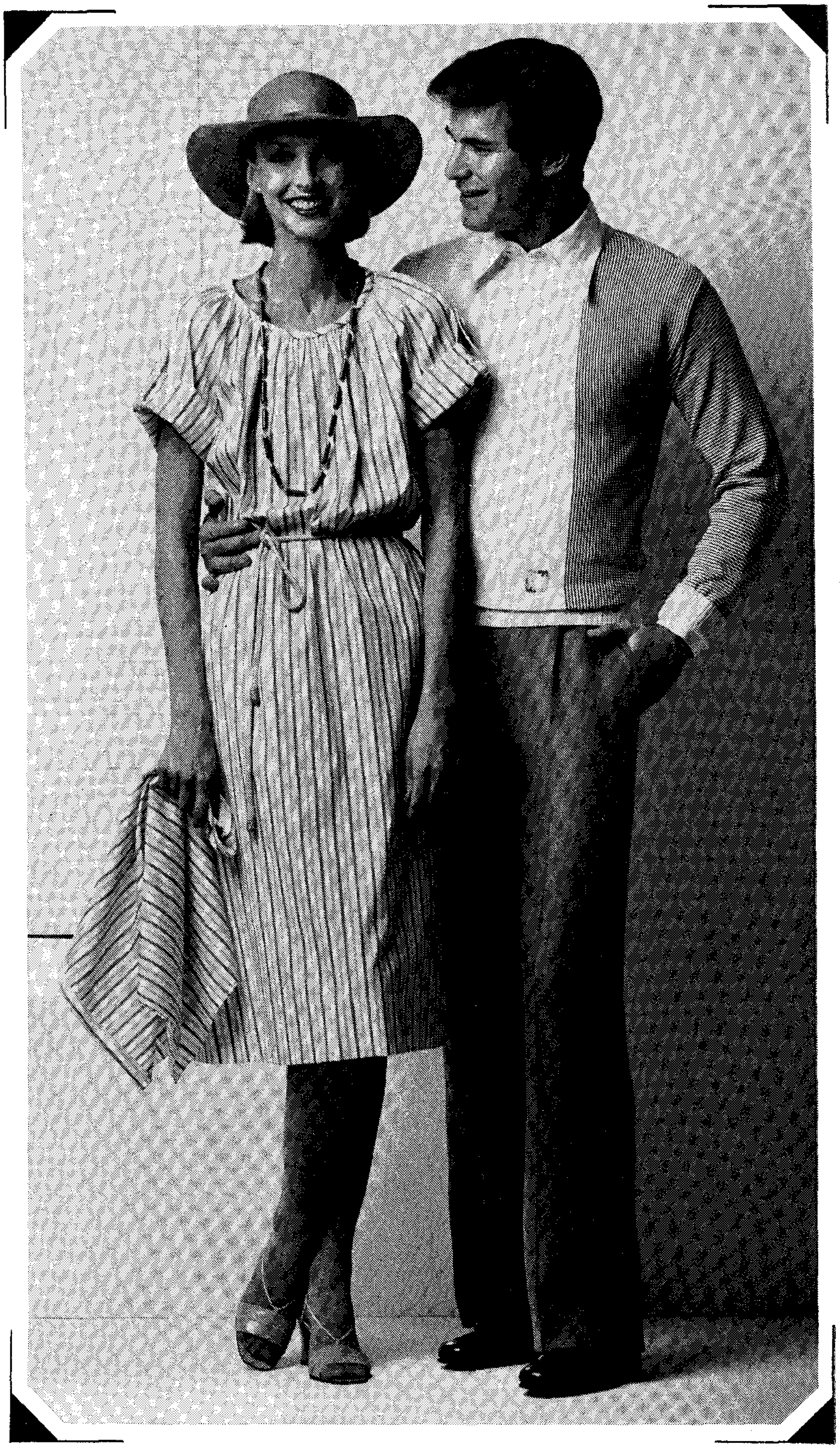
The Fury—Brian De Palma's visionary science-fiction thriller. The script (John Farris's adaptation of his novel) is cheap gothic espionage occultism involving two superior beings—spiritual twins (Andrew Stevens and Amy Irving) who have met only telepathically. But the film is so visually compelling that a viewer seems to have entered a mythic night world; no Hitchcock thriller was ever so intense, went so far, or had so many "classic" sequences. With Kirk Douglas, Carrie Snodgress, and John Cassavetes. (3/20/78) (Loews Ciné.)

The Garden of the Finzi-Continis (1970)—Vittorio De Sica's lyric evocation of a vanished group of people (the cultivated, aristocratic Jewish-Italian landowners) and a vanished mood. Based on Giorgio Bassani's semi-autobiographical novel, the film records how Giorgio, a middle-class outsider (Lino Capolicchio), is drawn into the decaying, enchanted world of the Finzi-Continis by the imperious, contrary Micòl (Dominique Sanda); she and her languid brother (Helmut Berger) are spoiled, beautiful people without the will to save themselves. Perhaps the only film that records the halfhearted anti-Jewish measures of the Mussolini period—which were, however, sufficient to wipe out the Finzi-Continis and all they represented. In Italian. (St. Marks Cinema; through May 9.)

The Gentleman Tramp—A documentary on Charlie Chaplin, narrated by Walter Matthau, Laurence Olivier, and Jack Lemmon. Directed by Richard Patterson. (Quad Cinema, and New Yorker; through May 9.)

The Goodbye Girl—The prolific Neil Simon's tearful comedy with Marsha Mason and Richard Dreyfuss. She says gratuitously abrasive things to him, and he prisses his lips and tells her off. Herbert Ross directed. (1/16/78) (Gramercy, and Embassy 72nd St.; through May 9.)

Harry & Tonto (1974)—Directed by Paul Mazursky and written by him with Josh Greenfeld. Harry (Art Carney) is a limping old man with a buoyant spirit who buys cheap food for himself and good liver for his cat, a heavyset marmalade companion called Tonto. The old Lear has three disappointing children



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strung across the country, and after visiting them he decides that they represent a rope on his liberty. The narrative sounds sentimental, but the film isn't. (Olympia; starting May 10.)

High Anxiety—Mel Brooks' rehash of some of Hitchcock's most famous thriller effects. This is a child's idea of satire—imitations, with a funny hat and a leer. There isn't a whisper of suspense, and there are few earned laughs: all Brooks does it let us know he has seen some of the same movies we have. With Madeline Kahn, Cloris Leachman, Harvey Korman, and Ron Carey. (1/9/78) (Quad Cinema, and Guild.... ¶ Loews 83rd Triplex; through May 9.... ¶ D. W. Griffith; through May 11, tentative.)

High Street—With Annie Cordy and Mort Shuman, directed by André Ernotte. In French. (Baronet; through May 11, tentative.)

House Calls—Walter Matthau and Glenda Jackson in a carefree pairing of splendid comic talents and of equally matched intelligences. Miss Jackson's first view of her future lover, a doctor, looking lugubrious in mustache and beard, is from a hospital bed; she's been clamped into a football-helmet sort of brace by a testily inept old doctor (Art Carney) to mend a broken jaw. (4/3/78) (Loews Tower East.)

Hud (1963)—Hugely entertaining contemporary Western, set in the Texas of Cadillacs and cattle, crickets and transistor radios; handsomely designed and shot in black-and-white (by James Wong Howe), it's visually simple and precise and unadorned. The film is schizoid: it tells you to condemn the nihilistic heel Hud (Paul Newman), who represents modern "materialism," but casting Newman as a mean materialist is like writing a manifesto against the banking system while juggling your investments to make a fortune. Newman has energy and humor and his physique and "them there eyes," while his clean-old-man father (Melvyn Douglas), who stands for high moral principles, is a pious fuddy-duddy—inhuman, except for a brief sequence when he's at the local movie house and he follows the bouncing ball and sings "Clementine." The plot involves Hud's wanting to sell off a herd that is possibly infected with hoof-and-mouth disease, and his father's rectitude in having the cows slaughtered. Patricia Neal, as the ranch housekeeper, is funny in her best gravel-voiced style; Brandon deWilde, as Hud's nephew, is our observer—a cardboard older version of the boy he played in "Shane." Martin Ritt directed; the script is by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr., from Larry McMurtry's novel "Horseman, Pass By." (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 5.)

I Wanna Hold Your Hand—Directed by Robert Zemeckis. (U.A. East.... ¶ Trans-Lux East; through May 9.... ¶ 34th St. East; through the afternoon of May 11, tentative.)

Joseph Andrews—Tony Richardson, who made a fine and lively film of Fielding's "Tom Jones" fifteen years ago, has directed an equally spirited version of Fielding's "Joseph Andrews." It is spring in England; this is a very English film—lyric and debonair and cheeky and wild. Ann-Margret plays Lady Booby, a luscious upstart whose dress and manner are copied by her splendidly slipshod maid, Mrs. Slipslop (Beryl Reid). John Gielgud plays a doctor who makes no distinction between the well and the dead in his search for a patient. Michael Hordern, in a wig that makes him look like a King Charles spaniel who has just come out of the wet, plays a parson. Everything is blithe, exact, and eager, floating along without weight, as in Fielding's novel. (4/24/78) (Waverly.... ¶ Festival; through May 9.... ¶ Little Carnegie; starting May 10.)

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Julia—Jane Fonda as Lillian Hellman, Jason Robards as Dashiell Hammett, and Vanessa Redgrave as Julia in the film version of Hellman's story about her smuggling bribe money into Nazi Germany, from her book of memoirs "Pentimento." Directed by Fred Zinnemann, from a script by Alvin Sargent, it has been made in conservative—classical humanist—style. The film's constraint is frustrating, because Jane Fonda has the power and invention to go further in the character. (10/10/77) (St. Marks Cinema, Gramercy, 72nd Street East, Trans-Lux 85th St., and Playboy; through May 9.... ¶ Gramercy, Embassy 72nd St., and Olympia; starting May 10.)

Kiss Me Kate (1953)—There is Kathryn Grayson's trilling to contend with, and Ann Miller's tick-tock tapping, but once past those hurdles anyone who loves musical comedy can enjoy the marvellous Cole Porter score, Howard Keel's strong baritone and good humor, and the dancing of Tommy Rall, Bobby Van, and Bob Fosse. Keenan Wynn and James Whitmore also turn up, and Carol Haney, too. George Sidney directed. The Broadway show, based on "The Taming of the Shrew," has been cleaned up and overtamed, but there's still flavor in it. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 7-8.)

The Last Supper—A Cuban film, directed by Tomás Gutiérrez Alea. In Spanish. (68th St. Playhouse; starting May 5.)

The Last Waltz—Martin Scorsese's film commemorating a performance by the rock-and-roll group named The Band. Scorsese has proved himself a most interesting director, but this movie is a failed exercise in melancholy over times past. The lingering attention to the aging of the musicians—who are actually still youngish but regarded by themselves and the film as latter-day—is apt to seem maudlin and spoiled-child. The sound system itself is an overloud nightmare that makes one feel like a fly caught in a twenty-four-track-stereo biscuit box. (5/1/78) (Ziegfeld.)

The Little Kidnappers (1954)—A gentle, affecting fable of childhood and loneliness—the story of two little boys, denied a pet, who find a baby and keep it hidden in the woods. Philip Leacock directed. (Thalia; May 9.)

Madame Rosa—Simone Signoret giving a magnificent performance as a Jewish ex-whore of the Belleville *quartier* of Paris. Now too old and puffy to practice her job, she makes a meagre living by taking in the abandoned children of younger prostitutes. Her favorite foster child is the offspring of an Arab father, and she has faithfully brought the boy up as an Arab. The film was directed by Moshe Mizrahi, himself a Jew, who was brought up in Alexandria. A firm, astute picture. In French. (3/27/78) (Plaza.)

Made for Each Other (1939)—Carole Lombard and James Stewart as plain, ordinary struggling young married folk in New York, having money troubles. The film, directed by John Cromwell, manages to jack up a little excitement when their baby gets sick and serum must be flown from Utah. The mercy plane goes through a storm, gales, blizzards, thunder, and lightning. You'll be relieved to know that the serum arrives in the very nick of time, and the husband gets a promotion. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 9.)

The Manitou—With Tony Curtis, Michael Ansara, and Susan Strasberg; directed by William Girdler. (Loews Orpheum.)

The Man Who Fell to Earth (1976)—Nicolas Roeg directs a rather chilly, beautifully composed sci-fi picture about a cat-eyed man (David Bowie) who comes to earth from another planet in search of water for his drought-ridden world. Rip Torn is good as a burned-out professor of chemistry. (6/7/76) (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 9.)

The Man Who Loved Women—The dedicated skirt-chaser of Truffaut's film is meant to be irresistibly charming, but his compulsion looks to be about as exciting as building a two-foot replica of the Pentagon with toothpicks. In its gross flippancy, this film resembles Truffaut's "Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me"—it may be even worse, because of the mixture of evasiveness and obviousness. With Charles Denner, Nelly Borgeaud, Brigitte Fossey, and Leslie Caron. In French. (12/5/77) (Art; starting May 10.)

La Marseillaise (1938)—Jean Renoir, no political fool, shows Louis XVI coming back from a hard day's pleasure at the hunt and asking about the taking of the Bastille. "Is it a revolt?" he asks. "No, Sire, it is a revolution," says a courtier with a less limp grasp of the moment. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 11.)

Marty (1955)—Ernest Borgnine is the shy Bronx butcher who goes to a dance hall (it suggests Roseland) and meets a lonely high-school teacher (Betsy Blair). Delbert Mann directed this small-scale, overly celebrated film version of Paddy Chayefsky's television play. (On TV it starred Rod Steiger.) You have to have considerable tolerance for Chayefsky's repetitive dialogue and his insistence on the humanity of "little" people. With Esther Minciotti as Borgnine's Italian mother, and Augusta Ciolli as his aunt. (Regency; May 9-10.)

The Mask of Fu Manchu (1932)—Fortunately, Boris Karloff doesn't seem to take his Oriental accoutrements too seriously. As the sinister Dr. Fu Manchu's daughter, Myrna Loy isn't as archly bemused as Karloff, but she's fun to see in her slinky getup. A tolerable, campy entertainment, with Karen Morley, Lewis Stone, Jean Hersholt, and, in the juvenile lead, Charles Starrett, who has a perfect profile and is a perfectly deadly actor. Charles Brabin and Charles Vidor directed; from the Sax Rohmer story. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 10.)

Mr. Moto Takes a Vacation (1939)—There were nine of these ingratiating, mildly clever B-pictures starring Peter Lorre as the smiling, super-polite, super-smart Oriental detective. They were scheduled on the lower half of double bills, but were frequently the better half. This is the eighth of the batch; in this one, Mr. Moto perceives, from an examination of footprints, that a man who pretends to be lame is only faking. Norman Foster directed; with Joseph Schildkraut, Lionel Atwill, and Virginia Field. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 10.)

One, Two, Three (1961)—Machine-gun-paced topical satire of East-West relations, in which the characters shout variations of stale jokes at each other—people are described as sitting around on their assets, and we're invited to laugh at the Russians for rejecting a shipment of Swiss cheese because it is full of holes. The director, Billy Wilder, shot this example of an assembly-line approach to gags in Berlin and Munich (where the Brandenburg Gate was reconstructed). James Cagney expertly mugs his way through the role of an American Coca-Cola executive in Europe; he complains that the East Germans are hijacking his shipments, "and they don't even return the empties." When his wife (Arlene Francis) says that their marriage has gone flat, like a stale glass of beer, Cagney replies, "Why do you have to bring in a competing beverage?" The gags are almost all on this level, and the little sops to sentiment are even worse; the film was a huge success. With Horst Buchholz, Pamela Tiffin, and Lilo Pulver. Wilder and I.A.L. Diamond wrote the script, based on a Ferenc

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Orpheus (1949)—Jean Marais as the poet who needs to renew himself, in Jean Cocteau's masterpiece—the most magical of all modern films. With Maria Casarès, François Périer, Marie Déa, Edouard Dermithe, and Juliette Greco. In French. (Cinema Village; May 10-11.)

Padre Padrone—The Taviani brothers, who wrote and directed this film version of Gavino Ledda's 1974 autobiography, have learned to fuse political commitment and artistic commitment into stylized passion. Ledda's story is about how he was enslaved as a child, imprisoned in a sheepfold, and forced to tend the family flock, and of how he fought his way out of the isolation and silence—how he struggled for words. The spirit of the film isn't naturalistic—it's animistic. And the Tavianis' technique is deliberately barbaric; their vision is on the nightmare side of primitivism, where the elements themselves are the boy's enemies. The grotesquely natural cruelty is mythological—almost rhapsodic. Winner of the Golden Palm at Cannes, 1977, also the International Critics' Prize. In Italian. (10/3/77) (Art; through May 9.)

Pretty Baby—Louis Malle's beautifully intelligent picture is set in a brothel in Storyville, New Orleans, in 1917. The notorious red-light district of America is about to be shut down. An exquisite little girl of twelve (Brooke Shields), first shown upstairs in the room where she was born to her prostitute mother (Susan Sarandon), has her virginity auctioned off to the rich clientele. The photographer-hero is based on the legendary E. J. Bellocq (Keith Carradine). Malle's cinematographer is the incomparable Sven Nykvist. (4/10/78) (Coronet.)

Rabbit Test—With Billy Crystal, directed by Joan Rivers. (Loews 83rd Triplex.... ¶ Greenwich; through May 9.)

Repulsion (1965)—Roman Polanski's clinical horror film, recording the deterioration of a murderous terrified girl, played by Catherine Deneuve. (Cinema Village; May 5-6.)

Riptide (1934)—Norma Shearer, in satin, as a wife torn between her jealous husband, Herbert Marshall, and the ready arms of Robert Montgomery—both men in white tie and tails. This M-G-M melodrama with a few songs was made when Shearer was still at her star peak, and though the vehicle is a turgid, glossy bummer, audiences gobbled it up. The legendary Mrs. Patrick Campbell is in the cast, and Ralph Forbes, and slinky, funny Lilyan Tashman. Edmund Goulding directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 11.)

The Rise of Louis XIV (1966)—Rossellini's beady-eyed and graceful chronicle about the growing up of the young monarch—from a boy who had been written off as nothing much more than an unambitious young debauchee to one of the most skillful absolutists in European history. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 11.)

Saturday Night Fever—How the financially pinched seventies generation that grew up on TV attempts to find its own forms of beauty and release. John Travolta plays Tony, a nineteen-year-old Italian Catholic who works selling paint in a hardware store in Brooklyn's Bay Ridge; on Saturday nights, he's off to the local disco dream palace, where he's the champion dancer. Karen Lynn Gorney plays opposite Travolta as Stephanie, who is trying to climb out of Brooklyn and onto Manhattan, which is seen as the magic isle of opportunity—not ironically but with the old Gershwin spirit. John Badham directed. (12/26/77) (Cinema II.)

The Savage Is Loose (1974)—George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, and John David Carson, as their son, are shipwrecked on a jungle island, and so is the audience. Agonizing. Scott directed. (59th St. East.)

The Sea Gypsies—With Robert Logan and Mikki Jamison-Olsen, directed by Stewart Raffill. (Music Hall.)

The Silence (1964)—Ingrid Thulin and Gunnel Lindblom are sisters travelling together in this Ingmar Bergman film—one of those that are generally (and accurately) described as bleak and brooding. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 7.)

Sweet Smell of Success (1957)—Clifford Odets' idiomatic dialogue and Alexander Mackendrick's crisp direction make something very special out of this melodrama about big-city corruption. Burt Lancaster is a columnist, and Tony Curtis (amazingly good) is an ingratiating, blackmailing press agent. With Barbara Nichols and Sam Levene. Photographed by James Wong Howe. (Regency; starting May 11.)

Sympathy for the Devil (1968)—Godard's first English film. The Rolling Stones are rehearsing a song; the fragments of work in progress are interrupted by Godard's particular vision of modern life, full of stammered interviews and push-button incantations about politics and the Pop Art of billboard signs. The film is subtle, meticulous, with the director's typical way of pitting finely calibrated thoughts against crass images. Also called "One Plus One." (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 9.)

A Thousand Clowns (1965)—An adaptation of Herb Gardner's Broadway comedy, with Jason Robards as the rebellious TV writer. In this kind of comedy, his rebellion takes the form of being a crackpot and spouting TV-style jokes about TV. With Martin Balsam, Barbara Harris, William Daniels, Gene Saks, and Barry Gordon. Fred Coe directed, lamely. (Regency; May 9-10.)

An Unmarried Woman—Paul Mazursky wrote and directed this buoyant, enormously friendly comedy about Erica (Jill Clayburgh) and her attempt to get back into "the stream of life" after her marriage of sixteen years breaks up. It's a tenderhearted feminist picture. With Michael Murphy, Lisa Lucas, Pat Quinn, Kelly Bishop, Linda Miller, Cliff Gorman, Mazursky himself, as Hal, and Alan Bates, whose fine comic, expansive performance as Saul Kaplan, a famous painter, overpowers the movie. (3/6/78) (Murray Hill, Beekman, Cinema 3, and Paramount.)

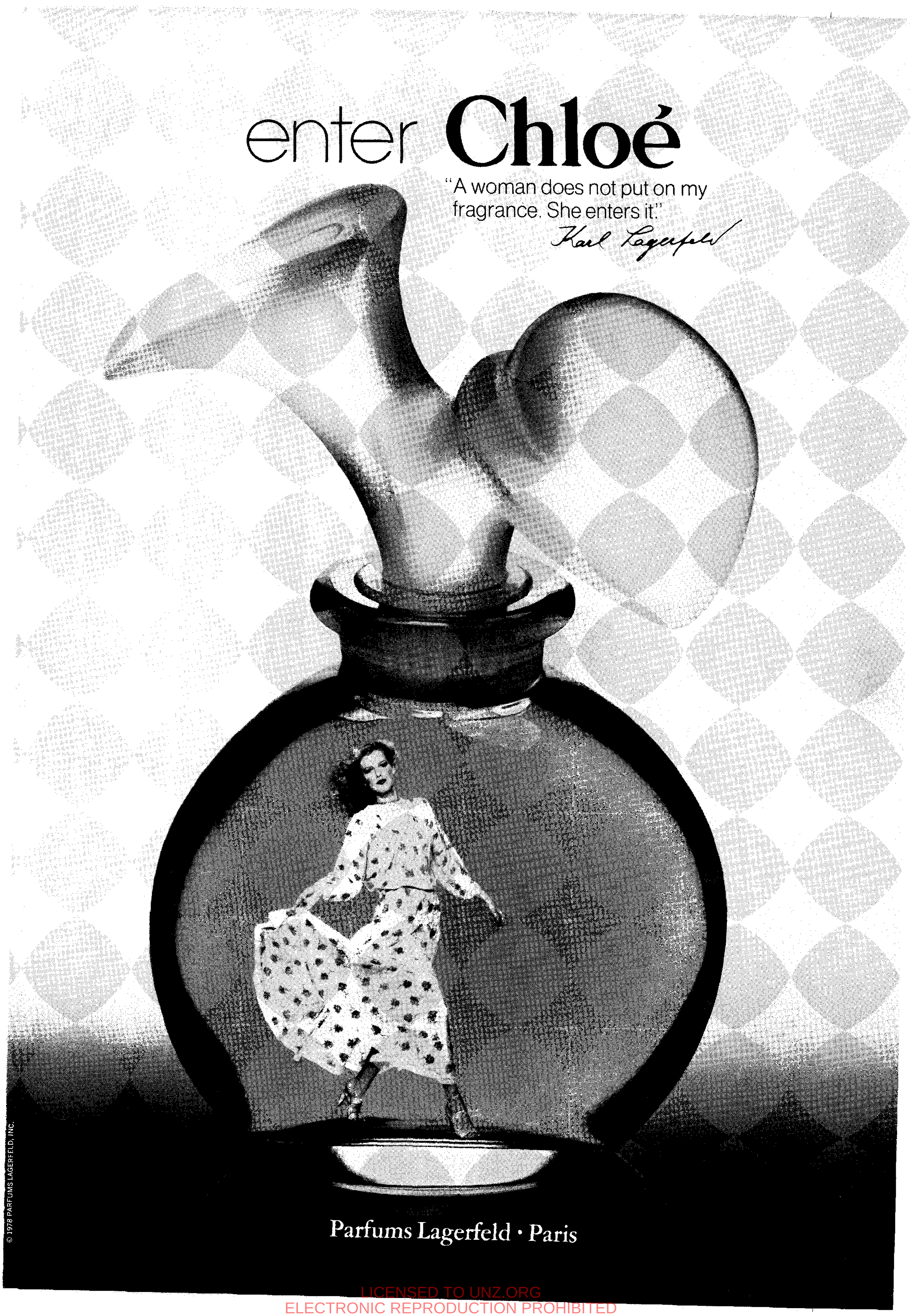
We Will All Meet in Paradise—With Jean Rochefort, Claude Brasseur, Guy Bedos, and Victor Lanoux; directed by Yves Robert. (Columbia I.)

Winter Light (1963)—Ingmar Bergman directs with simplicity and assurance a bleak tale of a minister (Gunnar Björnstrand) who feels abandoned by God and who, in turn, abandons his fellow-men. With Ingrid Thulin. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 7.)

A Woman of Paris (1923)—Chaplin's legendary "serious" film, written and directed by him, with a spot appearance by him as a porter. It has all his wit and none of his whimsy. Edna Purviance, benefitting from Chaplin's promise after their long career together that he would one day write a dramatic part for her, plays a French countrywoman parted by disapproving parents from her love (a glazed-eyed, very silent-film figure played by Carl Miller). She goes to Paris and gets involved with a handsome dandy (Adolphe Menjou). The characterization makes it seem as though Chaplin toyed with—perhaps feared—the idea that he himself was this dandy. The film was greatly to influence Lubitsch, among others. It has a sense of comedy that is debonair, elegant, bitterly close to truth. Chaplin withdrew it from circulation in the late twenties, and restored it to us—with a new musical score, composed by himself—only in 1976. A treasure dredged up from the ocean bed of sunken movies. (4/17/78) (Cinema Studio.)

Word Is Out—A documentary based on conversations with twenty-six homosexual men and women. (Quad Cinema.)

Young and Innocent (1937; known as "The Girl Was Young" in the United States)—Hitchcock reworks "The 39 Steps," this time using a very young hero and heroine. Once again, the hero (now Derrick de Marney) is accused of a murder he didn't commit; he tries to track down the real killer while the police track him. The bewildered teen-age girl (Nova Pilbeam) who tries to help him is too earnest a conception to be very amusing; the film is pretty fair Hitchcock, though not as sexy or as witty as "The 39 Steps." The bravura sequences include the hero crashing a children's party and a nifty sinister joke at the climax: The heroine knows only one thing about the villain—that his eyes twitch. She goes to a dance at a big hotel, and we see the blackface band; the drummer's eyes fill the screen—and twitch. Hitchcock takes the joke even further: as the drummer sees the police enter, he gets nervous, and his rhythm goes so crazily off that the people have to stop dancing. With Basil Radford, Percy Marmont, and Mary Clare. Hitchcock turns up, looking very young, as a press photographer, holding a tiny camera in front of him, like a talisman. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 7.)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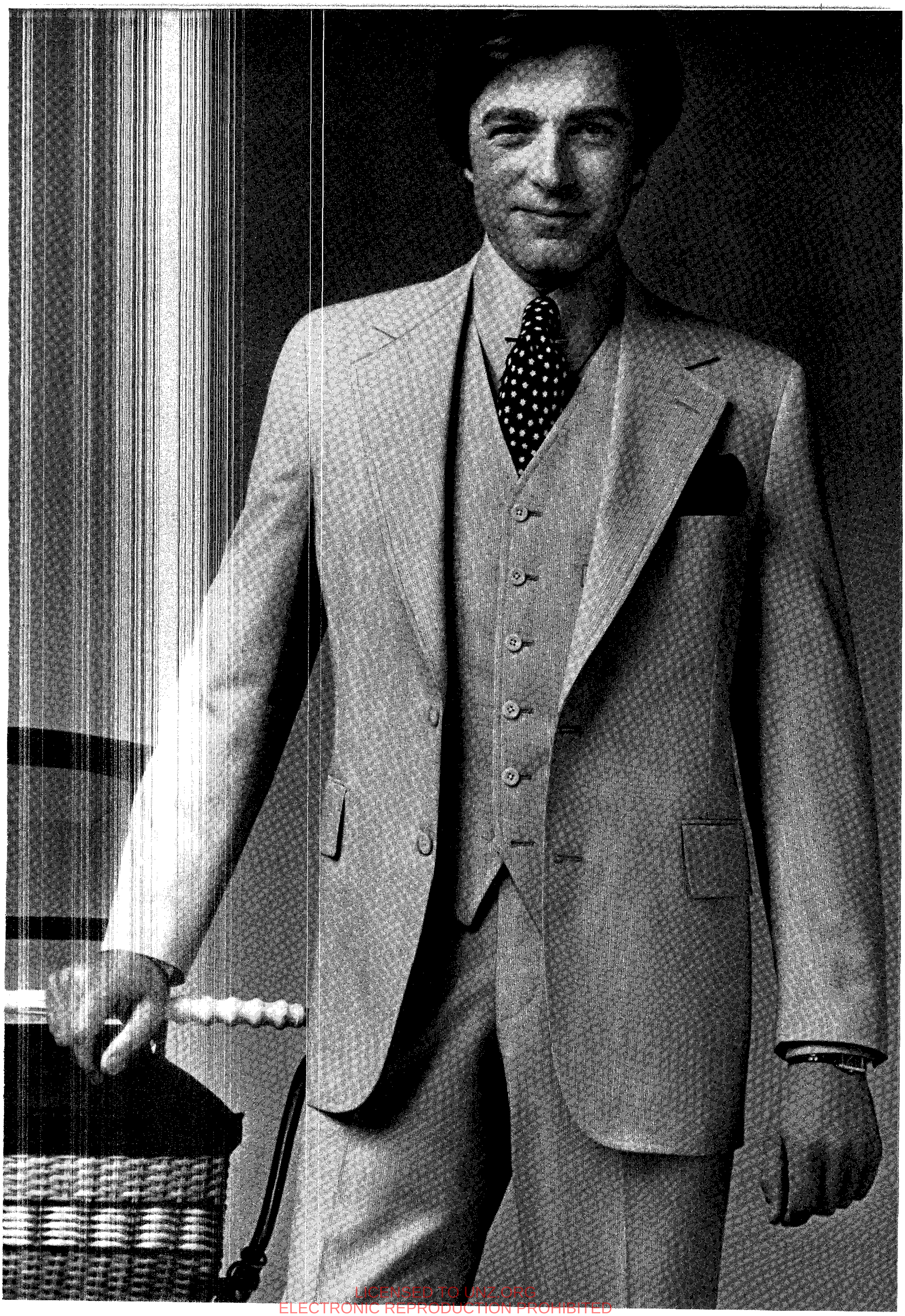

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE have received the following letter from a woman born and bred in the Northeast:

Ever since Jimmy Carter's entry upon the national scene, I have been struggling with an uncanny sense of disorientation, which does not go away. From the beginning, I have sensed a distance between him and me which has to do not with political opinions but, rather, with feeling unsure about what he is like as a person—what fires his spirit, what dampens it, what frightens him, what moves him, what goes through his head and heart when he is grappling with this issue or that. There is something about Jimmy Carter which makes him opaque to me—more opaque, in some way, than leaders who are in fact foreigners (Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, for example, or Helmut Schmidt). I think I can fairly say that to some degree this remoteness can be traced to Mr. Carter's personality. Whatever his campaign image may have been, it is now plain that he is an exceptionally guarded man, at least in public. Before he was elected, he asked us to believe in him and to count on him, but he has not since then displayed very clearly to us who it is that we should so believe in and count on. Yet there is an extra distance, which cannot be accounted for by personality—we have had plenty of guarded politicians—and which lends an eeriness to my perceptions of him, as though he were behind glass or out of earshot. The impression has the effect of making me feel oddly disenfranchised. His modesty and calm seem to me defensive, masking a tightly coiled energy (coiled for what?) and denying me the chance to react to that energy. His warmth seems to me more a buffer than an opening—his smile released with a kind of precision timing yet at what seems to me not quite the appropriate moment. I have no idea how to respond to that smile. To me, its purpose seems to be to block response. With the exception of those flashes, his manner is militantly uncharismatic, and yet he conveys a strong sense of inspiration, of belief that he is right. But right about what? Does he feel that he is right about something in particular or right in the abstract? His air of conviction seems to me to be less a sureness about his analysis of particular issues than a free-floating moral tone which can attach itself arbitrarily to whatever position he happens to take. All this may sound as though I disliked Jimmy Carter. It is true that I am frequently put off by him, but the larger truth is that I am stumped. I have no reaction. I feel as though I were looking at the wrong side of a tapestry. He has been President for well over a year, but I still have no idea whether I like him, whether I trust him, or not.

Having thought about this for some time, I have concluded that at least in part this sense I have of being cut off is a reflection not of Jimmy Carter but of my own background as a Northeasterner. This train of thought began in the days when Carter was a relatively new figure and we were more conscious than we are now of his Southern background. In those days, when I described to Southern friends my sense of distance from Carter, they seemed not to share it at all. Whatever they thought of his ideas, they expressed a familiarity with the kind of person that he was. They seemed to be at home with him. "I can't wait until Carter and his entourage come to Washington," said a Southern-born friend of mine, the editor of a political magazine, after Carter had been elected. "I've never met them, but I know them like the palm of my hand. I know exactly how to reach them." I hadn't a clue how to reach them. "He has the potential to be a second F.D.R.," said another Southern friend. "I'm not saying he will be, but I sense a great possibility in him." My intuition on this score was blank. Now time has gone by, and these differences of perception have been blunted by frustration over the indistinct pattern of the Administration's actions—a frustration that crosses regional lines. But this merely means that the focus has shifted as the foreground has been filled in. To me, at least, the figure behind the actions—and non-actions—that now have our attention remains obscure in an eerie way. During those early discussions of Carter, I noticed that my Southern friends were not altogether displeased that I felt disenfranchised, and remember thinking that perhaps this was because people in the South had felt cut off in just this way ever since the Civil War as they uneasily watched mysterious Northerners dominate the affairs of the nation.

But what sort of characteristics can make a person from one region mysterious to a person from another? Agrarian versus urban, religious versus secular, homogeneous versus heterogeneous—a list of the differences between Northeastern and Southern cultures, and the resulting traits, could be endless. But, as a way of inquiring into how these elements of background can affect us, let me speculate briefly on one difference that seems to me in this case to be particularly significant. It seems to me that in the Northeast reliance on intellect, coupled with a mistrust of the heart—particularly the unbridled heart—is the prevailing attitude. I see this as in large part the legacy of the religious traditions of the region. The emotional kind of Protestantism which marks the tradition of most of the nation—the tradition to which Jimmy Carter belongs—never became dominant in the North. The comparatively controlled, mind-oriented tradition of New England Protestantism resisted the challenge of the more emotional movements—which were associated

here with the lower classes and with anti-intellectualism—and remained the tradition of the establishment. (Catholicism and Judaism, which stress, respectively, theology and scholarship—both of them provinces of the mind—and neither of which in its American form encourages emotional abandon, tended to reinforce rather than to blur this orientation when the huge influx of immigrants brought those religions to the region.) Religious traditions influence a culture far beyond the boundaries of particular sects, and even beyond the time in which religion is a central institution of a society. They affect what might be called the cultural common sense, out of which, in turn, a cultural style is developed. The issue here is not religious prejudice. Jimmy Carter's particular religion is no more a legitimate target of criticism than any other. The point is that, however respectful, and properly so, we may be of that tradition in itself, it remains a fact that the combination of a high level of education, the image of a cool, industrious manager, and the ability to abandon oneself totally to one's emotions—as Jimmy Carter is said to have done at times—just doesn't make sense to some of us. More important, neither does the personal style that was developed out of this combination make sense to us. We in the North fear unbridled emotion. We see it as necessarily in conflict with the mind. We are not happy about this; we are the first to flagellate ourselves as repressed. Like John Winthrop banishing Anne Hutchinson from Massachusetts, we are ambivalent about our own attitude. But in the end we feel compelled to uphold it. It is difficult for us to understand a man who seems not to experience this conflict at all.

This is only a small corner of the picture, and is based on a wildly generalized theory at that. But let me give an example of how I think this kind of difference can lead to different styles, and how style can be a barrier between people. Take, for instance, the sense Jimmy Carter communicates of believing himself to be right. If Yankees are good at anything, it is at believing themselves to be right no matter what, but usually their reason is that they think they are more intellectually sophisticated than anybody else. Their sense of being right is based on powers of analysis—powers that Yankees believe are the proper tools for discovering what is right morally as well as pragmatically. Thus, when people from the Northeastern culture are involved in making terrible mistakes in government, such as getting us deeper and deeper into a disastrous war through the instrument of the Pentagon, or perpetrating totally illegal and abhorrent policies through the C.I.A., they resist criticism and justify their actions on the ground of their superior intellect, which in their eyes means that the decisions they made must be right. They take the position that there is a match between the complexities, practical *and* moral, of the issues and their sophisticated comprehension of these complexities which puts the whole matter beyond the reach of what in their view is a naïve level of questioning. Even when the wrongness of their ideas not only has been borne out by history but has become a cultural cliché, we have seen this kind of person refuse to acknowledge as much as a neutral mistakenness, arguing that what he did was right at the time, because no one is more sophisticated than he and therefore no one could have made a more right decision—least of all the cretins who from the vantage of hindsight dare to criticize him. You can call a Yankee coldhearted any time and get away with it—he may even be flattered—but call him wrong in his judgment and you have attacked his integrity. Jimmy Carter, by all accounts, believes himself to be plenty smart, but this does not seem to be the basis of his feeling of being right. That seems to flow, rather, from a sense that he is *good*. There is in his manner, for example, a kind of piety which is the counterpart of Yankee arrogance; a kind of sentimentality about himself which takes the place of Yankee presumption. He tries to reassure us by saying "I promise," or "You can count on it," and adopting a soft facial expression, thus letting us see that he *feels* it—that he is "sincere," that he is "good." He tries to win us by making us feel this way, too—by telling us that, like him, we are good. As far as I can read it, the implication of all this goodness is meant to be that whatever he does, and whatever the country does, will be right. This approach seems to me every bit as much a weapon as the Yankee air of sophistication. Just as the Yankee will try to preëmpt scrutiny by saying he is more knowledgeable and worldly than you are, Jimmy Carter preëmpts criticism with his goodness, with his otherworldliness: not with what he thinks but with how he feels, not with how he reasons but with what he is. Neither posture is inherently better than the other. Lord knows, the sophisticates have not been our salvation. From my

"I have everything money can buy, except one of those new videotape machines."

point of view, the only essential difference is that with the Yankee I at least know what I am up against. I know what his values are. With Jimmy Carter, I am in the dark. I don't know what it means to feel you are right because you are good. I have no intuition about this sort of person. At present, this leaves me merely confused, but if the Administration should, like many other Administrations, start making grave mistakes I would be badly frightened.

Though not to the same degree, Lyndon Johnson also presented this kind of enigma to some of us. During that period when it became obvious that he was deceiving us about the war, I had a conversation with my grandmother in which I railed in a moralistic tone about his deceit. My grandmother was not pleased with Johnson, either, but she thought that I was being silly. A veteran horsewoman, she pointed out that Johnson had started life in a horse-trading culture, and that horse traders, particularly in those days, did not have the same scruples about lying as other people. If you could sell a lame horse as sound—well, for a horse trader that was not iniquity but success. A lifelong Republican, she had reluctantly voted for Johnson, because, however much she disapproved of such ethics, she preferred a horse trader to a man who might be a lunatic. At least, she knew what she was getting. "For heaven's sake, what did you expect?" she said. All this did not alter my opinion of Johnson's policies, but it made a kind of sense where before there had been none. Johnson communicated the same sort of sentimental feeling about his own goodness which Carter does, and it had been very hard to put this together with calculated deceitfulness. Before my grandmother's remark, the two qualities had made a kind of nonsense to me which, policies aside, was in itself frightening. Afterward, I felt that at least I was looking (some of the time) at the right side of the tapestry. I wish somebody would make a remark like that about Jimmy Carter. I wish somebody would describe him in a way that would bring him out from behind the glass.

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Love in the Alps

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Million-Dollar Lunch

"YOU'RE looking at a guy who in his senior year in high school played tackle and weighed a hundred and thirty-nine." That remark, uttered by a middle-aged gent who looked to weigh about a hundred and seventy-nine, was characteristic of the cocktail-time chitchat at a press lunch put on at the Four Seasons the other day to announce that the Toyota-car people—specifically, Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., and associated Toyota dealers in this country—were giving a million dollars to the United States Olympic Committee. As befitted that kind of largesse, the occasion was graced by the presence not merely of a swarm of Toyota men and attendant flacks but also of F. Don Miller, the executive director of the committee, who told us over an apéritif that he anticipates no particular problems when the 1980 Summer Olympics are held in the Soviet Union. "I am of the opinion that those Games will be reasonably tranquil," he said. His own peace of mind and that of other American team officials will be abetted, we gathered, by a fleet of Toyotas that he told us would be made available to them in Moscow.

"At five-thirty in the morning, I go out and jog seven and one-tenth miles, and I do that every single morning except Saturday, when I double the distance." That remark was made by a young man from the *Post* who sat next to us at lunch. "My goal is to do the marathon in under four hours by 1980," he went on. He was in the midst of telling us about a nasty collision he once had at daybreak—his head colliding with a panel truck's panel—when the assemblage was called to order to be addressed by a number of speakers, among them an American Toyota executive who joked about being only five feet six and thus having a special affinity with the Japanese, and who said that a portion of the purchase price of every Toyota vehicle sold in this country until the end of June would go to the Olympic Committee; also, E. Newbold Black IV, the second vice-president of the committee, who said that the purpose of the day's get-together was "quality, first class, and winning," and that Toyota was "a wonderful first-class organization with championship cars;" and, finally, Frank Shorter, the marathon champion at Munich in 1972. "It appeals to my sense of humor to have a Japanese corporation sponsoring the U.S. Olympic effort," Shorter said. "I think this really bodes well for us, and I don't really care that it's not General Motors doing this for us."

The gold medalist had clearly opened a can of worms, which spilled all over the ensuing question-and-answer period. Was the United States committee embarrassed, one journalist wanted to know, by being underwritten by a Japanese company? Not at all, said Second Vice-President Black. "This is an outgrowth of just a way of life." Would corporations in Japan be supporting the *Japanese* Olympic team, another prying guest demanded, and, if so, would Toyota be among them? That question was turned over to the only Japanese in the room, a correspondent of the Tokyo daily *Sekai Nippo*—height unknown, since he didn't rise to respond to the question. His answer to both halves of it was an unembellished "Yes." The *Times*, the journal of record, wished to know what percentage of the price of each Toyota sold would go to the committee. The Toyota man who took that one on could provide no reply more substantive than "It might make somebody who buys a six-thousand-dollar car feel better," but an authoritative-looking chap across our table leaned over and whispered, "If Toyota sells only five cars here by the end of June, it's still obligated to give the committee the million." We felt much relieved.

David Sassoon's Coat

WE supped on fish and chips and stout at the New York Hilton one night last week, then watched a show of British fashions. Fourteen members of a group of visiting designers showed a variety of garments from their latest collections. But when it came the turn of the fifteenth, the compere—a plummy-voiced Englishman wearing a monocle—told the audience what most of us knew already: that David Sassoon couldn't show his collection, because it had been stolen from the hotel lobby just as he was arriving from London. Some of the pieces, it seemed, had been recovered from the streets of Harlem a few hours before the show, but "in too poor a condition" to appear in it. The crowd heard a story about a little girl who had come up to Mr. Sassoon after seeing him on the television news and had said that she was sorry all his beautiful clothes had been stolen but that he shouldn't think all of New York was like that. Next, there was a message from the Mayor, saying how sorry *he* was and that no one should think all of New York was like that. Then there was a triumphant burst of music, in honor of the only garment from the Sassoon collection that had escaped the thieves. "And now, ladies and gentlemen," the compere said grandly, "could we please have a very big hand! Here is David Sassoon's coat!"

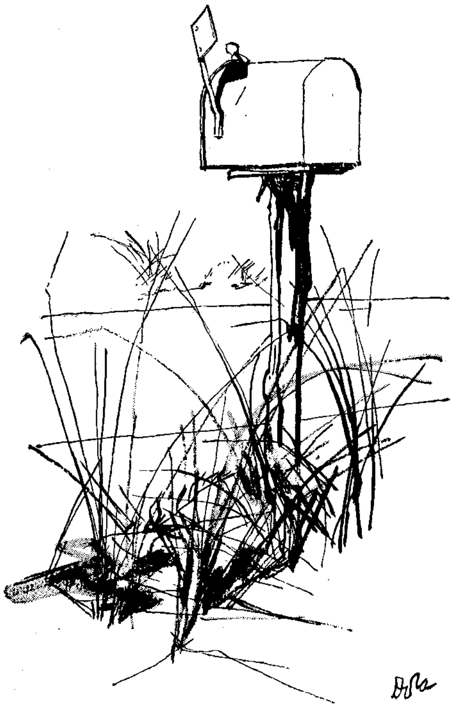
Next day, we dropped by the hotel again, to find out how the designer was bearing up. He was in the display booth that had been assigned to him—a slight, dark-haired man in his thirties, looking forlornly at his clothes rack. There was the coat, and the recovered mismatched bits of different outfits. He told us that he had been very much distressed about the theft at first—"quite cheesed off" was how he put it—but that now he was almost resigned. He introduced his co-designer, Richard Cawley—a young man with owlish red spectacle frames, who was sitting doing fashion sketches with the intensity of a child at his coloring book. "Richard's drawing the collection again, so that at least we can make it up for our customers at home," Sassoon said. (His customers include several ladies of the Royal Family.)

We asked how the clothes had come to be stolen.

"All the group's suitcases were piled on a big trolley coming into the lobby," said Sassoon. "Ours just happened to be on top, and easiest to swipe. We had two big cases and a little one. They got the two big ones, with the collection, and left us the little one. That had our coat hangers and tissue paper in it, and the coat and its matching hat—and our order book, which is a bit ironic. I feel sorry for Richard, because he worked hard on the designs and it's his first trip to New York."

"I still like it here, though," said Cawley, looking up from his sketches. "I haven't been mugged yet, and the police and everybody have been marvellous. We had this wonderful detective, with a gun in a holster. No, he really did—I was most impressed. Actually, he let me take his photograph. No one's going to believe all this when we get back. It's all been very 'Kojak.' Yesterday, I heard some sirens on the street, and I rushed outside. I thought, This is it. I'm going to see a real cops-and-robbers car chase. A shootout in a multi-story car park—that would be *perfect*. But it turned out it was only a fire engine."

Looking disappointed, he went back to his sketching.



Show Biz

FATHER WILLIAM LUNDY, the assistant headmaster and the moderator of dramatics at Xavier High School, a boys' Catholic institution Off Off Off Broadway, on West Sixteenth Street, watches an eleventh-hour rehearsal of the school's annual spring musical theatrical production and offers the following ecumenical thought: "I don't know what's unusual about Xavier High School doing 'Fiddler on the Roof.' I think the story of 'Fiddler on the Roof' holds meaning for all of us, no matter what our culture or creed. Last year, we did 'Guys and Dolls,' and the year before that 'Man of La Mancha.'"

Joseph Rafter, a teacher of English at Xavier for twenty-one years and the director of theatricals for twenty, a man with a Jackie Gleason vocal windup and a lunch-whistle delivery, addresses the chattering cast and crew of "Fiddler" during the rehearsal in the acoustically troubled Xavier High gymnasium: "Listen, let me say something to you. . . . I NEED QUIET! I NEED QUIET NOW!"

Harold Tamke, Jr. (known to his friends as Skip), a member of the Xavier senior class, a cadet master sergeant in the Junior Reserve Officers Training Corps, a staff member of the *Xavier Review*, the school newspaper, and the stage manager of "Fiddler," reflects upon his life in the theatre: "I'm a former member of the Xavier Regimental Band, but I can't be in the combo for this musical and be stage manager, too, because I would be running back and forth all the time and it would just be a conflict of interest. I do plan to write something about this for the school paper, though. It goes to press two weeks after the play. I'll be reviewing it from the point of view of the stage crew. Rich McKeown, the editor of the paper, who's an actor in the play, will review it from the point of view of someone who was onstage during the performance, and I'm hoping we'll be able to get a third person, someone who'll be able to review it from the point of view of the audience. You might not realize it, but, among people I know, Xavier has a bit of a rep for doing spectacular things

"To you and yours."

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with its dramatic productions. You would've loved 'Guys and Dolls.' This play may seem chaotic in the rehearsal, but when the performance comes everything's going to be precision. I enjoy stage-managing very much, and, since I'm a senior, my work load isn't too great, so I have plenty of time for this. I have keys to the stage manager's closet and that storage closet over along the wall. I don't have a key to the athletic-equipment closet. If I did, I'd be the most sought-after man in the school. I've only actually acted once. I just kind of did it as a lark. I don't remember the name of the play—it was during Sophomore Drama Night—but the character was called Klesh, some Hindu god. A teacher of mine was directing the play and he wanted me to be in it, but it turned out I don't really like to talk onstage, so I ended up with a non-speaking part—this Klesh character. I just came out on the stage and put a gem on my forehead and made a moaning sound and walked back. Unfortunately, no one got to see it. It was the only time since I've been at Xavier that the stage lights decided to blow. They must've overloaded the circuits, or something. Right at my entrance—*poof!*—total darkness."

Upon request, Father Lundy recites the surnames of some of the chorus members who portray Jewish peasants in Act I, Scene 9, of Xavier High's production of "Fiddler": "O.K., let's see. There's Dias, Alvarez, Profaci, Galvin, Carey, Jardine, Clifford, Foley, Castro, Corso, Ryan, Joyce, McNally, Summa, DiMaggio, Lim, Molineaux . . ."

Charlie Fristachi, a member of the Xavier Regimental Band, a trombonist who wears a fedora and who when he is old enough to shave will probably bear a strong resemblance to Oliver Hardy, asks Father Lundy a slightly personal question: "Father Lundy, can I borrow two dollars?"

Father Lundy, an easy touch, discusses certain technical considerations that entered into the decision to stage "Fiddler" at Xavier: "One of the reasons we're doing this play is that we tried to see what our capabilities are and we have an excellent violinist in the school, a junior named Gerry Treich. He also plays the flute. He's from New Jersey. Because he's so good on the violin, we wanted to do 'Fiddler' before he graduated. He won't actually be onstage, though; the orchestra will be hidden. Instead of a live fiddler onstage, the way it was on Broadway, we have a large painting of a fiddler that will hover above the stage. It makes sense to do it this way, because it gives us a chance to cover up the basketball backboard."

Joseph Rafter speaks candidly to the forty-member chorus (Dias, Alvarez, Profaci, etc.): "Aargh! You call *that* a 'Mazel tov'?"

EYES OF A BLUE DOG

THEN she looked at me. I thought that she was looking at me for the first time. But when she turned around behind the candlestick and I kept feeling her slippery and oily look in back of me, over my shoulder, I understood that it was I who was looking at her for the first time. I lit a cigarette. I took a drag of the harsh, strong smoke before spinning in my chair, balancing on one of the rear legs. After that I saw her there, as if she'd been standing beside the candlestick looking at me every night. For a few brief minutes that's all we did: look at each other. I looked from the chair, balancing on one of the rear legs. She stood, with a long and quiet hand on the candlestick, looking at me. I saw her eyelids lit up as on every night. It was then that I remembered the usual thing, when I said to her, "Eyes of a blue dog." Without taking her hand off the candlestick she said to me, "That. We'll never forget that." She left the circle of light, sighing. "Eyes of a blue dog. I've written it everywhere."

I saw her walk over to the dressing table. I watched her appear in the circular glass of the mirror, looking at me now in a measured exchange. I watched her keep on looking at me with her great hot-coal eyes: looking at me while she opened the little box covered with pink mother-of-pearl. I saw her powder her nose. When she finished, she closed the box, stood up again, and walked over to the candlestick, once more saying, "I'm afraid that someone is dreaming about this room and revealing my secrets." And over the flame she held the same long and tremulous hand that she had been warming before sitting down at the mirror. She said, "You don't feel the cold." I said to her, "Sometimes." And she said to me, "You must feel it now."

And then I understood why I couldn't have been alone in the room. It was the cold that had been giving me the certainty of my solitude. "Now I feel it," I said. "And it's strange, because the night is quiet. Maybe the sheet fell off."

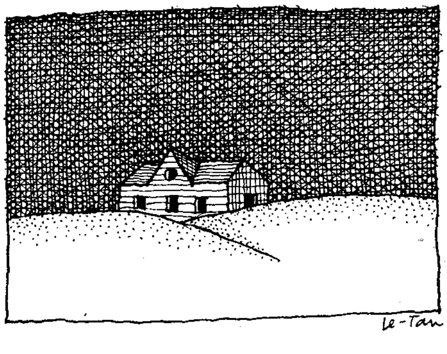
She didn't answer. Again she began to move toward the mirror, and I turned again in the chair, keeping my back to her. Without seeing her, I knew what she was doing. I knew that she was sitting in front of the mirror again, seeing my back, which had had time to reach the depths of the mirror and be caught by her look, which had also had just enough time to reach the depths and return before her hand returned to her lips, anointed now with crimson from the first turn of her hand in front of the mirror. I saw, opposite me, the smooth wall, which was like another blind mirror. I couldn't see her—sitting behind me—but could imagine her as if a mirror had been hung in place of the wall.

"I see you," I told her. And on the wall I saw her as if she had raised her eyes and had seen me in the depths of the mirror, with my back turned toward her, my face turned toward the wall. Then I saw her lower her eyes again and keep them on her brassiere, not talking. And I said to her again, "I see you."

She raised her eyes from her brassiere. "That's impossible," she said. I asked her why. And she said, with her eyes quiet and on her brassiere again, "Because your face is turned toward the wall." Then I spun the chair around. I had my cigarette clenched in my mouth. When I remained facing the mirror, she went back by the candlestick. Now she had her hands open over the flame, like the two wings of a hen, toasting herself, and with her face shaded by her own fingers. "I think I'm going to catch cold," she said. "This must be a city of ice." She turned her face to profile and her skin, going from copper to red, suddenly appeared sad. "Do something about it," she said. And she began to get undressed, item by item, starting at the top with the brassiere.

I told her, "I'm going to turn back to the wall." She said, "No. In any case, you'll see me the way you did when your back was turned." And no sooner had she said it than she was almost completely undressed, with the flame licking her long copper skin.

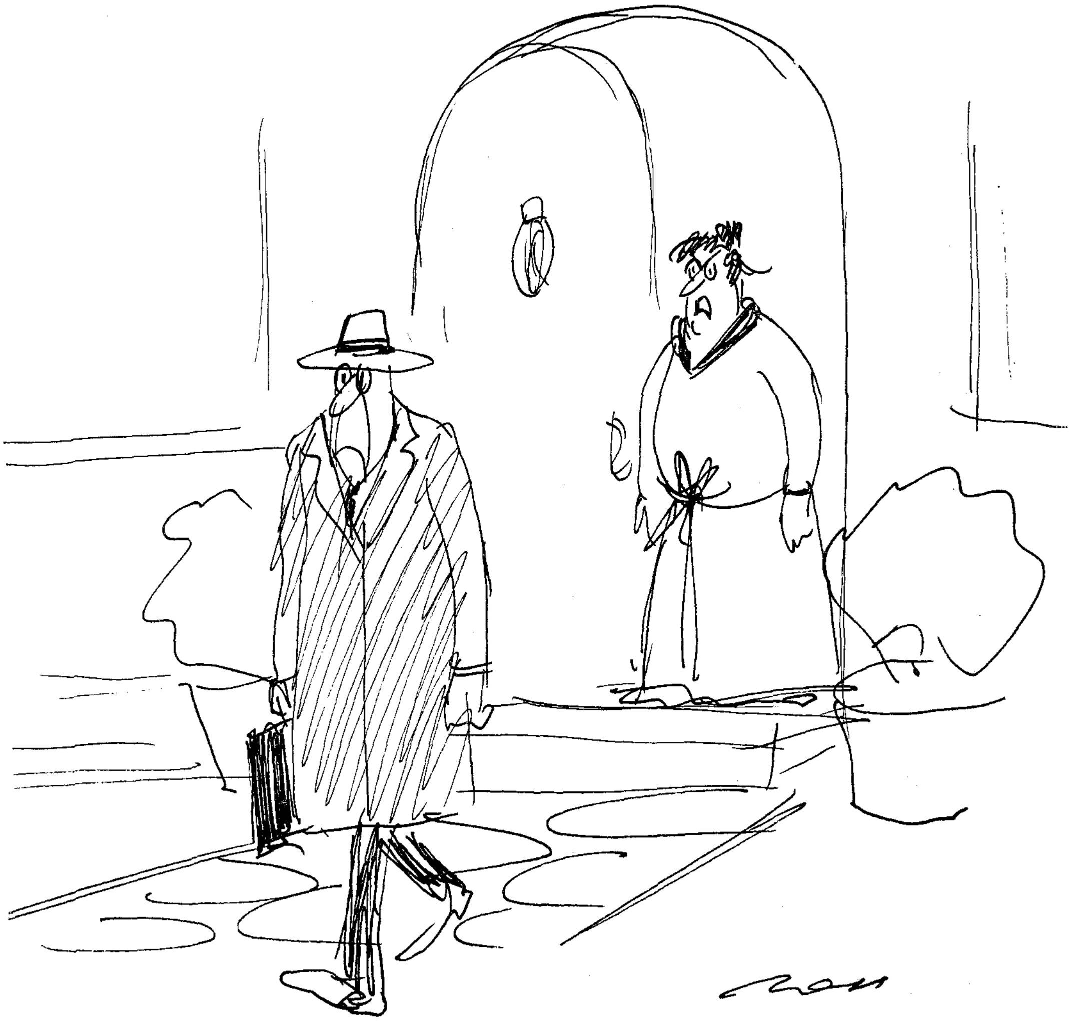
I said, "I've always wanted to see you like that, with the skin of your belly full of deep pits, as if you'd been beaten." And before I realized that my words had become clumsy at the sight of her nakedness she became motionless, warming herself on the globe over the candlestick, and she said, "Sometimes I think I'm made of metal." She was silent for an instant. The position of her hands over the flame varied slightly.



I said, "Sometimes, in other dreams, I've thought you were only a little bronze statue in the corner of some museum. Maybe that's why you're cold." And she said, "Sometimes, when I sleep on my heart, I can feel my body growing hollow and my skin is like plate. Then, when the blood beats inside of me, it's as if someone were calling by knocking on my stomach and I can feel my own copper sound in the bed. It's like—what do you call it—laminated metal." She drew closer to the candlestick.

"I would have liked to hear you," I said. And she said, "If we find each other sometime, put your ear to my ribs when I sleep on the left side and you'll hear me echoing. I've always wanted you to do it sometime." I heard her breathe heavily as she talked. And she said that for years she'd done nothing different. Her life had been dedicated to finding me in reality, through that identifying phrase "Eyes of a blue dog." She went along the street saying it aloud, as a way of telling the only person who could have understood her, "I'm the one who comes into your dreams every night and tells you, 'Eyes of a blue dog.' "

She said that she went into restaurants and before ordering said to the waiters, "Eyes of a blue dog." But the waiters bowed reverently, without remembering ever having said that in their dreams. Then she would write on the napkins and scratch on the varnish of the tables with a knife, "Eyes of a blue dog." And on the steamed-up windows of hotels, stations, all public buildings she would write with her forefinger, "Eyes of a blue dog." She said that once she went into a drugstore and noticed the same smell that she had smelled in her room one night after having dreamed about me. He must be near, she thought, seeing the clean, new tiles of the drugstore. Then she went over to the clerk and said to him, "I always dream about a man who says to me, 'Eyes of a blue dog.' " And she said that the salesman had looked at her eyes and told her, "As a matter of fact, Miss, you do have eyes like that." And she said to him, "I have to find the man who told me those very words in my dreams." The clerk started to laugh and moved to the other end of the counter. She kept



"And for heaven's sake try not to come home with the same face!"

• •

on looking at the clean tile and smelling the odor. And she opened her purse and on the tiles, with her crimson lipstick, she wrote in red letters, "Eyes of a blue dog." The clerk came back from where he had been. He told her, "Madam, you have dirtied the tiles." He gave her a damp cloth, saying, "Clean it up." And she said, still by the candlestick, that she had spent the whole afternoon on all fours, washing the tiles and saying, "Eyes of a blue dog," until people gathered at the door and said she was crazy.

Now, when she finished speaking, I remained in the corner, sitting, rocking in the chair. "Every day I try to remember the phrase with which I am to find you," I said. "Now I don't think I'll forget it tomorrow. Still, I've always said the same thing and when I wake up I've always forgotten what the words I can find you with are." And she said, "You invented them yourself on the first day." I said to her, "I invented them because I saw your eyes of ash. But I never remember the next morning." And she, with clenched fists, beside the candlestick, breathed deeply. "If you could at least remember now what city I've been writing it in," she said.

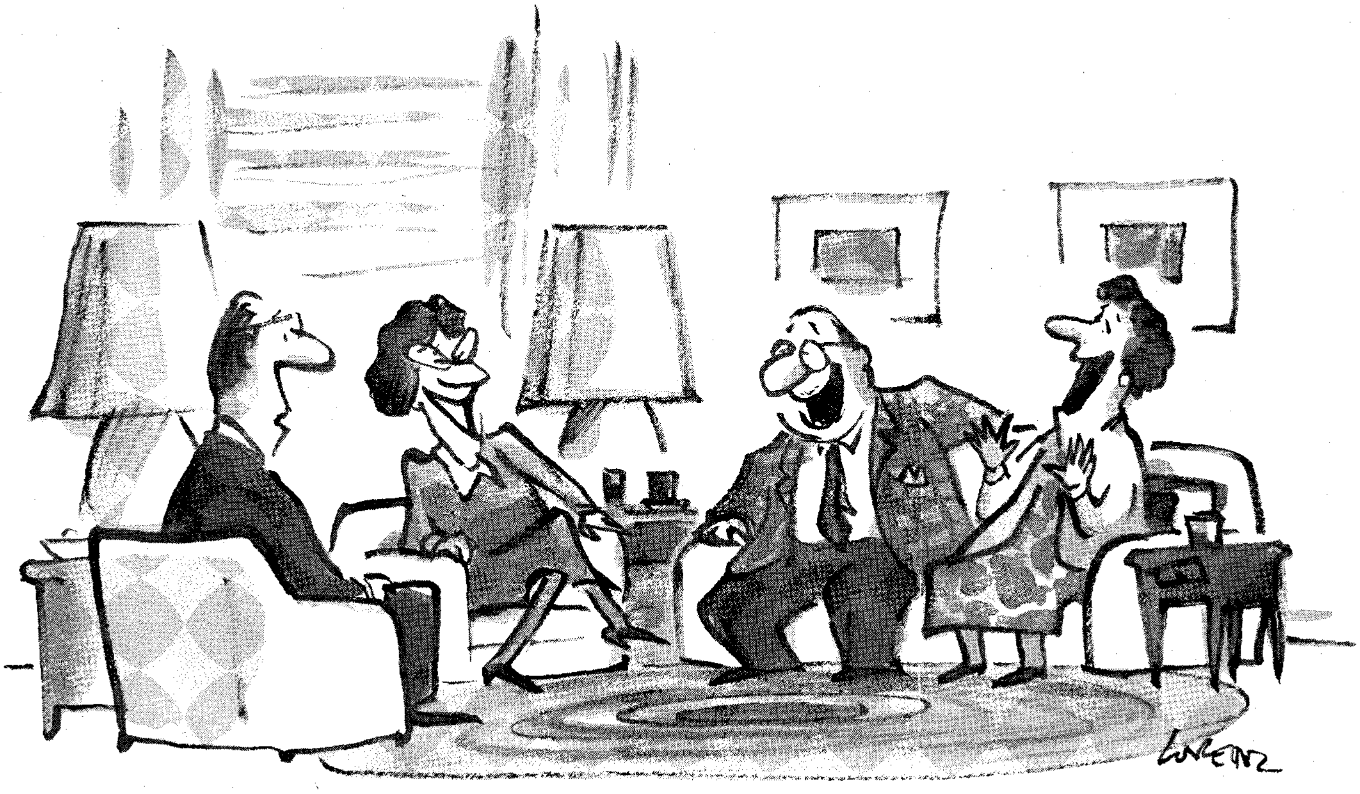
Her clenched teeth gleamed over the flame. "I'd like to touch you now," I said. She raised her face, which had been looking at the light; she raised her stare—burning, roasting, too, just like her, like her hands—and I felt that she saw me, in the corner where I was sitting, rocking in the chair. "You never told me that before," she said. I said, "I tell you now and it's the truth." From the other side of the candlestick she asked for a cigarette. The butt had disappeared between my fingers. I'd forgotten that I was smoking. She said, "I don't know why I can't remember where I wrote it." And I said to her, "For the same reason that tomorrow I won't be able to remember the words." And she said sadly, "No. It's just that sometimes I think that I've dreamed that, too."

I stood up and walked toward the candlestick. She was a little beyond, and I kept on walking with the cigarettes and matches in my hand, which would not go beyond the candlestick. I held the cigarette out to her. She squeezed it between her lips and leaned over to reach the flame before I had time to light the match. "In some city in the world, on all the walls, those words have to appear in writing: 'Eyes of a blue dog,' " I said. "If I remembered them tomorrow I could find you."

She raised her head again, and now the glowing cigarette was between her lips. "Eyes of a blue dog," she sighed, remembered, with the cigarette drooping over her chin and one eye half closed. Then, with the cigarette between her fingers, she sucked in the smoke and exclaimed, "This is something else now. I'm warming up." And she said it with her voice a little lukewarm and fleeting, as if she hadn't really said it but had written it on a piece of paper and had brought the paper close to the flame while I read "I'm warming . . ." and had continued holding the paper between her thumb and forefinger, turning it around as it was being consumed, so that I just read ". . . up" before the paper was completely consumed and dropped all wrinkled to the floor, diminished, converted into light ash dust. "That's better," I said. "Sometimes it frightens me to see you that way. Trembling beside a candlestick."

We had been seeing each other for several years. Sometimes when we were already together, somebody would drop a spoon outside and we would wake up. Little by little, we'd been coming to understand that our friendship was subordinated to things, to the simplest of happenings. Our meetings always ended that way, with the fall of a spoon early in the morning.

Now, next to the candlestick, she was looking at me. I remembered that she had also looked at me in that way in the past, in that remote dream where I made the chair spin on its back leg and remained facing a strange woman with ashen eyes. It was in that dream that I asked her for the first time, "Who are you?" And she said to me,



"I don't get it, but that's all right. I never get it."

• •

"I don't remember." I said to her, "But I think we've seen each other before." And she said, indifferently, "I think I dreamed about you once, about this same room." I told her, "That's it. I'm beginning to remember now." And she said, "How strange. It's certain that we've met in other dreams."

She took two drags on the cigarette. I was still standing, facing the candlestick, when suddenly I was looking at her. I looked her up and down and she was still copper—no longer hard and cold metal but soft, malleable copper. "I'd like to touch you," I said again. And she said, "You'll ruin everything." I said, "It doesn't matter now. All we have to do is turn the pillow over in order to meet again." And I held my hand out over the candlestick. She didn't move. "You'll ruin everything," she said again before I could touch her. "Maybe, if you came around behind the candlestick, we'd wake up frightened in who knows what part of the world." But I insisted. "It doesn't matter," I said. And she said, "If we turned over the pillow, we'd meet again. But when you wake up you'll have forgotten." I began to move toward the corner. She stayed behind, warming her hands over the flame. And I still wasn't beside the chair when I heard her say behind me, "When I wake up at midnight, I keep turning in bed, with the fringe of the pillow burning my knee, and repeating until dawn, 'Eyes of a blue dog.' "

Then I remained with my face toward the wall. "It's already dawning," I said without looking at her. "When it struck two I was awake, and that was a long time back." I went to the door. When I had the knob in my hand, I heard her voice again, the same, invariable. "Don't open that door," she said. "The hallway is full of difficult dreams." And I asked her, "How do you know?" She told me, "Because I was there a moment ago and I had to come back when I discovered I was sleeping on my heart." I had the door half opened. I moved it a little and a cold, thin breeze brought me the fresh smell of vegetable earth, damp fields. She spoke again. I turned, still moving the door, mounted on silent hinges, and I told her, "I don't think there's any hallway outside here. I'm getting the smell of country." And she, a little distant, told me, "I know that better than you. What's happening is that there's a woman outside dreaming about the country." She crossed her arms over the flame. She continued speaking. "It's that woman who always wanted to have a house in the country and was never able to leave the city." I remembered having seen the woman in some previous dream, but I knew, with the door ajar now, that within half an hour I would have to go down for breakfast. And I said, "In any case, I have to leave here in order to wake up."

Outside, the wind fluttered for an instant, then remained quiet, and the breathing of someone sleeping who had just turned over in bed could be heard. The wind from the fields had ceased. There were no more smells. "Tomorrow I'll recognize you from that," I said. "I'll recognize you when on the street I see a woman writing 'Eyes of a blue dog' on the walls." And she, with a sad smile, which was already a smile of surrender to the impossible, the unreachable, said, "Yet you won't remember anything during the day." And she put her hands back over the candlestick, her features darkened by a bitter cloud. "You're the only man who doesn't remember anything of what he's dreamed after he wakes up."

—GABRIEL GARCÍA MÁRQUEZ

(*Translated, from the Spanish, by Gregory Rabassa.*)

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BELGRADE, Yugoslavia—A Belgrade newspaper has poured $1 billion worth of military aid into Ethiopia to help it recapture the Ogaden region from Somali-backed insurgents.—*Albuquerque Journal.*

Now, *there's* a newspaper town!

ELEGY FOR MY SISTER

1

Getting out of bed one day, you broke
Your leg simply by standing up,
The bones too frail, the marrow gone,
Melted into a kind of eggshell sawdust,
The Crab, and chemotherapy against it,
The cure as killing as the pain it cured. . . .

Why torture myself? Or you?—sailed into
The port of Nothing or that Elysium
Of childish happiness the heart sets store by,
Which, for you, would be a house in Larchmont,
Or the first time you arrived in Paris. . . .

2

Now the vials have closed and all the druggists
Vanished into smoke, along what walks
Will the ghost of you appear in a summer nightgown,
Silvery as moonlight on a sill,
Supple as the girl you were, who, frowning,
Dazzled guests with showy piano pieces?
You never got the hang of it, never quite took in
The Bach Partitas or the Chopin Études,
Languishing always over "Clair de Lune"—
Moony on the upstairs porch and downcast,
Waiting for the phone to ring, or waiting
Simply for the end of waiting. Left in
My possession—the irony of phrases!—
Is a photograph of you posed on a pony
Somewhere in Maine—white cap, white coat—
And one from Lakewood. I remember going
Up by train once, dancing in the aisles
While the train sneaked through faint zebra woods of pine. . . .

3

That afternoon will come when the schoolgirl walking
Home from the classroom in the spring will feel
The first onslaught of the terror of seasons,
The blood of the hour a permanent imprint.
Approaching the bridge, will she be in her newness
The last straw just as the ship in the river

Appears and the jaws of the bridge fly open—
The drab barge below with its scruffy captain
Commanding the air with bleatings and whistles?
The smokestack's blunt, swift-moving cigar
Blurs the trees in a smudge of smoke;
In a net, against sky, there are birds, then not.

Above the run-down, oily garages
Of the Bronx—old brickwork, carwash rinses,
The abandoned piecemeal junk of the car lots—
A vapor trail goes into the workshop
Of the sky, the spring comes on in the bushes,
Forsythia making its annual statement.

The bridge underneath is ever so slightly
Tearing a suture of itself in secret;
And what is most feared is about to happen:
The stage-set of a world taken for granted
Drop from the sky, the robots of ashes
In clouds grow solidly real, and the murders

That always before occurred at a distance
Strangle the neck at home. How the small thing
Matters: the phones getting through, the cables
Never exhaling invisible, lethal
Fumes, the macadam keeping its bubbles
Of tar intact. . . . The bridge sways, opens,

And the cell is about to distort the message
Life had meant it to carry from the start,
Letting death's emperor through. The tiny
Deadly protein blossoms. The blossoms
Open to yellow, true yellow in the spring
Outside your Memorial Hospital window.

4

What errors you made you made in wanting
To be warm again or held or human
And not for the wolf of cash or the mean,
Sloe-eyed beauty of power or the game
Of the wily outwitting the unaware,
Or simulated pain used as a lure.
How stupid the endings of life can be!
Old age not seeing the sea at its foot,
Not hearing the music still to be heard.
Dead to all things but the shape of the self,
The violent tear out blood with their hands,
The insane hold up the cardboard pieces
Of a world they can no longer fit together,
And the cruel: the slack nurse, the greedy aide,
The doctor no longer aware of pain . . .

5

How all the terminals of the body
Ply their invisible servings and turnings,
The loading of freight, the slipping of cargo

Into the cell, the interior vision
Blind as the blood erasing the causeway
Connecting vital island to island.

What are ideas but architecture
Taking nature to heart and sustaining
Inviolable forms: the fleur-de-lis,

The subtle acanthus, the shell-like dominions
Of diamond accretions royal on coal,
The Gothic tower and the rabbit warren,

The fine interchange of matter and matter,
The natural and social shifting in the bonds
Of dialogues and elegies that rise from soil.

6

All the allowable days on circling
Boats turning inward toward the center
Of the circle of the water of the river
Have been disallowed by the squarely arriving
Tugboat from which a peg-legged captain
Smoking a panatela is lowered
Into a launch behind him his shadowy
Crew and now you see them advancing
Climbing the ropes toward the deck you're on
The smoke the river the trees going past you
Into the mist the birds growing weaker
Downriver somewhere there is connected
Song water falling rapids of birdcalls
Way off the cry of the throat of fever
The faintest releases of animal sound
The sky coming nearer, closer and closer,
The distances moving toward you and farther
Away the repeated echoes of names
Called across water   then it is over

—HOWARD MOSS

WOODEN NICKELS

ANNE arrived at the deserted Madison airport very early on a bleak September morning with her mother. There were two Freshmen/Parents Orientation Days before Anne could move into her dorm. Standing at the claim area, numbed by the cold, no baggage in sight, she read aloud the short histories lettered under large photographs of Wisconsin War Heroes. Anne's mother lit a cigarette. She smoked forty or fifty a day and couldn't stop. She had told Anne and her brother, Joe, that there were only two things she would never be able to forgive them: smoking and riding motorcycles. Anne had no trouble avoiding motorcycles, but she had been a guilty, secret smoker for years and she wanted a cigarette now. If her father was here instead of her mother, he wouldn't notice if she lit up.

"Well, I guess our bags are in Denver," Anne said. (Madison had been the first stop on a flight from New York to Colorado.)

"Take my coat," her mother said. "You're shivering."

"I'm not cold."

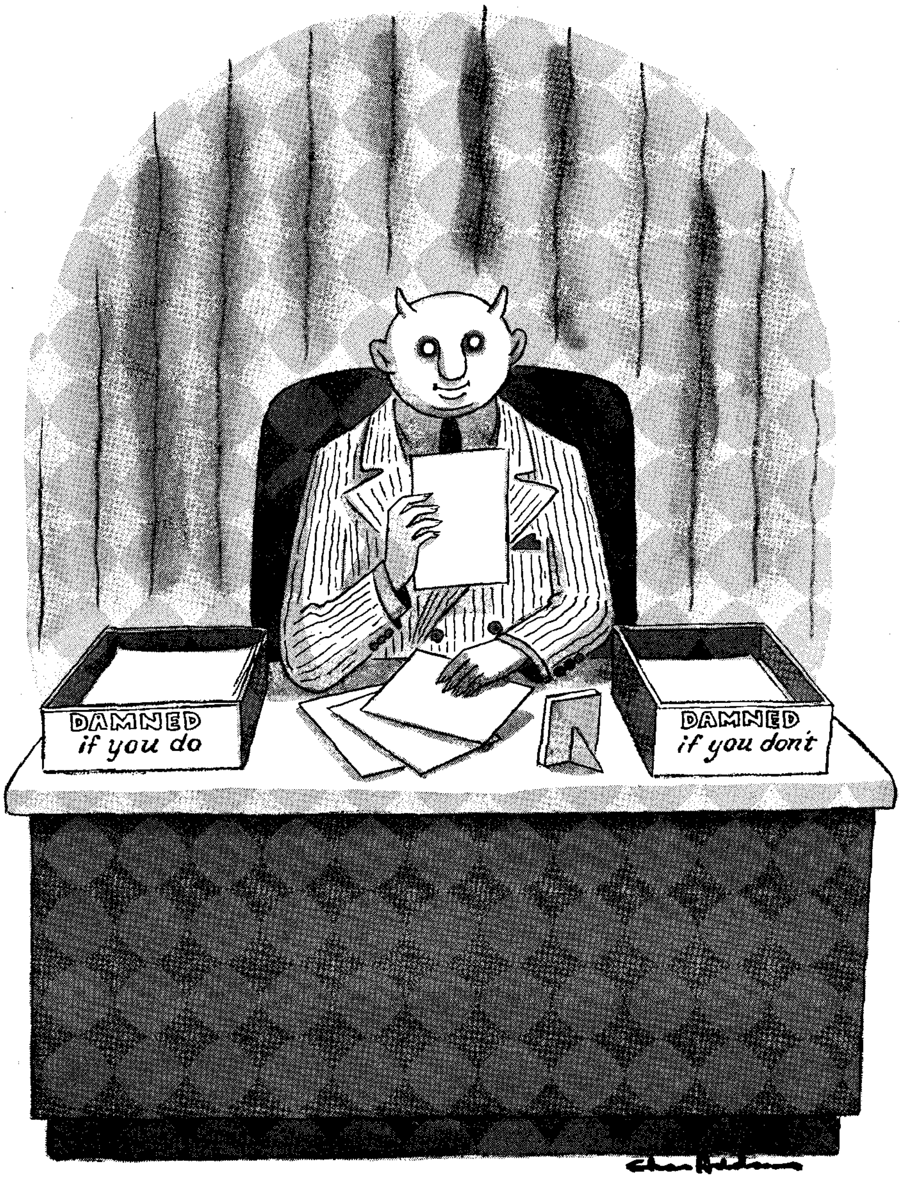
Anne looked up at a billboard that read "Welcome to America's Dairyland!" Underneath, a smiling chunk of Swiss cheese held hands with a cheerful stick-legged quart of buttermilk.

"Maybe we can pick up some cottage cheese and take a side trip to Joe McCarthy's home town," Anne said.

Her mother didn't answer.

Finally, the conveyor belt started churning. Anne stared at the suitcases lurching through the opening and wondered why, if she had to act like a child, she had at the same time to realize how she was acting, and feel ashamed.

When their two green-and-blue plaid bags came through, they each grabbed one and headed outside to find a taxi. Anne's teeth were chattering. "Please," her mother said, handing Anne the coat she had neatly folded over her arm. "I have a sweater." Anne was wearing a T-shirt and corduroy Levi's. She took the coat.



They got into a red-and-white Badger cab and her mother gave the driver the address of the Town-Campus Motel.

"You didn't have to give the address," Anne mumbled. "I doubt if there's more than one Town-Campus Motel."

"*What* did you say?"

"Nothing."

"Oh, for God's sake," her mother said.

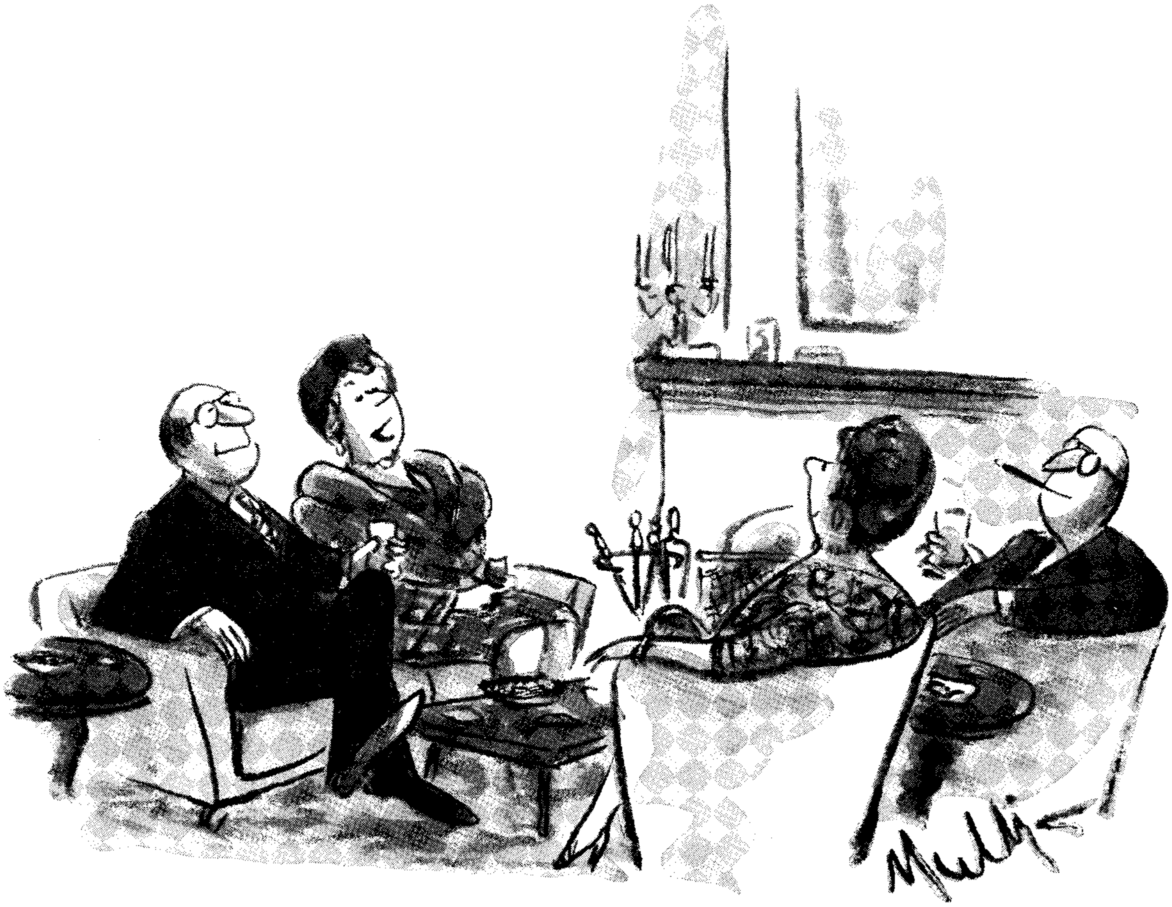
They stared out opposite windows. The driver started the cab, threw Anne a glance in the rearview mirror, and began to whistle "Happy Days Are Here Again." Anne laughed, her mother smiled, and the mood in the back seat softened.

Madison does not make a good first impression if you arrive by plane. The road from the airport to the campus is flat and stark even on the brightest of days. The Oscar Mayer plant nearby is ugly. It is impossible to believe that the Oscar Mayer smell, which radiates for miles, has any connection with food. Anne and her mother held their noses when the smell hit, but it did no good—the fumes were the deep kind, the kind you taste. Anne gagged.

"You get used to it," the cabdriver said.

He was right. There would be times when Anne welcomed the smell as proof that she was back in town or that she and Ben were on their way north, getting out. Campus ecologists, though, were militant about it. "Oscar May-er/ Air de-filer" was chanted at rallies as regularly, for a while, as "One, two, three, four/ We don't want your goddam war." The Oscar Mayer public-relations officials issued a news release announcing that six "different fragrances" would be sprayed into the Oscar Mayer air at regular intervals. Citrus Mint, Bouquet, and New-Mown Hay were three of the fragrances.

But that was the future. Right now she was in this cab with her mother, in this foreign place, and scared. The Capitol building came into sight, and then the early-morning campus, and then the Town-Campus Motel. Anne felt as if the cab were landing instead of stopping. She wanted to skip the next few weeks, when she would have to memorize routes and ask directions, and she wished she could move on to the time Madison would be where she lived. Then she would want to talk to her mother on the phone. She did not want to be wearing her mother's coat and checking into a motel with her now.



"Phil was known as the Albert Schweitzer of East Ninety-sixth Street, but we moved."

Anne's sullenness on this trip was partly the result of the high-school guidance counsellor's regular reference to Wisconsin as Anne's "backup school." In fact, a big, seething, politically active school like Wisconsin appealed to Anne. But she would have liked to *choose* it, and she couldn't believe that she had made a choice when four other colleges to which she applied had rejected her. Anne had always been told that she was a person to whom things came easily. Instead of giving her assurance, this made her afraid that whatever came easily was unearned, cheap. To cover the fear, she turned almost everything that mattered to her into a joke, and when the jokes worked she felt lost.

Her father was a witty man—a lawyer and a gambler. For years, Anne and Joe had thought he was an accountant, because of the yellow legal pads with columns of numbers on them that were all over the floor of his study in the attic. He would have picked up her jokes about McCarthy, about cottage cheese, enlarged them and laughed.

In the family, her father drew lines. At the dinner table, he and Anne sat next to each other, facing her mother and Joe: two teams. Anne and her father were sloppy, her mother and Joe were neat; Anne and her father ate too fast and too much and messily, her mother and Joe were decorous and contained. Her mother rarely said anything critical to Anne about her father. Her father constantly told her, with words, deep sighs, and sometimes tears, that her mother's warmth could turn to coldness anytime, and that Anne, being so much like him, must always be prepared to be its target.

Leaving home was, then, a head-pounding combination of relief, anxiety, and feelings of abdication. Also fear that she wouldn't be missed. Anne worried that her brother—three years younger—would love finding himself an only child, and in a different way she worried that he would learn about the trouble between their mother and father she had protected him from: overhear the ugly fights. Anne had always protected Joe—she was as dedicated to making sure he didn't hear what went on as she was dedicated to making sure *she* heard everything.

Anne stared at the motel ceiling while her mother napped in a bed ten feet away, frowning and muttering but not moving much, neat even in sleep. Anne wanted to wake her, grab her by the shoulders and say, "Listen. Leave Daddy! Take Joe and *leave!*" But she knew that it wouldn't work—she had overheard too much. Her father would not survive without her mother. Nothing was that simple.

Her father had driven Anne and her mother to the airport. Her mother had asked him to turn off the radio (he was listening to a ballgame).

"Big day, huh, baby?" he'd said to Anne.

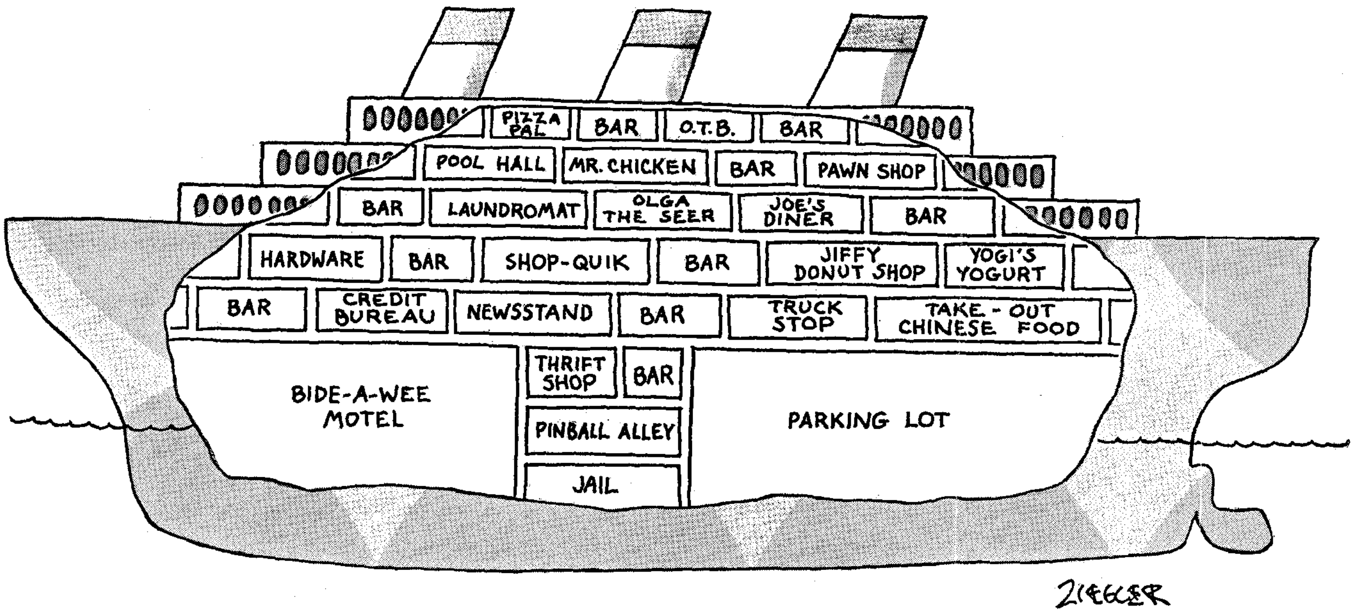
"Right," Anne had said.

The radio went back on until they pulled up to the terminal at LaGuardia. He helped them carry the suitcases in, kissed his wife, patted his daughter on the head, smiled. (Anne and her father had the same smile, a smile that shot off to the side; part of the team uniform.) "Have a good time, baby. Don't take any wooden nickels. Write if you get work." The night before, he had told Anne not to worry—Michigan was a good school.

FOR as long as she could remember, Anne had been interested in politics. She and her mother had marched in a candlelight parade for Stevenson when Anne was six. Whatever she did her father mocked. His articulate, satirical analysis of the peace movement made her self-conscious; made her need to shake her head—hard—to remember what she really believed. Here I am, she would think, taking the Long Island Rail Road home from the War Resisters League meeting. . . . And here I am, in Sheep Meadow, chanting "Hey, hey, L.B.J./ How many kids did you kill today?" She could never chant without feeling like an ass. But in Madison in the late sixties and early seventies, away from home and her father's derision, she could feel that it was possible to straighten out the world.

By the time Anne went to New York, after two months, when she talked about "going home" she meant back to Wisconsin. Everything looked different to her. Her parents seemed

SEMI-LUXURY LINER



older. The tension made the house feel airless.

After one semester, Anne moved to an apartment. She was surprised—thrilled, almost—by her first winter in Wisconsin. She found it too cold to go to many classes but rarely too cold to walk on the frozen lakes with the hazy Indian names—Mendota, Monona. Keeping warm felt like a satisfyingly clear-cut job.

One day in February, when it was thirty degrees below zero, Anne and a boy named Nick smoked enough joints that it seemed reasonable to walk a mile and a half to the one delicatessen they were sure had good pastrami sandwiches. It was so cold that the ice had no shine and by the time they got there Nick's mustache was welded to his beard. They ordered coffee and clenched their hands around the cups until the shaking slowed. Nick's mustache melted.

"How much money do you have?" he asked Anne.

"None," Anne said. "I said should I bring my pocketbook, and you said no."

They looked at each other.

"I sort of know that guy," Anne said, pointing toward the counter.

"Which guy?"

"The one who looks like Donald Duck." He had spoken at a welfare-rights rally a few weeks before. "It's worth a try," she said. "We might be able to borrow a couple of dollars. Do you remember his name?"

"Never heard it," Nick said.

Anne got up, sure that his name would come to her by the time she reached the counter. If only she weren't so stoned. "Just don't call him Donald," she told herself. "Excuse me, Mr. Duck?" she asked.

He gave her the money, but Anne was too embarrassed to eat.

A CLASS Anne never missed was the political-science honors seminar that met on Tuesday nights in the professor's living room—four book-crammed walls and a Franklin stove. The professor's name was Jacob Korsen. He had a two-year-old son, Daniel, who often fell asleep leaning against his father while he talked about Marx and Lenin and Engels.

Anne avoided calling Professor Korsen by name. She was waiting for the night he'd take her aside and say, "Anne, call me Jake." There was a framed letter from Karl Marx to his mother in the bathroom. The baby's eyes were dark green, Jake's eyes were the blue-gray of loose-leaf notebooks. Only once did a woman come into the living room, and because Jake ignored her and because she didn't make a move toward Daniel, Anne decided that she was the housekeeper, that Jake's wife had died in childbirth. The night Anne got hopelessly tangled trying to put on her parka and he held out the sleeve for her, Anne knew it was only a matter of time.

As she was zipping up her hood, he said, "Listen, Anne, there's something I've been meaning to ask you."

"Yes?" She would sublet her apartment. She would get pregnant right away.

"Do you ever babysit? There are so many good movies around, and my wife and I never seem to get out."

"I don't really have much free time," Anne said.

Waiting for the bus outside his house, she slammed a piece of ice across the street with her boot. Pretty pretentious, she thought—a letter from Marx in the bathroom.

ANNE ended up spending the summer in Madison. She had planned to work on an Indian reservation in Montana, but a week before she was to leave she received a telegram from the Indian head of the program which said "HAVE DECIDED NO WHITES ALLOWED." With that, she decided to go to summer school, and seriously. She'd got good enough grades for the year, but only one course fulfilled a specific requirement toward a degree. She'd taken classes in English, and the seminar in political science. There was no grade in the seminar, though; she'd dropped the course.

Madison, Anne found, slowed down in the summer, and she was surprised at how much she welcomed the change. A friend had told her about a physics course given by a professor sympathetic to English majors. The class met in the afternoons. Anne slept late; caught up on things she'd pushed aside during the confused spring filled with meetings, protest marches, tear gas; sat on the terrace of the student union, which jutted out over Lake Mendota; and went to the physics class almost every time it met. The professor was even more sympathetic than Anne had anticipated. Not only did he accept papers instead of lab projects, he O.K.'d Anne's proposal to write her paper on Brecht's "Galileo." Enough of her friends were in town for the summer so that she wasn't forced to be alone, but not so many that she felt pressured or scattered.

One night in July, Anne went with a boy named Henry to hear a bluegrass band. The concert was held in the basement auditorium of Good Karma—a new health-food restaurant. Henry was a devotee of sprouts and an enemy of additives.

The basement was crowded and hot. During intermission Anne went to the counter to try to find something she could eat. She was reading the menu on the wall (difficult, since it was lettered in glazed dried beans), when the man in front of her slapped both hands on the counter and said, "One Big Mac and an order of fries, please." The sunken-eyed boy behind the counter scowled. Anne laughed.

The man turned around and smiled at her—more a shrug of the mouth than a smile. "Want to go to McDonald's and smoke cigarettes?"

"Just a minute," Anne said. She found Henry, and told him she'd run into an old friend. Besides, the place was making her claustrophobic. Would he mind if she left?

"That's cool," Henry said.

When they got out on the street, the man said to Anne, "I'm Ben Davis. If you're new in town, let me be the first to tell you you don't have to go to a place like that to hear good banjos."

"I'm not new," Anne said. "So what were you doing in there?"

"I forget," Ben said.

The lights at McDonald's were so bright they had to squint, but in spite of the glare Anne saw that Ben was good-looking—the kind of smart, quizzical, angular face that moved her. His nose had obviously been broken, and one side of his glasses was held together with adhesive tape. His eyes were light brown, small, wide-set. His hair was light brown, curly, and not long.

When they finished eating, they walked to the student-union terrace and sat and talked. Anne drank Cokes, Ben beer. Ben ran out of money after his second, and she bought him two more. At McDonald's they had talked nervously, but on the terrace some of the tension was gone. Ben seemed to Anne nicely muted. He talked slowly, though his hands and eyes never stopped moving. He picked at his mustache, at his nails, drummed his fingers along the edge of the white metal table.

Ben told her that he'd grown up in Chicago. He had come to Madison to go to school ten years ago. "Didn't last a semester," he said.

"How come?"

"I forget."

"No, really. What did you do?"

"Flunked out."

"Really?"

"No, not exactly. Used my father's hard-earned money to open an art gallery, until he found out."

"True?" Anne asked.

"True."

"Then what happened?"

"Then it folded."

"Then?"

"Listen," Ben said. "Are you one of those New York lawyers?"

"Just interested."

It started raining. "I'd ask you to come to my house," Ben said, "but I don't exactly have one. I'm in between places."

"Oh."

"But I have a car. We could take it over to your place."

Ben's car was an old, maroon Ford station wagon, filled with what Anne figured was everything he owned. On the passenger side of the front seat, part of the floor had rusted away, and Ben had covered it with a piece of Plexiglas. The only unchaotic place inside the car was the left side of the back seat, where drawings were neatly stacked. Anne leaned over to look at them while Ben felt around on the floor for his keys.

"What are these?" she asked.

"Some are only sketches," Ben said. "The ones on top are a bunch of silk screens I just finished. Crayoned-in."

There were four or five—prints of trains, with bright-colored vegetables and people springing up around them.

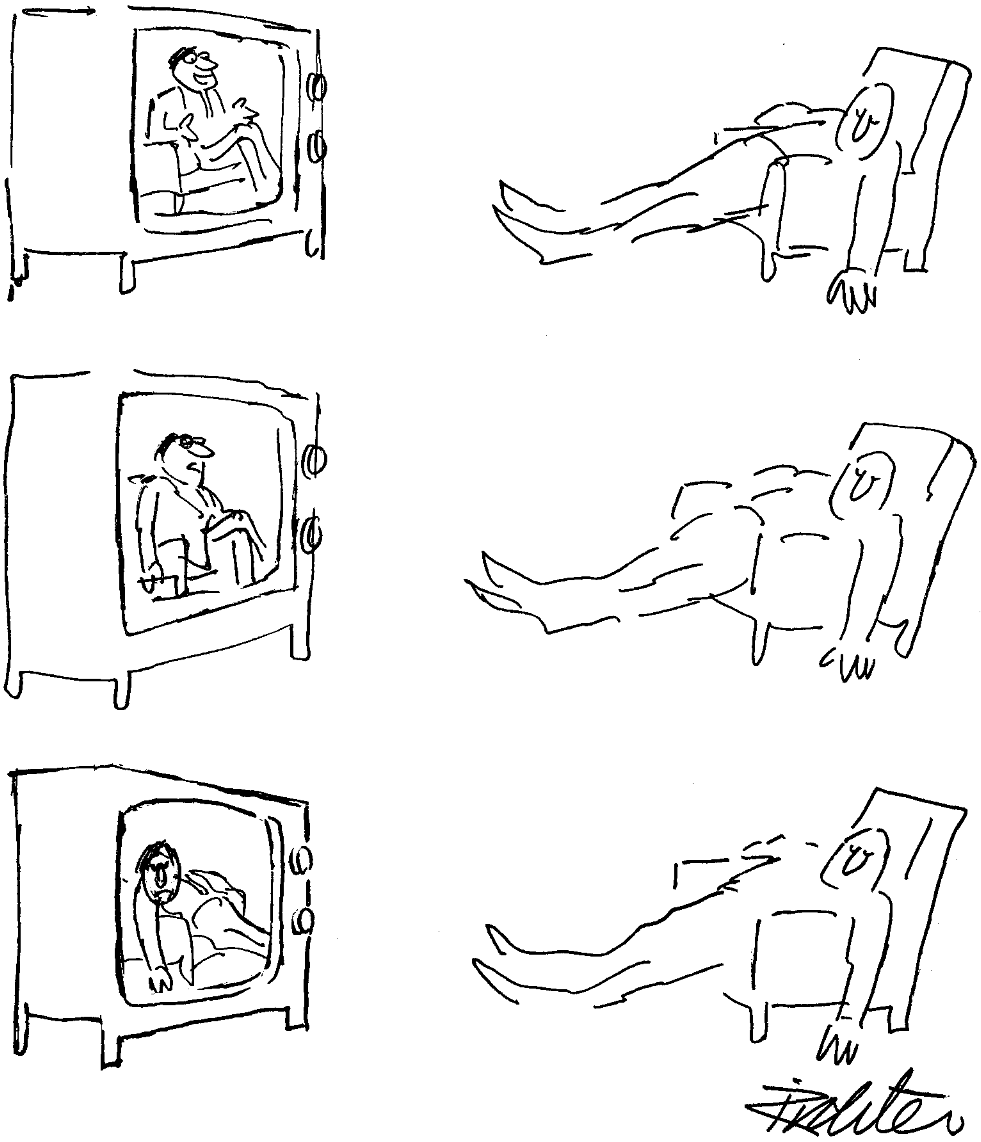
"Railroad gardens," Ben said. "You like them?"

"I really do," she said. "I want to see them in better light."

"You will," he said. "You can see anything you want."

"Do you sell them? Is that what you do?"

"Sometimes," he said. "My keys have been stolen." He slumped back in the driver's seat, hands in his pockets. "Not a very smart thief, though. He



stashed them in my pocket." Ben smiled and started the car.

The ride to Anne's apartment was short. Anne watched the road spin by through the glass hole in the floor. "You could use this to hypnotize people," she said.

"It's tricky," Ben said. "Usually they throw up first."

He parked, reached under the seat, and pulled out an unopened bottle of sherry. Inside, Anne got two glasses from the kitchen and they went into her bedroom. She sat on the bed, Ben pulled a chair up next to it, and they talked. She noticed that his answers became evasive when she asked too many direct questions in a row.

Anne was impressed by how smart Ben was—quietly smart. He seemed to want to give the impression that his knowledge was accidental. Anne couldn't decide whether he was ingenuous or modest. He was self-deprecating about his painting, but underneath there was confidence, maybe defiance. He was lazy, he said. Things got in the way. He didn't have enough time. He only painted on huge canvases. "I get halfway through and run out of paint."

"What kind of paintings?"

"Big and unfinished. Pretty great, though."

"Where do you paint?"

"I share a studio with a maniac photographer who has the makings of a good Nazi," Ben said. "He thinks I'm an equipment-wrecker. He padlocks his enlarger every night."

The bottle of sherry was empty. Ben had drunk most of it, but Anne was the one who was drunk.

She told him stories about her family. Her parents had separated legally that spring. "As soon as it's final," she said, "I can say, 'I never knew my father—my parents were divorced when I was eighteen.' "

"Don't joke," Ben said.

Anne's eyes filled. Most people would have laughed.

Ben thought she was crying about her parents, and got up and put his arms around her. "Your father sounds like a bastard," he said.

"Mostly," Anne said.

"Yeah," Ben said.

Had he been listening?

"Have you ever lived in the country?"

"No," Anne said. "Why?"

"Just wondered. Have you ever been in love?"

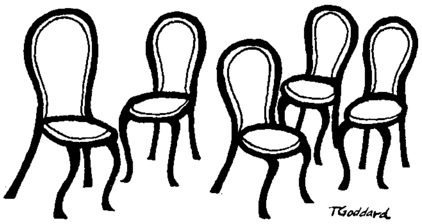
"Not really," Anne said, laughing. "You?"

"Yes to the country, and I thought so but probably not to the other."

"You thought so and then realized you weren't?" she asked.

"I thought so when I thought it was something that just happens—magic. Not something that falls apart without a lot of work. Living in the country was too easy, too. I just soaked it up and got fat and lazy."

"I can't imagine you fat," Anne said. He still had one arm around her shoulder. He felt strong and bony.



"I wasn't—everything about me just felt fat."

Ben moved to the other end of the bed and propped himself up, facing her, and they talked for a while longer. Some of the things she found out that night: Ben was twenty-eight. He had spent months in jail as a conscientious objector. Six nights a week, from seven until two in the morning, he drove a cab. Saturday was his night off. His mother had died when he was ten. His family were Christian Scientists. ("If the Christian Science Church had a bishop, my father would be it.") His great-great-great-great-grandfather had brought pepper to the New World.

PIAZZA S. EGIDIO, 9

Signor Ferrenti is deaf and therefore whispers.
He has to tell me that the strange-looking box
is a fireplace for burning wood. Wood—
he points to a chairleg. I know what wood is.
He tells me where the garbage goes,
that the bell always chimes on the hour,
that a two-prong plug won't go
into a three-prong hole, that electricity is
very expensive and takes me down to read
the meters, that the current's weak and therefore
not to use the oven with the broiler on.
He tells me that his dog is not *cattivo*,
or won't be once he gets to know me,
but I don't think of dogs as I run down
to ask him to rescue me, dragging him from dinner,
because all the lights are out.
He pushes the other end of something
I thought I'd broken when I smashed into it
with the dresser I was moving,
and the lights come up.

I lie down, and fall between two beds. I thought
it was a double bed. I'd asked for a double bed.
I lie listening to the new apartment, its creaks,
the noises my neighbors make, the voices
from the alleyway, someone revving up a bike,
and the bell I'm beginning to tolerate.
Then, to pull it all together, go out,
cross the Ponte Sisto, and on the corner
buy a bunch of mimosa and
one red rose, the same kind I'd bought
which you kept in a wine bottle till the water
dried and the rose was dust.

And now they stand on top of the dresser,
waiting for me to finish with the table
so their scent can creep lower, take over,
creep into every corner, into the fireplace
and round the radiator that squirted my leg
when I turned what I thought was the on-valve.
And it will lie in wait for you, as you walk
through the strange door, wondering what is to be
your home, you who are now
six hours back, but soon to catch up
and run our times together.

—BRIAN SWANN

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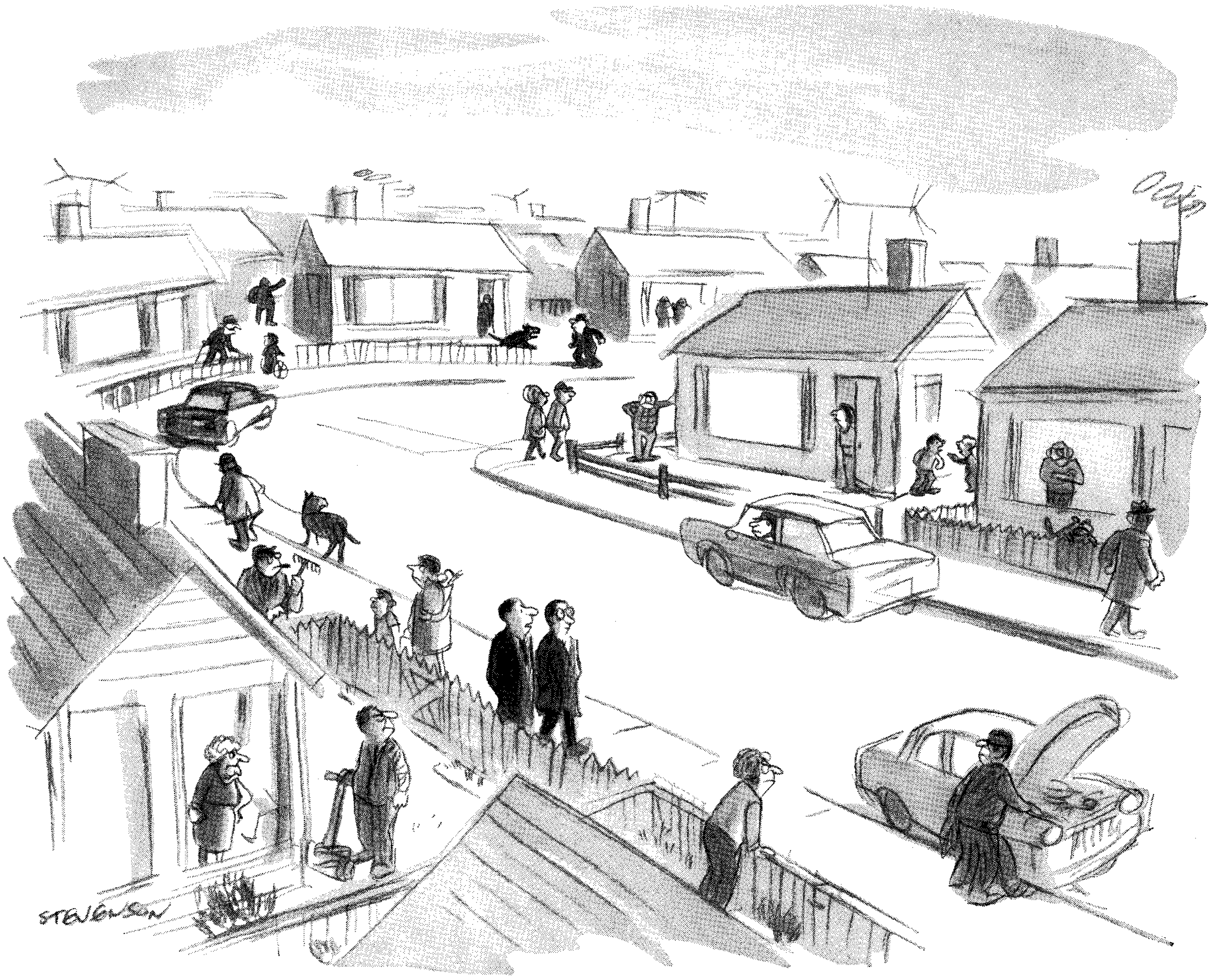


"The social fabric is extremely fragile around here."

• •

("That's what makes me such an underachiever—a hard act to follow.") He had two sisters: one Anne's age, and one thirty. He didn't see them often. He would come to Anne's tomorrow night when he got off work, if that was O.K.

"Yes," Anne said. "It's O.K."

What she decided about him, in the few minutes before she fell asleep, was that he was unhappy, exciting, confusing, sexy, serious, and decent. She wasn't sure of the order or the proportions.

EVERY night for the next two weeks (except Saturdays), Ben came to Anne's apartment at two, with a bottle of sherry. They talked, quietly and steadily, and they drank. The first Saturday, they went to a movie, the second to a bar. Some of the nights, after they finished the sherry, they went for a drive, usually to the Madison Arboretum. On a rainy night toward the end of the second week, Ben stopped the car halfway through the Arboretum and turned off the headlights. "This is it," he said. "This is the darkest you'll ever see."

They got out of the car and started walking into what Anne knew from other walks were woods. She wasn't wearing shoes. She reached for a branch to steady herself, missed, and fell. The rain, though light, was cold, but the mud felt strangely warm. Ben had told her about a sunken miniature Indian-built city that was supposed to be somewhere in the Arboretum. Her first thought was that not only had she discovered the lost city, she had fallen in. She was drunk. Ben rarely seemed drunk, though she learned the signs: he got quietly mean, or sarcastic, or passed out.

A few minutes before she fell, when she'd been sitting in the most darkness she would ever see, Anne had thought, It's been almost two weeks. We're turning our lives inside out to each other. Why aren't we sleeping together? Surprisingly, it was the first time she'd wondered, though sex had been at the edge of every word, drink, and drive. Now she felt impatient. She was well practiced in saying no, but how did she say yes when she hadn't been asked—just say "Why don't we," or "I want to," or what? For all their talk, Anne had never told him she was a virgin.

That first time, in the mud and the rain, moved her to the point of anger. Her fantasies had been so great she had taken it for granted that the real thing would be a letdown. She also felt ridiculous. She also wanted to get back to her bed as soon as possible and do it again.

Deliberately, she made a joke. "How will we find the blood in all this mud?"

"Sh-h-h," Ben said, trying to wipe

mud off her face with his muddy sleeve. "Don't."

They drove back to Anne's apartment, took showers, and got into bed. Ben held her, stroked her wet hair, and said, "Could you make sure the alarm is set for ten-thirty?"

JUST before school started in the fall, Anne told Ben that he would have to stop coming over at two. "I have to try to get back on some kind of schedule," she said.

"But I need to," Ben said. "Here I was, sailing along, sure that I'd never be able to love anybody. I need to."

They moved into a small apartment off campus. For months she loved having him and his things everywhere. Then the charm of Ben's chaos began to wear thin. The apartment was small, but it had a back porch. Ben moved some of his boxes of junk—rusted metal, dried-out paint tubes, rags—out there. Other boxes, filled with sketches, maps, car parts, were stashed under the bed and crowded the closet shelves.

Ben changed his driving hours. The new shift was from four to eleven in the morning. Anne spent her days at classes, meetings; seeing her friends. Around five she met Ben at The Blue Lantern—a bar he'd gone to for years.

Anne hated the place. When she walked in, she felt as if she'd come upon a roomful of people who had been nerve-gassed. What she hated most was how comfortable Ben was there. Feelings she tried to push down always surfaced—that he needed to surround himself with clutter, was attracted to failure, was most at home with losers.

"How can you spend your time with those people?" she asked him one evening as they walked toward The Blue Lantern's parking lot. "It's like a bad cartoon in there. All those people who say they're big artists, and they never do anything. You talk about how deadly self-pity is. All they *do* in there is feel sorry for themselves. And you're part of it. And you act like they're your friends! Not one of them knows what a friend . . ." She heard how shrill she sounded, and stopped.

They were standing by the car. Ben chewed his mustache, looking over Anne's head. She saw the muscles in his forearms twitch.

"Just what gives you the right to judge?" he said. "Who gave you the secret rule book with the chart of how everybody's supposed to live? Things are a lot more complicated than you . . . Listen. I go there because I go there."

"What's that supposed to be—Zen? I'm not talking about any secret rules. I'm talking about things you've *said*. You say things, and then when I believe you, when I remember them, you make me feel like I'm trapping you."

"Don't be melodramatic," Ben said, opening the car door and getting in. She got in her side, and looked down through the glass in the floor. "Nobody ever *makes* anybody else feel anything, Anne, much as you choose to believe otherwise. I remember everything I've ever said to you, and I meant every word. Trust me. All right?"

ANNE stopped meeting him at the bar. She told herself to back off: she expected too much; this was real life, not the Arboretum or fantasies she could write and rewrite. He understood her—saw through her—and that was what counted. She should follow her instincts. But every instinct was matched by its inverse. It was shrewish to be angry when he was two hours late coming home. The real trouble was that she never knew what state he'd be in. It made *when* seem the clearer issue. Sometimes he would walk in angry and silent. Sometimes excessively, crazily apologetic. Was she stupid to think nothing could be solved while he drank so much?

"Drinking is simply not a problem," he told her. "I don't drink in the day."

"You don't paint, either."

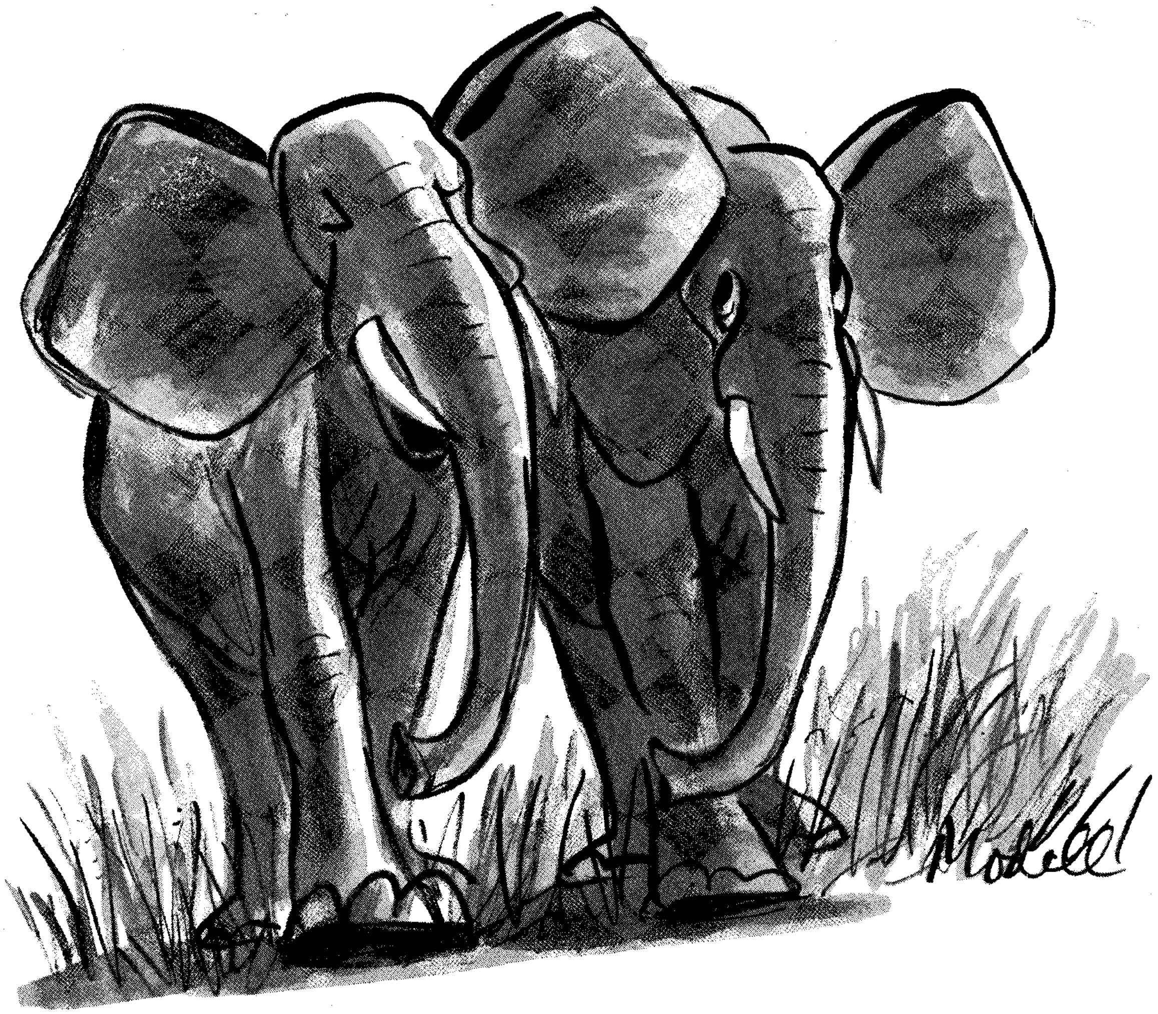
"Says who?"

"I guess I think that if you were you'd want me to see. *Are* you painting?"

"I'm in that studio every day. Does that sound like I'm not painting?"

"Can't you just answer a question?"

"Not when you ask it that way, I can't,"



"Oh, I've stepped on a few toes in my lifetime."

Ben said. "And I also happen to *work* more than forty hours a week. I drive a cab—in case you hadn't noticed."

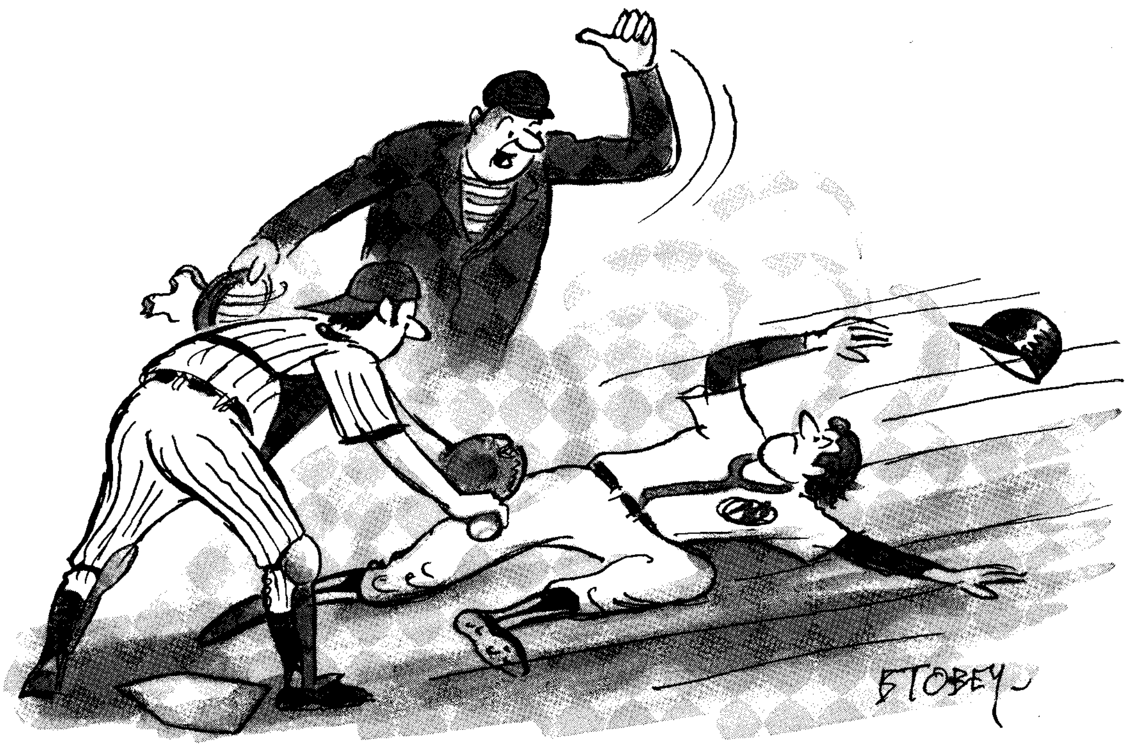
IN the early spring, Anne and Ben went to visit old friends of Ben's. Jenny and Matt lived in the country, an hour outside of Madison.

The snow was finally melting. They rolled down all the windows and Anne turned the radio up high.

"You know what I think?" Ben yelled over the music.

Anne turned it down. "What?"

"I think the winter was some kind of test, and I think the fact that we didn't kill each other means we passed."



"I don't know when I've seen a more magnificent slide. You're out!"

• •

After dinner, Anne was helping Jenny do the dishes.

"It's really nice here," Anne said.

Jenny laughed. "We've had a hell of a winter. I'm so glad to finally meet you. I never thought I'd see Ben so relaxed. When he and Sally used to visit us, we always expected an explosion any second. Matt and I used to wonder how a marriage could . . ."

"Sally was . . . ?" Anne asked.

"Whatever Ben's told you about her is probably true, but I always felt a little sorry for her."

"It slipped your mind?" Anne hissed at Ben in bed that night.

"It was a lousy, short marriage," Ben said, pulling her to him. "There's really not much to tell. You know what I realized, driving out here?"

"That you have four children you neglected to mention?"

"That what I gave up when I fell in love with you was the right to go to hell in my own boat."

On the way back to Madison, Anne read names of towns from the map. "Did you know there's a city named Embarrass, Wisconsin?" she asked him.

"Embarrass is the least of it," Ben said. "There's Plover and Edgar and Mazomanie and Fond du Lac. Stick with me and you'll see them all."

ANNE's father was coming to Madison. On his way to Las Vegas, he'd written on a postcard that he'd stop in for "a chat" sometime the next week. It was the first word she'd had from her father in almost six months, though she talked to her mother on the telephone at least once a week—usually more.

"He wants something," Anne told Ben.

"Like what?"

"I don't know. Maybe he needs a Midwestern bookie."

"Oh, come on."

"Well, I don't know," she said, looking around the living room. Ben was painting all the light-switch plates bright red. "Just don't you like him," she said. "Just don't be taken in by him."

"I don't get taken in by con men," Ben said.

A few days later, her father called in the morning and said he'd be there that evening, for dinner. Anne fought the part of her that wanted to show him she could cook, and decided he would take them out. Ben assured her he'd be home by six.

"We'll make him squirm," he said, and kissed her goodbye.

Anne followed him to the door. "Not too much," she said. "Please be—Oh, I don't know. I just want him to think we're happy."

"We *are* happy," Ben said.

Anne's father arrived at nine. ("Bad traffic, baby. Guess I should have let you know.") Ben showed up at nine-thirty. ("I'll explain later. Don't worry.") Ben was drunk, glib, and charming. Her father was sober, glib, and charming.

"You look great, Anne," her father said.

Anne didn't answer. In the end, she thought, action was what counted. The reasons people become unreachable could be turned over endlessly, examined for cracks. You can't give up on cripples because they're crippled. You can only give up on them when they cripple other people—when you realize that they're crippling you.

"Your mother and Joe seem to be doing just fine," her father said.

"What a relief," Anne said. "We do keep in touch, you know."

"What's wrong?" her father asked.

"Calm down, honey," Ben said.

Honey?

Her father looked at his watch. "Jesus, it's after ten. I've really got to get going. I'm sorry. Maybe on the way back . . ."

Anne walked with him to the door. "Goodbye," she said. "See you."

"Right." He patted her on the head. "Let me know if there's anything you need."

—JANE MANKIEWICZ

•

QUALITY OF LIFE DECISION DELAYED
—Headline in the Woodland (Calif.) Daily Democrat.

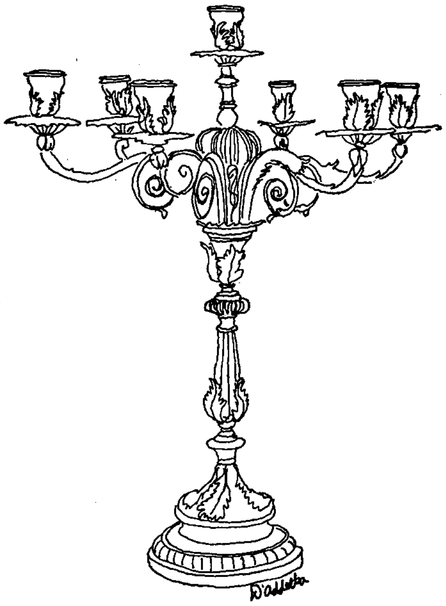
Since the days of Socrates.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

MATTHEW AND MARIE

MARIE BOYLE met Matthew Ferguson two autumns ago at a hospital in Belfast, Northern Ireland, where they both work. She is twenty-one, a medical-records clerk. He is twenty-five, a radiography technician. They met during a hospital tennis tournament, and for a month or so they went on bumping into each other on the courts and in the hospital cafeteria. Then, with the weather getting colder, Matthew asked Marie if she would like to learn to play squash—he would teach her. But the first evening a lesson was planned they found themselves going to a movie instead—"Lady in Cement," Marie remembers, starring Frank Sinatra. This was the first time they actually "went out" together; that is, it was an occasion outside the hospital, Matthew paid, and they held hands. After the film, in an espresso café on Botanic Avenue, near Queen's University, in what has been until recently a relatively safe area, they talked around a subject that had been in their minds since their first meeting and now gave an edge of Ulster sharpness to the questions that a young man and a young woman on a date anywhere in the world might ask one another: Where were you born? Where do you live? Where did you go to school? How many brothers and sisters do you have? Matthew had already concluded, from her name and her looks, that Marie was a Catholic, and she, on a similar basis, had concluded that he was a Protestant. The answers they gave each other proved them right. Matthew had not gone out with a Catholic girl before. Marie's experience of Protestant boys was equally blank, and, as Matthew's hand nervously touched her hand on the Formica tabletop, she thought, Daddy's going to kill me when he finds out about this.

Matthew and Marie didn't tell their families at this point that they were going out with one another. (Their names have been changed here, as have the names of other couples in their situation, the names of ordinary people involved with them, and certain details that might bring them harmful attention.) Marie is the third-oldest of ten children. She was born and brought up in Andersonstown, a fairly modern and almost totally Catholic district in west Belfast, but since 1972 she and her family have lived in Bangor, a town on the coast, twelve miles from the city. There they have a bigger house, with four bedrooms, on a quiet street, with mostly Protestant neighbors. But they moved not only for more room but to get away from the Troubles, which have particularly affected the working-class areas of Northern Ireland—the region of the United Kingdom with the highest unemployment and the lowest average wages. Such older Belfast districts as the Falls and the Shankill, named after their main streets, have been identified with particular religions for over a hundred years—the Falls Catholic, the Shankill Protestant—but in the last eight years or so the streets between them which were roughly mixed have become one or the other. Even in more modern areas, such as Cliftonville, Ballymurphy, and Andersonstown, intimidation and fear have caused shifts of people; the planners of relatively new municipal-housing estates have seen their hopes for a peaceful mixture dashed. Now Belfast is split into wedge-shaped slices that are Catholic or Protestant—virtual "ghettos" (the term is used by the residents with a certain pride), in which those who belong feel a communal warmth and those who do not are aware of an almost tangible hatred. The exceptions to this situation are such areas of middle-class homes as those along the Malone and Antrim Roads, where, at least on the surface, a more or less suburban privacy and tacit tolerance prevail. The move to the suburbs and to nearby places like Bangor has caused the population of Belfast to fall from about four hundred thousand to roughly three hundred and sixty thousand in the last ten years, as people get away from decaying nineteenth-century slums and the contemporary violence that springs partly from such housing conditions.



Marie's father has worked his way up to a responsible engineering job in the Belfast shipyard, where he is one of the few Catholics employed. (Catholics form roughly thirty-five per cent of the one and a half million people of Northern Ireland—the six Irish counties whose Protestant majority kept them part of the United Kingdom when Southern Ireland was given dominion status in the early nineteen-twenties. "Ulster" is what most people there call Northern Ireland, though three of the nine counties that made up the original province of Ulster are now part of the Irish Republic. The tie with the United Kingdom was supported again in a referendum in 1973.) Marie's mother, now in her mid-forties, has been fully occupied since her marriage in bearing and bringing up children—she has made most of the clothes for her children from birth through adolescence. Marie went to a Catholic primary school and a convent grammar school, made her First Communion, was confirmed, and has always gone to confession once a week. When she was sixteen, she went to secretarial college; at eighteen, she joined the hospital staff, handling the correspondence of an outpatients' clinic. She is a pretty girl, with pert features, close-cut dark hair, round eyes, and a turned-up nose; she generally wears a tiny gold cross on a chain round her neck.

Before Marie met Matthew, she felt that her immediate family—her parents and brothers and sisters—was her world; other relatives, in various country villages, were rarely encountered. Matthew, on the other hand, has been aware from childhood of a close network of grandparents, aunts, uncles, and cousins. His mother died when he was five. His father remarried, and Matthew and a younger sister, Fiona, were brought up by a maiden aunt (his father's sister) in a small terraced house—it has been his home ever since—in Donegall Road, a staunch Protestant working-class district not far from the city center. On some of its streets, many houses are ready for demolition—empty, and with bricked-up windows and doors to keep out squatters. On others, with similar rows of slate-roofed, grimy brick houses, life goes on, sometimes taking a stand for pride and gentility with polished brass knocker, scrubbed step and windowsill,

"*And now I'd like to have you meet one of our lesser lights.*"

and a vase of flowers framed between the curtains. Matthew went to state primary and secondary schools. In principle, these are open to all children, but in practice, because the Catholic Church insists on running its own schools (to whose maintenance costs the government contributes), the state schools are almost exclusively Protestant. Matthew—brighter than most, and interested in science—stayed on at school until he was eighteen. He was accepted for the first job he applied for—in the hospital radiography department, where he now works. He is a solidly built young man, with wavy light-brown hair and a quiet manner. He goes to church twice on Sundays (to the Church of Ireland, which used to be part of the Church of England, and conducts the same services)—in the morning with his aunt, in the evening with his grandparents. Both his aunt and his grandfather work in a small hardware shop; his father, whom he sees about once a month, is a printer. Another of Matthew's aunts married a Catholic twenty years ago, and, though she is said to have a happy marriage, the family connection with her has weakened. Matthew's grandfather did not speak to her for years. It was mainly because Matthew feared his grandfather's reaction that he didn't dare say anything at home about the girl he was going out with.

Marie's parents, however, soon grew curious about the young man who was taking their daughter out two or three times a week. Marie mentioned his first name but not his last; she fended off further questions. The anxieties that parents have when their children start going out with the other sex are, naturally, greater in Northern Ireland. Besides the customary dangers of drinking and of driving, there is the fact that many pubs are patronized almost wholly by people of one religion or the other and may thus be targets for terrorists, while some city streets are not safe to drive on at night. The city center is a fortress of barricades, barbed wire, checkpoints, and police and Army patrols; all people entering the center are frisked, their bags and cars thoroughly searched. After dark, the center is desolate: a few stray dogs; no pedestrians, though plenty of parked cars belonging to people crowded into pubs and clubs. There are only two routes through the city between North and South which people feel confident in taking; a wrong turn could bring them into a no man's land of shattered streets, demolition sites, and Army barricades erected—so it seems—to keep warring tribes apart. Fire-retardant blankets are prominently displayed for sale in hardware stores. The ground-floor windows of many offices and hotels have wire screens over them, or have been filled in with concrete blocks. Yet the atmosphere is convivial in many pubs and hotels—perhaps the more so because of the blitzlike conditions without. Once past the door—with its buzzer system, inspection grille, frosty sign saying "Regular Customers Only," and searches by security men—the friendliness and hospitality are immense, at least for one's own kind and for complete strangers; in other words, not for a Northern Irelander of the "other side." Matthew and Marie felt the need to be careful, and sought out neutral spots, which are not common. In some places that young people frequent, Catholics come one night, Protestants the next. Outside the safe, impartial territory of the hospital, Matthew and Marie felt restricted to several cinemas and theatres, and the few remaining big hotels, where Marie would sip a Coke or a sherry and Matthew would drink lemonade-and-beer shandy. (He has a worry about alcoholism.)

A month after things became serious between them, Matthew drove out to Bangor to pick up Marie for a hospital charity dance. She was still getting ready when he knocked at the door, and he was led into the front room by one of Marie's younger sisters. There, seated on the couch, he was strongly aware of being inspected by eleven pairs of eyes. Marie's mother asked politely about the dance. Fortunately, Marie wasn't long, and Matthew soon escaped from the unspoken inquisition. For a little while after this, Marie's parents seemed to avoid the subject of Matthew. Perhaps they hoped it would all blow over, and the least said the better. Then there was a sudden change.

One Saturday afternoon in February—there was to be a Valentine's

Day party at the hospital that evening—Marie's father called her into the kitchen. Her mother was there. Her father said, "Marie, it's time we knew more about this fellow. Where does he live?"

Marie took a breath. This time, though she knew what would happen next, it couldn't be dodged. She said, "He lives off Donegall Road."

It was a long row. "Donegall Road"—full of diehard Protestants—confirmed her parents' fears. Her father shouted at her, slapped her, and then fell furiously silent. Her mother did most of the talking. The rest of the family were brought into the kitchen to listen. Her mother said that Marie was putting all of them at risk by going out with Matthew. It made it dangerous for her father at his work. It meant that any of her brothers and sisters could be made the target of a bullet or bomb. Didn't Marie care about them at all? Didn't she care about keeping her family safe? She must promise never to see this Protestant boy again.

Marie said she wouldn't promise—she was going to continue seeing Matthew. But her parents kept on at her. Her father reminded her of what had happened in the last few years to people of different religions who had associated with one another: girls who had been tarred and feathered or had their heads shaved; couples who had been brutally murdered; dreadful threats. Marie's mother said, "There's always the chance of a bomb under your daddy's car, or a machine gun opening up as he goes to work." Did Marie want to bring all this down on them? Her mother said to the other children, "Look at your sister—she doesn't care about you. She only cares for this fellow from Donegall Road."

So it went on. Marie felt her parents wearing her down. In many ways, she understood their feelings. They were older; they had lived through times when Catholics felt oppressed, were kept in second place, had to lie low to improve their chances, and didn't trust the intentions of the Protestant majority. Matthew represented those they feared—he was a *Protestant*. That was enough. There was also the teaching of the Church. In her mother's eyes, Marie was being seduced from her faith and was laying herself open to the chance of eternal damnation. And on top of all that was their understandable anxiety about what might happen if word got around. Naturally, they wanted to keep their family safe.

Her father said that this was to be her last evening out with Matthew. Marie was to tell the boy that she was studying hard for her shorthand examination. Her mother said that Marie would get over it, even if it seemed dreadful now; there were other boys in the world.

Gahan Wilson

"Captain, this Brie is totally out of control!"

On the way home that night after the party, Matthew said, "You've been very quiet this evening. What's the matter?"

Marie poured out the story, including what her parents had told her to say.

Matthew asked her if that was what she wanted, and she said no, but that was how it was. She was crying as she added, "They're so upset. I promised them."

MARIE and Matthew tried for the next month to be "just friends." But they saw each other all the time at the hospital—passed each other in the corridors, and talked on the telephone, because Marie's office needed information from his department. It was hard. When they began to go out together again, they told each other that it wouldn't be serious—they would see other people, too. But it didn't work out that way. For the first time, Marie was deceiving her parents—letting them *think* she was with other friends when she was seeing Matthew. She was helping backstage at a local amateur production of "Oklahoma!," and Matthew turned up to help there. He drove her to and from her shorthand classes. The deception was a strain, and Marie hated it. When she and Matthew went out together, they both kept thinking they would run into people who would tell on them. At a performance of "Oklahoma!," they sat next to a girl who worked with Marie's older sister. Matthew had a bandage on his nose, where his dog had bitten him; he looked funny—you couldn't miss him. But nothing happened; perhaps the girl didn't think it worth talking about.

At Easter, they went for the day to a seaside resort on the County Down coast, south of Belfast. Marie had talked to a girlfriend, Teresa, about a cover story a few days before—she was going to tell her parents that she and Teresa were going somewhere together—but she hadn't managed to get through to Teresa again to confirm her story. Teresa's phone was busy. Marie, however, thought it would be all right. She and Matthew had a lovely day. The Ulster countryside was, as always, beautiful, and now fresh with spring. They walked along the beach. They sat and looked at the sea. They had dinner in a hotel. They were hap-

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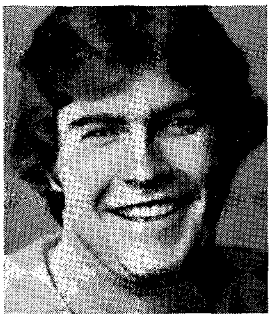
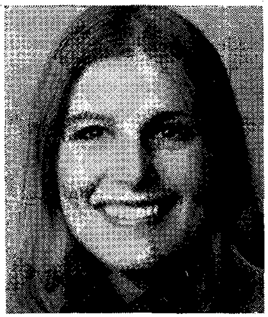


"Sometimes I like to drink Campari with soda. Other times I like it with tonic. But mostly, I like to drink Campari with Melissa."
—Steve Gibson, San Fran.



"I still haven't gotten Fred to drink Campari. But I'm hopeful. After all, last month I got him to give up suspenders."
—Joan Gringer, N.Y.C.

"Yesterday, when everybody ordered cocktails, I said, 'Campari' instead of what I usually say ('Martini'). I found it improved my articulation."
—Mort Goldstein, Boston.

"A Campari & Soda prepares my palate for a good meal. After I finish the drink, I go to bed, and my palate goes out to dinner."
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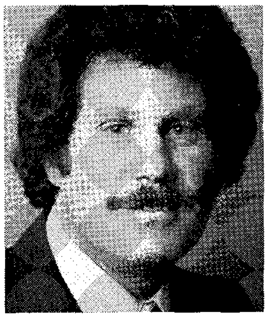

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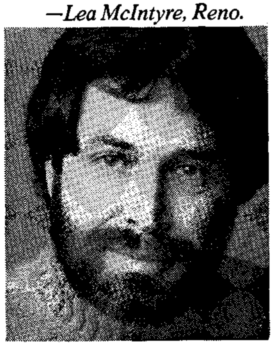
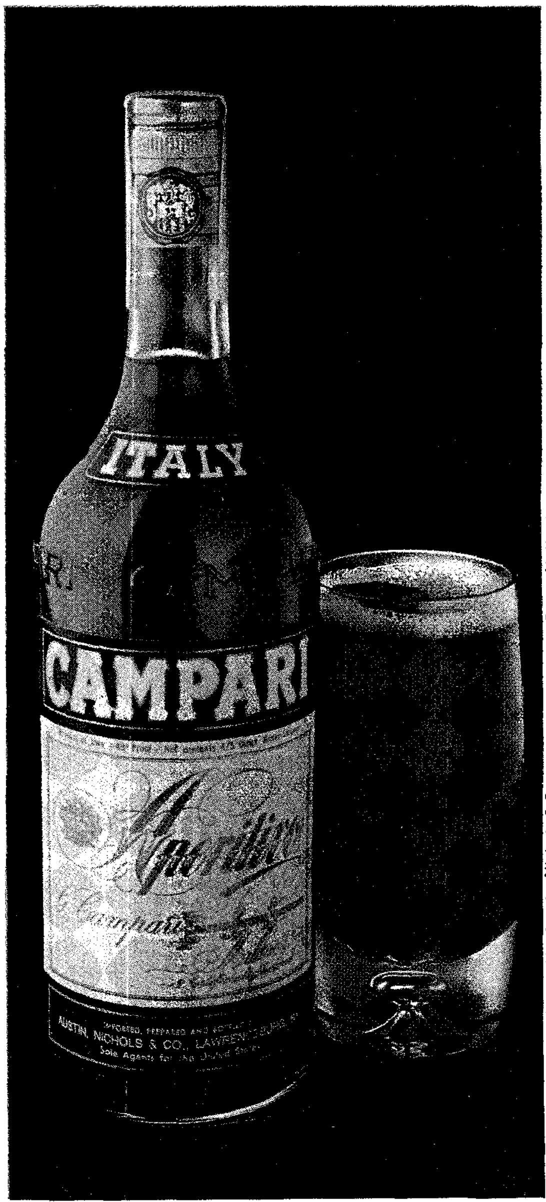


"Whenever I spot another Campari drinker I always honk my horn and wave."
—John Gray, Seattle.

"I first tried Campari on the Via Veneto in Rome and didn't care for it. But that was before I met Marcello."
—Greta Westfall, L.A.

"I never knew a foreign agent who didn't drink Campari."
—James Barker, Wash., D.C.



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py. They didn't talk about religion or families. They thought they would get married but would put off telling anyone until Marie's parents looked like coming round, and then Matthew and Marie would find the right moment to tell them jointly. The Troubles might pass; everything might improve.

Matthew dropped Marie just down the street from her house at eleven-thirty that night. She found her parents and two of the oldest girls up waiting for her. Her mother was weeping hysterically. Teresa had called up during the day, vaguely remembering that she and Marie had plans to discuss. It was obvious that Marie wasn't with her. So it all came out. Marie's mother had been in a state ever since, and now said she was going into hospital, because she couldn't take any more. Marie's father shouted at her that she was ungrateful, selfish, deceitful—she was killing her mother. Marie then said she was going to marry Matthew.

Her mother screamed, "We're going down to Donegall Road right now and we're going in to tell that Protestant boy he's finished!"

Her father said, "There's been shooting all day in Donegall Road, and if we get killed, it'll be through you!" At this, Marie's sisters started sobbing.

Marie, putting on her coat again, thought about Matthew snuggling into bed and falling asleep after their day together, and the whole load of Boyles storming in wailing and shouting. She said to herself, "I'm not going to give in this time." She could hear her sisters yelling at her—"Look what you're doing to Mummy!"—but she felt strangely detached. She didn't want her mother to go into hospital, but as she watched her raving she thought that by morning her mother would have calmed down. Outside, on the way to the car, her mother said, "Quiet, you'll wake the neighbors." And in the car her mother suddenly told her father not to go to Donegall Road and said that it would be better if they went instead to their priest. When they reached the presbytery, it was past midnight, and Marie, in the back seat, watched her father walking up the path and ringing the doorbell. She wondered what on earth the priest would say. Had they all gone mad?

THERE is a traditional Ulster song called "The Old Orange Flute," which—like many traditional things in Northern Ireland—casts a long light on Matthew and Marie's situation. The song tells of a young Protestant weaver, Bob Williamson, "a stout Orange blade," who played the flute in the Twelfth of July parade, which each year celebrates William III's victory over James II at the Battle of the Boyne. In retentive Irish memories, this battle is renowned for preserving the union of Ireland with England under Protestant kings. However, Bob Williamson proves not so stout after all. He marries "a papish called Bridget McGinn" and turns papish himself. When the local lads get upset about his treachery, he has to flee across the county border with his wife and possessions. His old Orange flute loyally goes on playing the Protestant repertoire—"Croppies Lie Down," "Kick the Pope," and "The Boyne Water"—and, though finally burned as a heretic by a council of priests, plays to the last:

> While the flames roared around it
> they heard a great noise,
> 'Twas the old flute still whistling
> "The Protestant Boys."

The song manifests some of the elements that give Northern Ireland its character: a widespread belief that historical events are of contemporary importance; a general intransigence, often taking the form of stubborn patriotism; and a common inability to treat any subject as purely secular. Much energy is expended by scholars and pundits on whether the evident division in Northern Ireland is basically religious, political, or cultural. It appears that in fact all sorts of accumulated old differences are maintained and enlarged for reasons of social distinction and self-esteem, and are used by both politicians and clerics when they want to enlist their supporters; then the labels Nationalist and Loyalist, Catholic and Protestant are handed out, and people wear these labels proudly.

It would be difficult to prove that people in Northern Ireland are more religious than people elsewhere. It *is* known that they go to church more than most people in Western Europe: something like nine out of ten Catholics in Northern Ireland attend Sunday Mass; more than five out of ten Protestants are believed to go to church on Sundays. Belfast appears to have more church buildings than similar-sized cities: steeples still create much of the city skyline; at sidewalk level, church notice boards are conspicuous. One Belfast cinema was converted not long ago into a church. Although many Protestant ministers complain about Catholic Church interference in politics in the Irish Republic, Northern Ireland is remarkable for the number of Protestant clerics who are politicians. One of the best known is the Reverend Dr. Ian Paisley, M.P., whose strident Calvinist voice can be heard from the pulpit of the Free Presbyterian Church on Ravenhill Road, which is reckoned to be—apart from the cathedrals of Liverpool and Coventry—the most expensive ecclesiastical structure built in the United Kingdom since the Second World War. Many periodicals have obvious religious affiliations—Paisley publishes one called the *Protestant Telegraph*—and religious bookshops are common. Indeed, in a city where clerical collars and "Repent Ye Must" sandwich boards are a frequent sight, local people find nothing exceptional in religious graffiti, such as a slogan painted on a wall off University Road: "SAM TODD FOR GOD." Todd is a star player for the Linfield soccer team, whose supporters are Protestant, and whoever scrawled this message was presumably drawing attention to the close link that Linfield supporters believe exists between the Almighty and His team.

If one splits open the vicious circle of interlocked problems in Northern Ireland—which is something that the printed word allows one to do, though in daily life the circle is a vortex, whirling mercilessly—one can see that a large segment of it is education segregated on religious lines. A few play groups have attracted both Protestant and Catholic infants. A few state grammar schools have a small number of Catholic students. But problems arise from these minglings, beyond bullying and name-calling. Catholic children attending state schools have been refused confirmation by their bishops. Some Catholic students in state schools are told by their parents not to mention the fact that they go to Mass on Sundays. A proposal for an experimental mixed school was effectively blocked by a Catholic bishop's refusal to allow a Catholic chaplain to give religious instruction to Catholic children who might attend it. A group

BANK
BANK
WOODMAN

called All Children Together, which is working for unsegregated education in Ulster, was refused permission to use a Catholic church hall for a meeting. It is, by and large, the Catholic Church that insists on separate education, and in many cases the Catholic clergy are prepared to back up the insistence with threats to Catholic parents of hellfire and purgatory; but undoubtedly the segregation has the support of many Protestant ministers and teachers. One young Catholic woman who taught for a while in a Belfast state school did so under an assumed name and without telling her colleagues she was Catholic. After she left and the truth came out, there was a great uproar; several teachers said they would have objected to her presence among them if they had known.

The system tends to perpetuate two somewhat archaic visions of citizenry and loyalty. Teachers go to training colleges run by the state or by the Catholic Church, and intellectual border-crossing is not encouraged. Catholic schools teach the Irish language and promote a nationalist Irish allegiance. Protestant schools exalt the binding tie with Britain. Both visions obscure the fact that Catholics in Northern Ireland have not voted with their feet to move to Southern Ireland (where economic opportunities and social benefits are fewer), and that Ulster Protestants also feel a very strong attachment to their country—they are at once Irish *and* British. Although the Gaelic natives of Ireland (the descendants of aboriginal Irish and of Celtic invaders) have been infiltrated by Vikings, Normans, Scots, and English over a good twelve hundred years, and some Anglo-Irish families date their arrival in Ireland to the twelfth century, roughly a century after the Norman conquest of England, the popular view in Northern Ireland is that anyone from the British Isles to the east is an invader—particularly those people who came from Scotland, full of the fire of the Reformation, in the seventeenth century. The fact is, though, that some of the Scots—including many of Gaelic descent—who settled in Ulster before the Mayflower reached America were Catholic. Cromwell, infamous in Ireland, was equally ruthless to Scotch Presbyterians and Irish Catholics, and he also expelled all Anglican clergymen from their Irish parishes in order to install his own men. Protestant Ulstermen have led political campaigns for Irish independence. Protestant Irish of English ancestry fomented rebellions in the South against British rule.

Yet the simplified view of history has its effect, and, whatever the lines that have been crossed in the past, undermining generalizations, there is no doubt that the lines are now distinct, and often take the form of barricades. Intermarriage between English and Irish was possible before the Reformation. With those who have arrived since, particularly those from Scotland (despite their own Gaelic ancestry), little mixing has occurred; the two tribes have grown apart. There are Catholic names, like Seamus Murphy and Sean Flanagan, and Protestant names, like Ian Forsythe and David Simmons. Dunne with an "e" is Catholic, without it Protestant. (Anthony Trollope entitled a book "The Kellys and the O'Kellys.") The segregation has gone on for so long it has become genetic. Or, at any rate, Ulster people can recognize Catholic features and Protestant features: differences in shape of eye, height of cheekbones, color of hair. Sandy hair like Matthew Ferguson's is Protestant, carroty red is Catholic. Protestant men have a confident swagger, Catholic men a lighter, jauntier step. Catholics are smaller. Protestants have conspicuous shoulders. In Belfast, moreover, the locals can, with a Henry Higgins-like precision, relate accent to home address within a street or two, and that enables them to tell which side someone belongs to. To an outsider, both Catholics and Protestants seem to speak in a mixed Irish-Scottish voice, its modulations having more to do with education and occupation than with religion; all use, whatever their class or income, "whenever" for "when," and constantly apply the diminutive "wee"—for example, "Here's your wee receipt," or "Don't forget your wee umbrella." ("Wee" seems to have little to do with size. A shipowner collecting his new three-hundred-thousand-ton vessel from Harland & Wolff's shipyard might well be told, "Here's your wee tanker.") Each side has nicknames for the other: Catholics are Micks, Taigs, or Fenians; Protestants are, curtly, Prods or Blacks. They start to use these as children, after school, when they encounter children from the other side; sometimes, of course, the children from the two sides feel bound to fight. Since they hardly know one another, each side has persistent misconceptions about the other: to Protestants, all Catholics have twelve children and live in squalor; to Catholics, all Protestants behave like participants in a drunken football crowd. Each side has its own signs and symbols (the Harp of Erin; King Billy on a white horse), its own exhortations ("Up the I.R.A.;" "To Hell with the Pope"), and its own days for parading and celebrating.

The Protestant drums beating during the July 12th parade, commemorating King William's victory at the Boyne, arouse in Catholics apprehension and old grievances, dating from a long period of Protestant domination of Ulster life. This domination resulted in the gerrymandering of political constituencies and in discrimination in employment and public housing—all designed, Catholics felt, to keep them an inferior caste. The gradual elimination of these abuses—as the Northern Ireland government was prodded into reforms by the civil-rights movement of the late nineteen-sixties, by some of its liberal-minded supporters, and by an anxious British government in Westminster—persuaded many working-class Protestants that they were losing their edge. They were encouraged in this view by the sermons of their ministers and by editorials in papers like the *Protestant Telegraph*. Papism was on the march—the Pope would soon be running Belfast shipyard—and they were going to be dragged into a united Ireland, where *they* would be the minority. They don't like what they see or hear of the South: divorce prohibited

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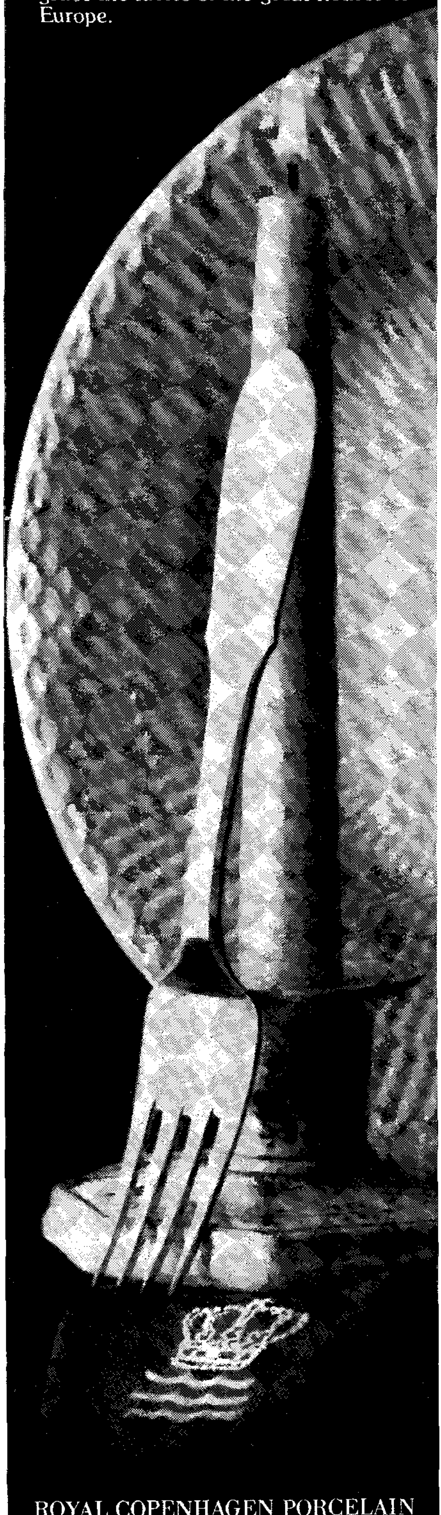

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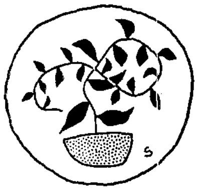
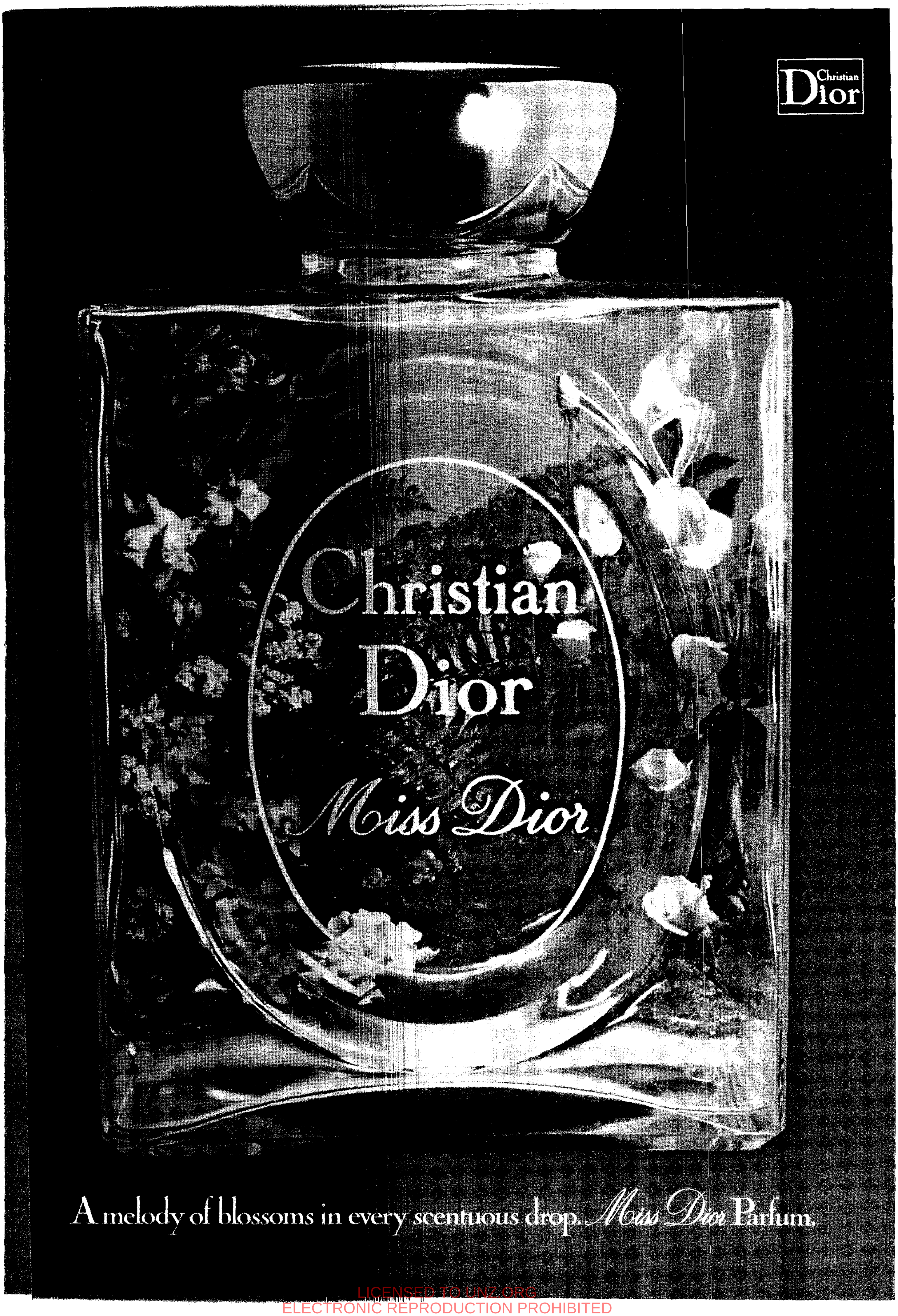
under the Irish constitution; contraception illegal; Catholic bishops attempting to block government health schemes; beggars in the streets of Dublin. Northern Protestants are convinced that the Catholic Church is trying to beat them by weight of numbers. Indeed, one priest, Father Denis Faul, of Dungannon, a town east of Belfast, has publicly suggested that Catholics keep up a high marriage and birth rate precisely in order to outbreed Protestants, and has thereby enhanced Protestant fears—even to the point, it appears to some, of "justifying" the assassination of individual Catholics by Protestant psychopaths or gunmen, who tell themselves they are reducing the chances of a Catholic majority. (Catholics average four births per family in Northern Ireland, Protestants three per family. But more Catholics quit the country, mostly for England, because of limited opportunity, and so far the ratio between the two sides has stayed roughly the same.)

Protestant fears are also intensified by what has happened to the Protestant population in the South: it was three hundred and forty-three thousand in 1901 and a hundred and forty-four thousand in 1961, and is estimated to have been declining at ten per cent per decade since then. The Southern Protestant is a member of a dying species. There are various reasons for this, but undoubtedly one factor is that about a quarter of the Southern Protestants marry Catholics and most allow their children to be brought up as Catholics: Bob Williamson's "treachery" goes on. Thus, although the Catholic Church officially disapproves of mixed marriage—to such an extent that priests have been known to declare that a Catholic woman is better off marrying a drunkard than a Protestant—Protestants feel that mixed marriages are one more Roman weapon in the long battle to overthrow the Protestant ascendancy. They believe that the Catholic Church's position on mixed marriages is one of implicit superiority: Bob is expected to be converted, or "turn," or, at any rate, allow his children to be Catholic. This makes for great bitterness. Most mixed marriages appear to involve Protestant men and Catholic women, perhaps because Catholic women strike Protestant men as more submissive or as better homemakers. Some of these marriages result in conversions, but most, it is felt, simply in the husband's going along with what, as a result of her upbringing, his Catholic wife more decidedly wants. And consequently many Protestants feel all the more strongly opposed to mixed marriage. Even if they didn't have a strong Calvinist predisposition to abhor Rome and condemn any sort of union with it, Catholic success in this respect would give them cause to do so. A recent Presbyterian Church statement on mixed marriage said, "Greater problems arise where the man or woman is a member of some special sect or of the Roman Catholic Church." Presbyterian ministers have refused to take part in joint marriage services with Catholic priests. Anyone who steps outside the lines is a traitor. In 1968, a leading Protestant politician, Phelim O'Neill, M.P., was expelled from the Orange Order—a form of Protestant religious and political brotherhood—for attending a community service in a Catholic church two years before.



No official figures are kept of the number of mixed marriages in Northern Ireland. From records kept by one Catholic and two Church of Ireland dioceses, it seems that more mixed marriages are taking place in Catholic churches than before. However, it also seems that in the last few years fewer of all marriages occurring in Northern Ireland have been mixed. (In the rural Catholic diocese of Armagh, which spans the border between Northern Ireland and the Republic, three per cent of the marriages taking place in Catholic churches in 1974 were mixed. In Belfast, the figure for mixed marriages taking place in all churches and registry offices may be ten per cent.) Although nearly everyone in Northern Ireland knows of a mixed marriage somewhere in his own family, it is assumed that fewer mixed marriages are occurring than before the Troubles, particularly among working-class people, because of the hardening of ghetto frontiers and the greater dangers involved. Even among middle-class and well-educated young people, it has become more difficult to make contact across the religious divide. At Queen's University, the students are split roughly fifty-fifty, Catholic and Protestant, and, for the most part, have thoroughly nonsectarian ambitions and anxieties—to do with their studies in quantum mechanics, say, or the novels of D. H. Lawrence. But students have noticed that co-religionists now seem more inclined to band together; they tend to sit with their own side in the libraries or in the students-union dining room. These are undergraduates who have



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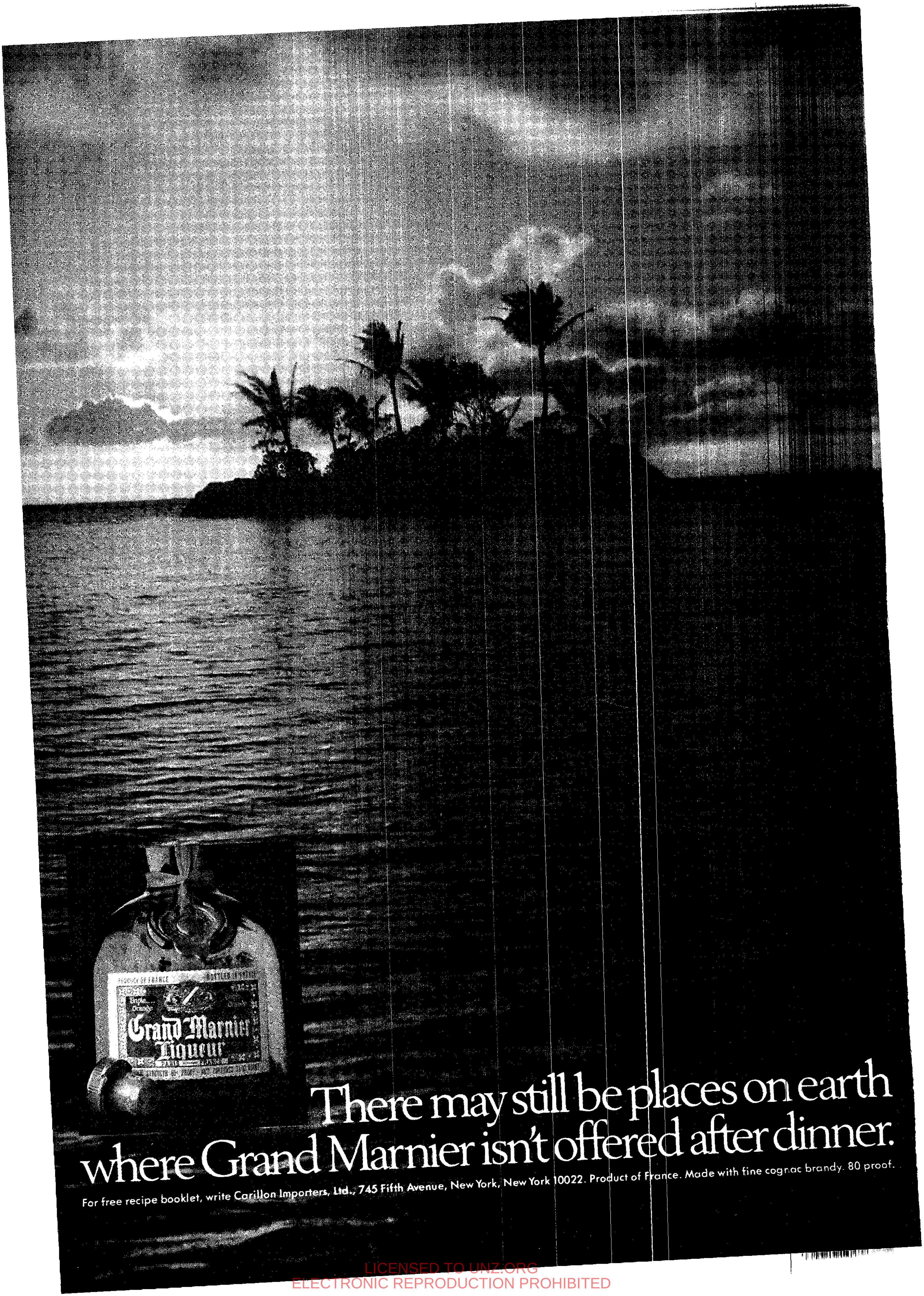
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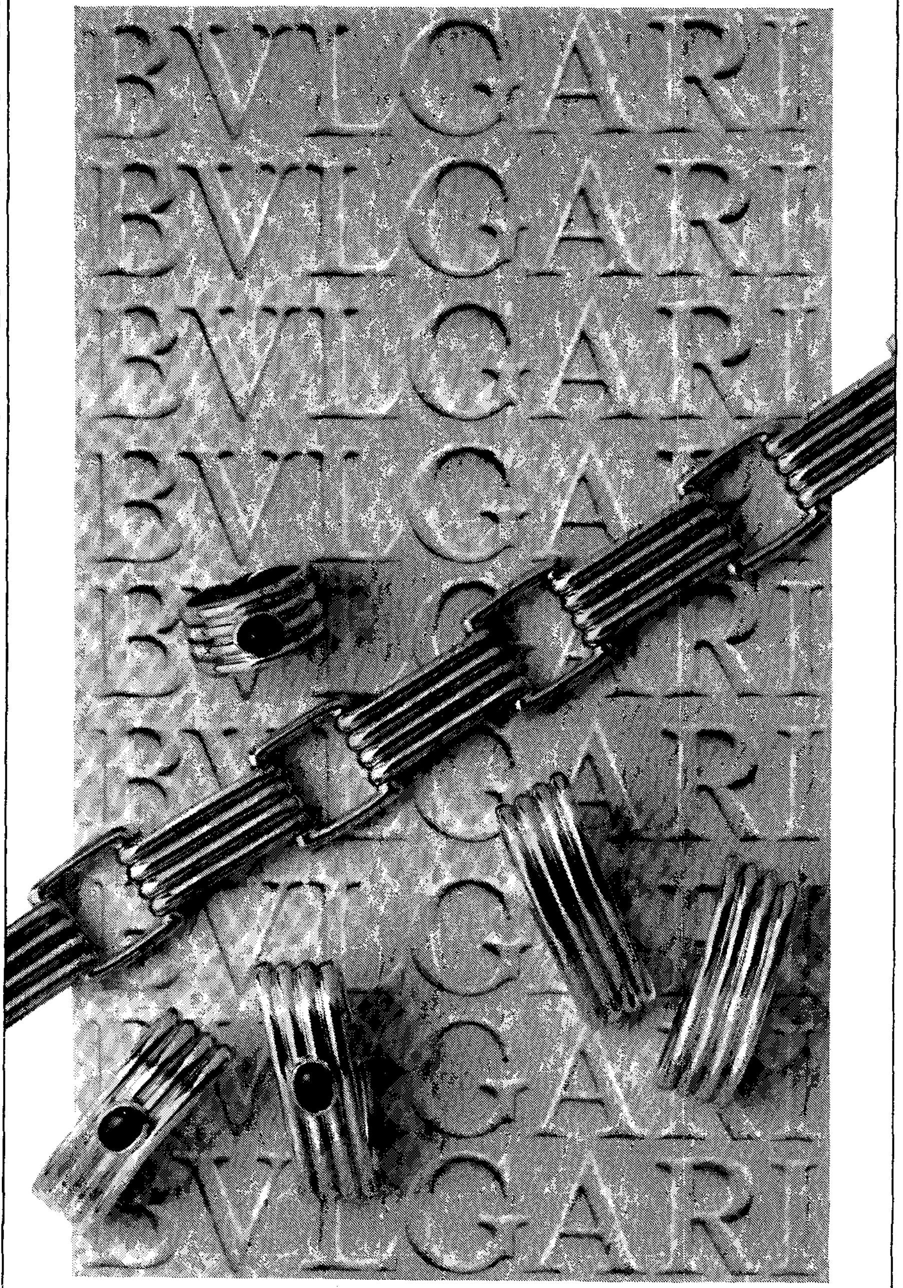
been in primary and secondary school through the years of renewed Troubles since 1969.

Yet Queen's is still common ground, where boy and girl may meet with less of the tribal impedimenta hanging over them, and, despite a bomb or two in University Road and several murders last year resulting from an I.R.A. campaign against businessmen with offices in the area, the university neighborhood, with its cafés, pubs, cinemas, and theatres, is safer than many other parts of the city—though restaurant-goers still favor the tables at the back, away from windows, which may in a terrible instant become splinters of flying glass. The indications and effects of violence are ever present: headlines of assassination and terrorism; patrolling Land-Rovers manned by flak-jacketed soldiers, weapons at the ready; loose paving stones—in ill-repaired sidewalks outside bombed buildings—that tip under pedestrians and eject a stream of accumulated rainwater. Yet Belfast, at least for its middle class and its students, remains a city with two good newspapers, a serious fortnightly magazine, a thriving theatrical and artistic life, an excellent annual arts festival. New buildings rise; hotels are repaired, bombed, repaired again. One hears fewer sirens than in New York. There are fewer murders proportionally than in Detroit. There are more fatalities from traffic accidents than from terrorism. But violence has perhaps not been reduced (as a previous British Home Secretary hoped) to "an acceptable level." It appears to be organic; one will have to produce different people in Northern Ireland in order to do away with it.

For people who are in a sense different already—who, it is evident, are not easily lumped with one side or the other—the risks are clearly considerable. Their existence is a rebuke to the fanatics in each camp. The dangers are more constant in working-class areas; on some streets no mixed couple would now dare to live. Many who were born and brought up in such districts have cleared out to England upon marrying someone from the other side. One couple who ran into difficulties are the Millars—to give them the pseudonym that was used for them in a study on intimidation done for the Northern Ireland Community Relations Commission in 1973. Mr. Millar was a Protestant, Mrs. Millar a Catholic, and they lived for eleven years in a public-housing development a few miles north of the city. Then, in mid-1971, trouble began. Some of their neighbors were involved in sectarian



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disputes, but the Millars were subjected to abuse and intimidation from both sides. Their car tires were slashed; their house windows were broken; obscenities were painted on their walls and footpath; they were cursed and threatened. They abandoned their home and moved in with relatives, but were soon forced by further threats of physical violence to move on. Since a safe area for Mrs. Millar was a dangerous one for her husband, the family split up: the children stayed with their mother, and their father got a room of his own in a Protestant area. However, they were fortunate enough to be able to get a mortgage and buy a house on a private estate farther outside the city, where they are now living together again.

Similar cases are known. One mixed family moved four times because of intimidation, and the husband, a Catholic who worked on building sites where most of the laborers were Protestant, eventually became so frightened that he took his family to England. One mixed couple were petrol-bombed out of their house on the Shankill Road and machine-gunned in the Falls Road house they next moved into. Following that, the man was badly cut up in what he believes was an attempt to murder him. Some mixed couples have tried to defend their property—by putting barbed wire in the garden, for instance—but most feel that such actions would merely advertise their predicament. Some never answer the door at night. The ring of the telephone can be terrifying: a threatening caller, whose name you don't know, knows who *you* are, where your wife works, and where your children go to school. And, of course, moving isn't always a complete escape. One working-class Protestant who is married to a Catholic woman now drives a taxi on the Falls Road. In the eyes of those he has left, he has turned, like Bob Williamson. His children go to a Catholic school, and although he is secure among Catholics, and is doing well (taxis tend to run on sectarian routes, crowded with passengers, and are highly profitable), he is trapped in the Falls Road area, terrified to leave it. One Shankill man, whose family had run a grocery store in the Shankill Road for twenty years, had to move out when he married a Catholic. He moved to Stranmillis, an improving middle-class district, but even there he and his wife have been subjected to snide looks and nasty gossip, and they continue to worry about what else might happen.

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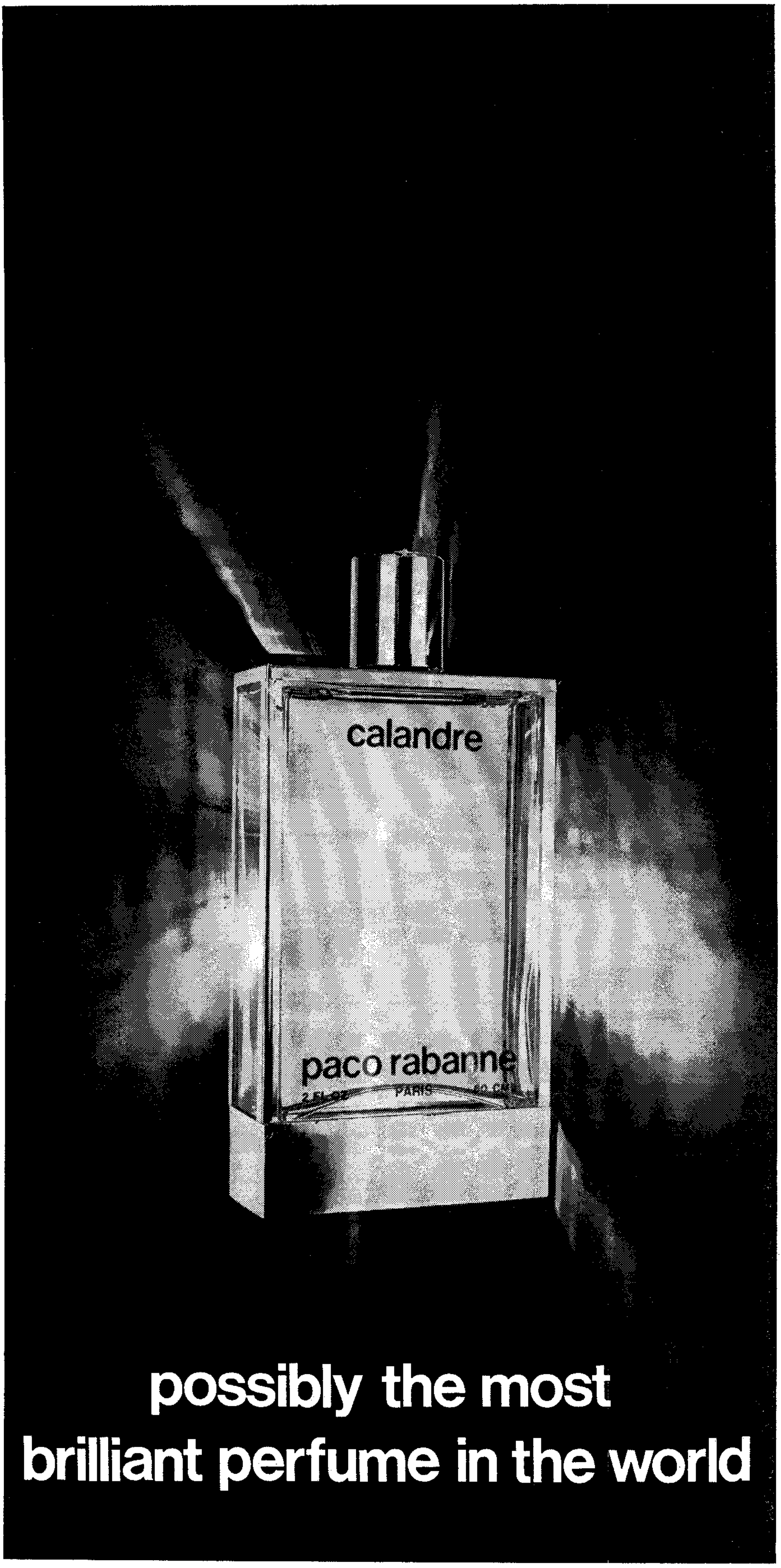
is always the chance of death. Again, no figures exist for the number of mixed couples who have been murdered, but there have been several tragic cases. The methods used on occasion remind one of the savage practices of the Gauls—of punishments meted out in the Germanic forests to those threatening the solidarity of the tribe. On September 2, 1972, a Protestant propaganda sheet called *Loyalist News* asked, "What prominent member of the SDLP"—an almost entirely Catholic political party—"is keeping company with a Protestant female from Belfast's Crumlin Road?" The following June, the SDLP man, Senator Paddy Wilson, and his friend, Irene Andrews, were found stabbed to death. Senator Wilson was firmly opposed to violence and, unlike most Ulster politicians, did not carry a gun; his body had thirty knife wounds. Responsibility for this deed was claimed by a group of Protestant "paramilitaries" calling themselves the Ulster Freedom Fighters. One twenty-year-old Protestant girl (who talked some time ago to the Canadian journalist Kevin Doyle) had been married for roughly twelve hours to a young Catholic laborer when she became a widow. Her husband was abducted from their flat in the Shankill Road area. His body was found in a country ditch a few days later. He had been castrated, tortured, and murdered with a shotgun blast to the back of the head.

MARIE's father rang the doorbell of the priest's house, waited a minute, and then, having heard no sound within, returned to the car. He said, "We'll come back first thing in the morning." At home, Marie's two sisters wouldn't let her into the bedroom she shared with them; she slept downstairs on the couch. After breakfast, Marie was taken to the church and left in a pew while her parents talked in the vestry with the parish priest, whom I will call Father Molony. Marie knelt and said a prayer that it would all come right. She could hear them talking in the vestry, her mother plaintive at first but eventually laughing—a sound that puzzled her. When it was her turn to see Father Molony, he wasn't cross, as she had expected. He asked about Matthew. He told Marie she wasn't doing anything wrong. At this, Marie began to sob. She hadn't cried in front of her parents; she wasn't going to let them think she would give in. But now Father Molony said that it was all right if she and Matthew went on keeping company, but not to rush things, and



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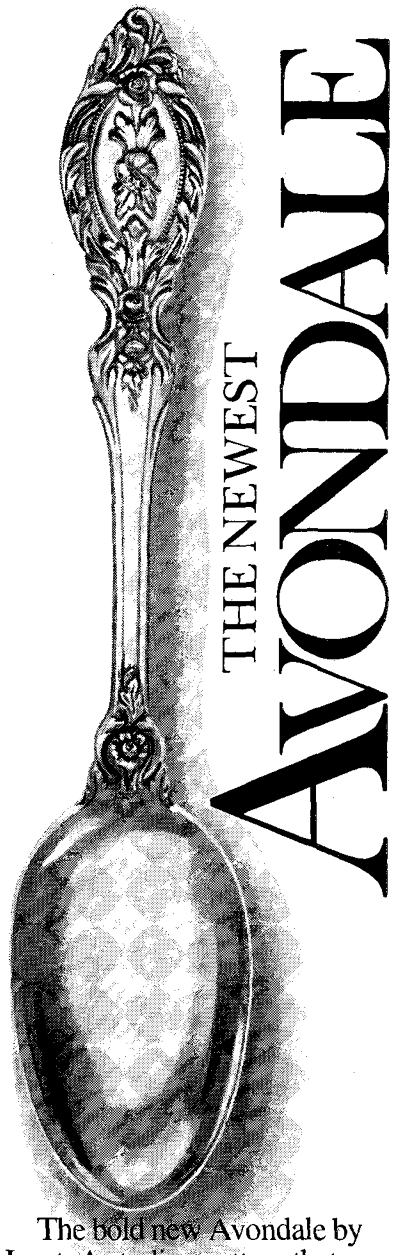

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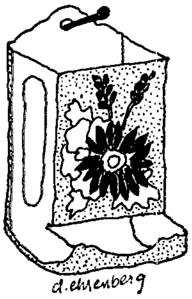
if they decided finally that they wanted to get married to come back and see him; he would instruct Matthew and give them the necessary forms.

Marie could hardly believe it. Her prayers had been answered. She couldn't wait to tell Matthew. Her parents were suddenly calmed down, and though Marie decided later that Father Molony had convinced them that being obstructive would merely drive her and Matthew together—that the best policy would be to let it drift along and perhaps come to a natural end—this didn't affect her spirits.

Her euphoria lasted five days. The following Saturday, Matthew took her to dinner at a hotel as a celebration, and Marie wore a new dress her mother had made for her. On Sunday, her mother said to her on the way home from Mass, "Next time he calls for you, he's not to come to the door. We don't really like this."

Marie's balloon burst. Obviously, her mother and father couldn't keep up an attitude so contrary to their feelings. It was, Marie thought sadly, back to Square One. And after that the strain in the Boyle house was great. Matthew was rarely mentioned. Marie would tell her parents when she was going out and when she would be back, and she watched from her bedroom window for Matthew's car on the street. He was forbidden to come to the door or to call her on the telephone. Fiona, his sister, rang Marie if he was going to be late. Marie's brothers and sisters treated her for a while like an outcast. They hid her lipstick and hairbrush, and locked themselves in the bathroom when she wanted to get ready to go out. Her father no longer talked to her unless he absolutely had to, and then he was bitterly cold. Her mother was more up and down—sometimes friendly in a woman-to-woman way, sometimes very upset. Marie was often the scapegoat in any domestic trouble, and would be told, "It's all your fault." Neither Marie nor her mother was in good health; both felt nervous and depressed. When her mother flared up, she would go on at Marie: Marie was losing her faith; mixed marriages were doomed to failure; Father Molony didn't have Marie's welfare at heart; Marie would be dominated by this Protestant boy the way generations of Northern Ireland Catholics had been downtrodden by Protestants. Marie proposed that Matthew come and talk with her mother, but she refused. On one occasion, Marie's mother asked her where she was thinking of getting married, and Marie named the local Catholic church; she had never thought of getting married anywhere else. Her mother said, "Oh, no, you're not. If you marry him, you can clear off away from here to do it. And don't think your father or I will come to the wedding or help you in any way."



Much of the time, Matthew thought he understood the Boyles' point of view, their fears and anxieties. He and Marie talked about it, sitting in his car or in a café. They thought part of the trouble was that her parents' concern for their family was overwhelming; her mother and father had no outside interests except the church. They were totally wrapped up in the family's security on earth and salvation in Heaven. Not that Matthew's aunt had been particularly pleased to hear that Marie was a Catholic; she, too, was worried about the peril from terrorists which the pair might be placing themselves in. But she told Matthew that what mattered most was whether Marie would make him a good wife. Matthew has still not told his grandparents about Marie, he is so worried about his grandfather's inevitably stout Orange reaction. He has not discussed the matter with his own vicar, either, whose daughter ran away last year with a British Catholic soldier; he thinks the conversation might be embarrassing. Marie took him to see Father Molony, who was friendly enough but treated Matthew like someone from a distant, backward planet. The priest assumed that Matthew was agreeable to having children of the marriage baptized and brought up as Catholics, and in fact Matthew was, though he was a bit disconcerted to find his acceptance taken for granted. Marie was told she would have to make a promise about this. Once they had decided to get married, a dispensation would have to be sought from the bishop, so that the marriage might be a lawful union in the eyes of the Catholic Church.

Although Matthew takes his own religion seriously, he gives the impression of thinking that the external forms of worship are essentially a feminine perquisite. Perhaps, too, he is prepared to surrender some of his own rights to Marie because of her softness and femininity—elements in the Irish matriarchal tradition. For her part, Marie doesn't share her parents' feeling of being a member of an oppressed minority. And neither Marie nor Mat-

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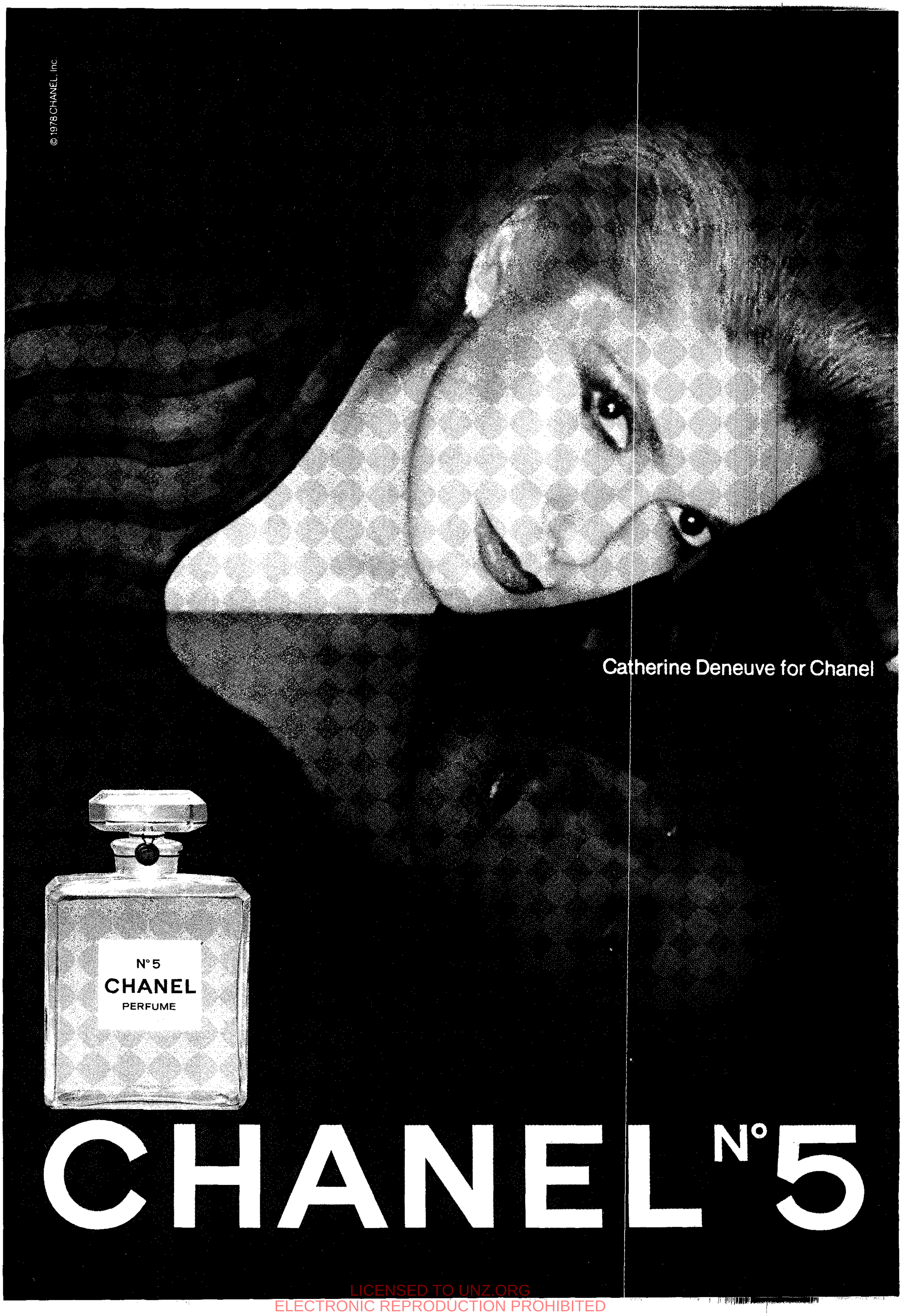
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thew feels very deeply involved in "the Irish Problem," though it envelops them. Matthew says, a trifle helplessly, "We're not causing it. It's the politics of the place. We don't want anything to do with it." Yet the politics of the place are inescapable, and, as Matthew is aware, the resulting violence, whether it is seen as extraordinary or as normal, is present and hideous, sometimes haphazard, sometimes well aimed. He takes X-rays of bomb victims, and wonders whether in an hour or so the human structure he has photographed will be living or dead. In the hospital, he has seen bodies, or what purport to be bodies, in plastic bags marked with a person's name. Like almost everyone in Ulster, Matthew and Marie know people who have been touched by calamity—by death or awful injury—in the last few years. Like most people, they wonder if it will ever end.

One small grumble of theirs is not having a secure place to which they can go simply to be with one another. Matthew says, "Usually, you'd be able to go to the girl's house just to sit and have tea or watch television, but we can't." He takes Marie to his aunt's house once in a while, but other members of the Ferguson family are likely to drop in, and Marie doesn't feel easy there. They are forced to stick to their routine of films and dances and hospital social events, except that now and then, for a fling, they will drive in Matthew's Datsun to a country hotel fifty miles away for a steak dinner. They have good times. Matthew likes fishing, and Marie loves him enough to have spent several wet afternoons hanging about on riverbanks while Matthew angled for chub or pike. Marie likes music, and Matthew has let himself be taken along to several opera performances. Marie didn't get far with squash, but together they won the mixed doubles in a hospital table-tennis championship. If they seem old-fashioned, it is because they are—like a good number of their Ulster contemporaries; the idea of living together before marriage doesn't appeal to them.

Last year, when they were beginning to wonder how they would ever manage to get married, a secretary at the hospital told Marie about a small association she had heard of which was devoted to the problems of mixed marriage in Northern Ireland. This group, Matthew found out, was having a weekend conference at a place called Corrymeela, near Ballycastle—a little town on the northeast coast sixty miles north of Belfast. There were difficulties—how and when to tell Marie's parents,

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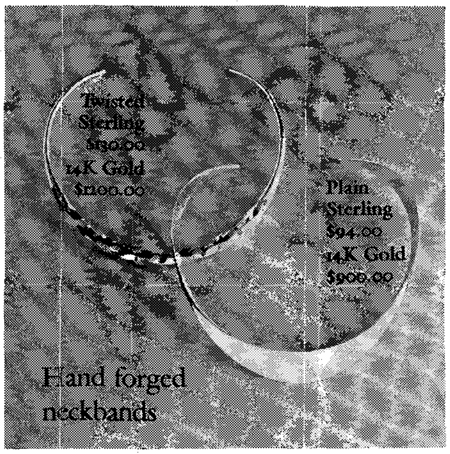
another Boyle family row to be faced—but Matthew and Marie decided that the opportunity to meet others who had been in their predicament would be worth all the trouble.

CORRYMEELA—Gaelic for "hill of harmony"—is half a dozen white buildings set on a grassy hillside that slopes steeply down to the impressive, rocky Antrim coast. Despite the broad bulk of Rathlin Island, just offshore, gray seas roll in from the northwest, and on a January day the spot brings to mind such uncomfortable early Christian outposts in the north as Iona and Lindisfarne. Corrymeela was built as a holiday hiking center, but since 1969 it has been in the hands of some Belfast Presbyterians, who have used it to bring together people involved in the Ulster conflict. Politicians, clerics, and paramilitaries have met there. Ghetto families have vacationed there, and during some periods children from particularly violence-ridden streets of the city have been evacuated to the place. At Corrymeela, close relatives of people murdered by gunmen of the two sides have met one another. Corrymeela has a Belfast office, which functions as a mail drop and contact point for several groups that are working to reconcile the warring parties and, for safety reasons, don't wish to publicize the names, addresses, and telephone numbers of their members. It was through this office that Matthew got in touch with the Northern Ireland Mixed Marriage Association. NIMMA, as it is called by the twenty-odd Ulster couples who belong to it, was founded four years ago by a few people who had run into family and ecclesiastical difficulties because husband and wife were of different religions and who thought others might benefit from their experience.

Matthew and Marie got to Corrymeela on a Friday evening in time for tea, the evening meal. A blizzard had been blowing all day, but despite snowdrifts and icy roads, seven couples had turned up. In the dining room, there were no fixed seating arrangements, but a list was drawn up for doing the chores; Matthew and Marie (who were given separate bedrooms) twice during the weekend took their turn helping to set the tables and to wash the dishes. At tea, Peggy Brennan, a twenty-six-year-old physiotherapist, who is NIMMA's secretary, introduced them to some of the other couples and gave them a rundown on NIMMA activities. Membership involved being willing to shell out a pound or two when there was no money left in the kitty to pay for mimeographing and mailing the quarterly (or thereabouts) newsletter. The newsletter and releases about conferences such as this didn't identify any of the members by name, since being linked openly with an organization like NIMMA not only could be dangerous but could blight one's career. No one involved in a mixed marriage in Northern Ireland will talk about it in public without being assured of anonymity, and NIMMA couples have declined to appear on radio and television programs. They have happily helped with scripts, though, and in numerous cases they have provided direct, personal help: seeking out a home in England for a mixed couple who found it too perilous to stay in Ulster; finding a friendly priest and church for a couple who had got no help from the parish priest of the Catholic partner; and, frequently, talking with engaged or interested couples, like Matthew and Marie, whose parents and relatives were up in arms. Peggy Brennan has met several young people who were simply glad to be able to talk with someone who had been in the same boat. One Protestant boy had slept in his car the night he asked a Catholic girl to marry him; he didn't dare go in and face his father and mother. One Catholic girl began to feel that everyone on the street could see into her heart and know that she was going out with a Protestant. But Peggy Brennan has also talked one young mixed couple out of the idea of getting married; she felt that they were mostly interested in annoying their parents.

Most of NIMMA's members, reflecting the nature of things in Northern Ireland, take religion seriously. They are keen to know what their churches are doing, or not doing, about coming to grips with the problems of marriage between Catholic and Protestant—or, indeed, across any other religious divide, though so far no Jewish or Muslim partners have presented themselves. The official Catholic position was restated early this century in a Papal decree of Pius X, usually referred to as "Ne Temere" (1907): mixed marriages were forbidden unless the Church gave special permission for them, to avoid "a graver evil" (presumably, marriage outside the Church); Catholics could in any event be excommunicated if they failed to marry according to the rites of the Catholic Church, and any such marriage would be null and void. (This was given bitter prominence in Belfast



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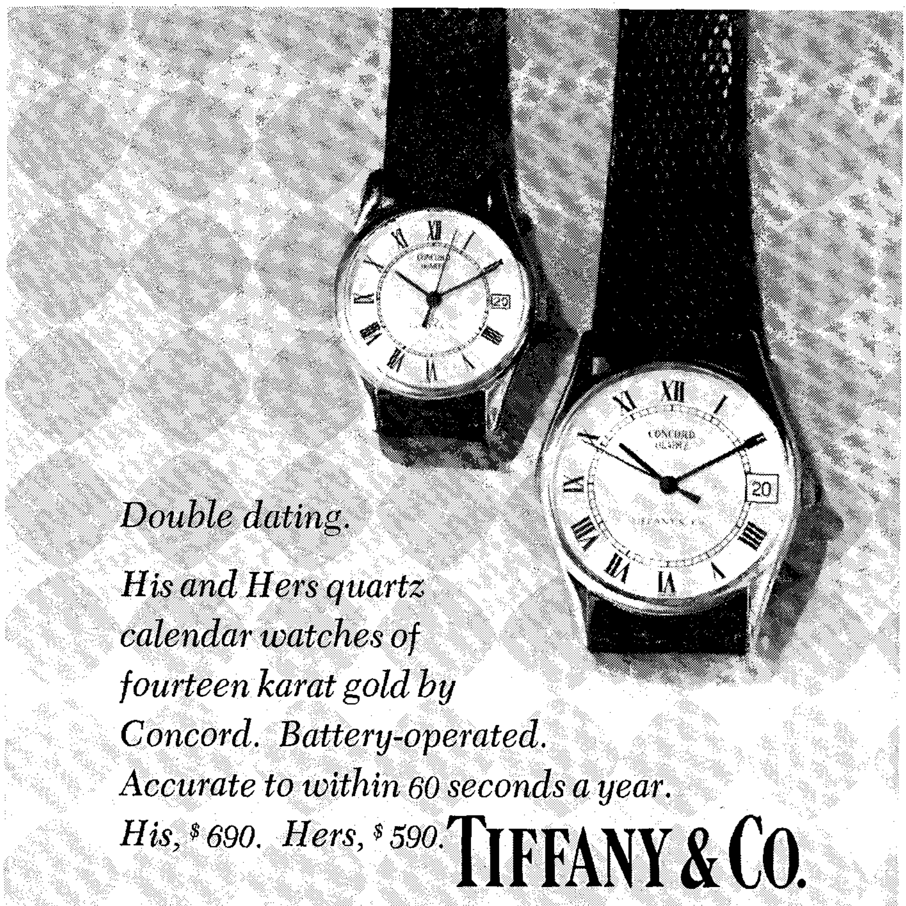
in 1910 when a Catholic named Alexander McGinn, who was alleged to have been prompted by his priest, left his Protestant wife and removed their children, claiming that he was not married to her.) The Catholic Code of Canon Law, dating from 1918, demanded strict written guarantees that in any mixed marriage the children would be baptized and educated as Catholics, the non-Catholic would not attempt to convert the Catholic, and the Catholic would "strive with prudence" to convert the non-Catholic. These conditions were somewhat modified in a decree of the Holy Congregation for the Doctrine of the Faith, "Matrimonii Sacramentum" (1966), and in a letter from Pope Paul VI, "Motu Proprio Matrimonia Mixta" (1970), after which the promises not to try to convert and to try to convert were dropped and the non-Catholic's pledge to bring up the children as Catholics was eliminated. These conditions were modified, that is, except where bishops chose to maintain them. In Ireland, the printed application for dispensation to marry a non-Catholic is still usually given to the Catholic for signature. The person signing attests to a declaration to remain steadfast in the Catholic faith and to a promise "to do everything possible to ensure that all the children born of [the] marriage will be baptized and brought up in the knowledge and practice of the Catholic religion." The priest concerned records his opinion of the non-Catholic's reaction to an explanation of all this, and completes the sentence "I think the likelihood of the children being baptized and brought up as Catholics is very good/good/slight." The form is then sent to the bishop, who makes up his mind whether or not to allow the marriage. Although in principle Catholics are now allowed to get married in other churches if a priest is present, in Ireland they find that in practice they are pushed into getting married in a Catholic church.

Half a dozen churchmen were at Corrymeela for one part or another of the weekend. They were a Methodist chaplain from Queen's University; a Church of Ireland vicar from central Belfast; a local Methodist minister; the Reverend Ray Davey, a Presbyterian and the leader of Corrymeela; the Church of Ireland Archbishop of Armagh and Primate of All-Ireland, the Most Reverend George Simms; and Father Adrian Hastings, who had formerly been a Catholic missionary in Africa and was now a lecturer in religious studies at Aberdeen University,



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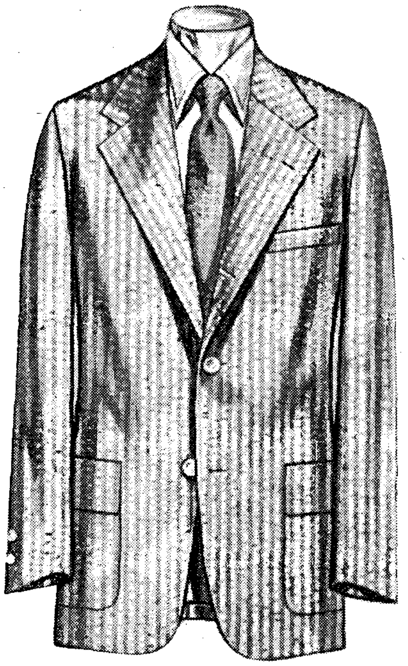

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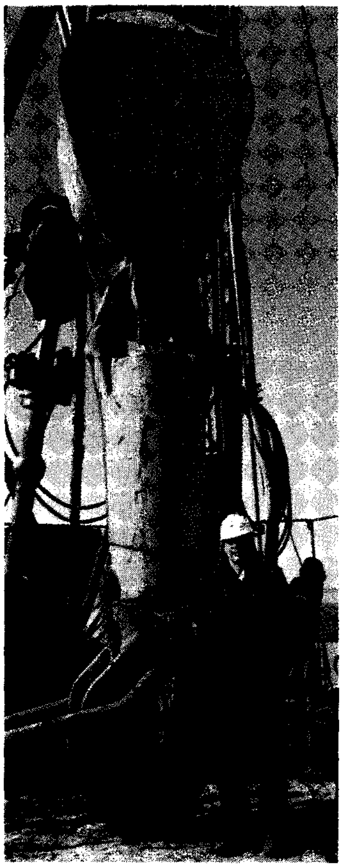
"That's me, my wife Britt, and my son Erick at Matagorda Beach. We come here as often as we can."



"I think you can have both energy and a good environment, if you try to do things right."

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Scotland, and who was there for the entire weekend to speak and to lead discussions. Through contacts with Spanish missionaries, Father Hastings learned of Portuguese Army massacres in Tete Province, Mozambique, and in 1973 he brought this to the attention of the London *Times* and thereby of the world. His most recent contribution to that paper was a letter to the editor, printed a few days before the NIMMA meeting, suggesting that criticism made by the Catholic Bishop of Ardagh and Clonmacnois about a vacuum in British government policy toward Ulster owed something to the Bishop's unease about the Northern Ireland peace movement, which had been having some success in bringing the two communities together. Father Hastings wrote to the *Times*, "Human society has its perennial mechanisms for reconciling divided groups, the chief of these being the common education of the young and marriage across the divide. The logic of the peace movement is to encourage shared education and mixed marriages; the current discipline of the Catholic bishops of Ireland is to oppose them."

Archbishop Simms talked after tea. People sat in the lounge in an elongated oval of chairs—NIMMA couples, Corrymeela staff, a few local people, and Matthew and Marie, whose elbows were touching, and who looked as if they would like to be holding hands. The northerly gale rattled the windows, and the Archbishop—a wiry, gray-haired man—gave the impression of having to speak a little louder than he normally did. He talked about the joint Anglican-Roman Catholic commission on mixed marriage, set up by the Pope and the Archbishop of Canterbury, on which he had served. After six meetings in various countries over eight years, the commission had recommended that mixed marriages take place before ministers of the church of either partner; that the Catholic be told of his obligation in the eyes of his church to bring up the children as Catholics, but that no promise be demanded; and that there be joint pastoral care by the ministers of the two partners. The Archbishop said, "When two persons meet and want to marry, it is their own affair. But two churches are also meeting, two doctrines are encountering one another, two authorities are to be reckoned with, two societies and two cultures. And yet marriage is about unity. We want the unity of the marriage to be preserved and developed. We don't want it to be threatened, damaged, torn apart."

All this was fine—or so those who spoke in the ensuing discussion, which was accompanied by coffee and biscuits, seemed to agree. It was what they had hoped an intelligent leading ecclesiastic would say. But on the ground, in Northern Ireland—"the end of the line," as one person put it—did it help? Peggy Brennan said, "Many mixed-marriage couples feel that the churches are playing a high drama that the couples are just pawns in." Rules and regulations may be slowly modified, but many still have an irksome and, often, a divisive effect. The Catholic Church formerly provided an extremely threadbare ceremony for mixed marriages, which it insisted take place within it, and though it now allows a nuptial Mass to take place at the wedding, the non-Catholic partner is not allowed to receive Communion, while the Catholic partner may—an act of separation at the moment of intended unity. The churches seem to foster their own differences for their own purposes, whether by ecclesiastical nit-picking or by condemning the truth of the other side.

Anyone cooler toward religion than the people meeting at Corrymeela might have felt that the churches of Northern Ireland were fortunate, in this age of the secularization of practically everything, to have members who took their religion so seriously that they wanted to get married in church, to worship, and to bring up their children as practicing Christians. The very language used by the churches, whether stern ("dispensation," "discipline," "church authority") or mild ("inter-church," "inter-communion," "spiritual welfare"), might put off those not involved in religion. Thus, the dilemma of the churches at once mirrors and sustains the dilemma of Ireland. Churchmen on both sides are the inheritors of church traditions; of their own revolutions, reformations, and partitions; of distinctions about orders and sacraments which they take with desperate seriousness. (One Church of Ireland vicar visiting Corrymeela refused on theological grounds to take part in a Communion service at which a Methodist officiated, but he participated the next day, when a Catholic priest was in charge.)

As his letter to the *Times* indicated, Father Adrian Hastings, a tall, slightly gawky man in his late forties, is a forward-looking priest, but much of the

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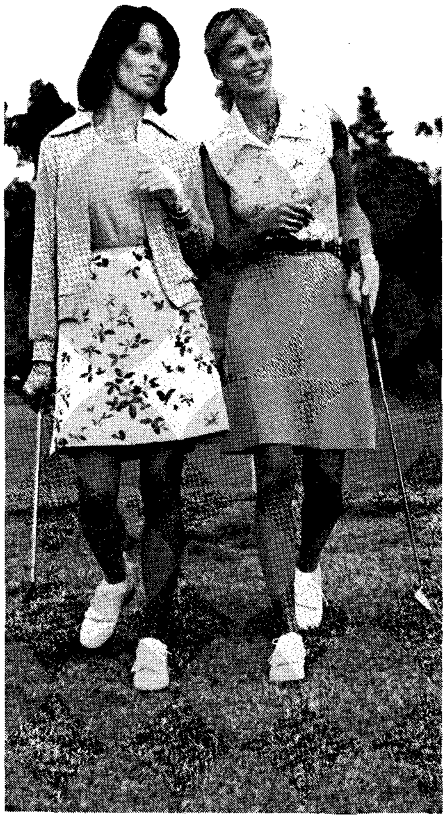

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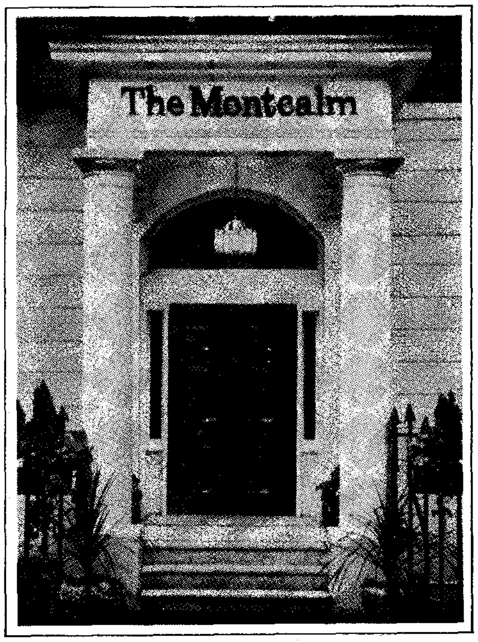

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originality of what he had to say when he talked on Saturday seemed to lie in a tense awareness of the relation between what ought to be and what could be. He said that all human societies had marriage but that in our Western society marriage had become "personalized," its social implications reduced; we exalted the nuclear family, living in its own little box, and often watching another little box. Yet through marriage one acquired new relatives—aunts, uncles, cousins, and so on. Marriage could have political consequences, in the way that in the past, through alliances of royal families, it had had for nations. In many African tribes, marriage was still seen as a link between two lineage groups. Marriage could be a way of making peace—it could have been so for the Montagues and the Capulets. What began as a personal choice of two individuals had wider consequences, such as grandchildren for grandparents (two couples who might otherwise never have met), and relatives who might provide support of one sort or another—lend you money, help you find a job or a house, or simply have you in their house for a chat. If one lost this—if one was "without family"—life was impoverished and possibly more stressful. As for Northern Ireland, where tribal and ecclesial loyalties had coalesced and marriage outside one's own church was condemned, Father Hastings thought it should be noted that "where there exist two communities living side by side, people are given only three possible courses of action: domination by one group or the other; social mixing between the two communities, which must result in intermarriage; or war." He believed that the churches in Northern Ireland had to choose where they would take their stand.

On Saturday, there was a thaw. The wind had dropped and the sun shone, and in the afternoon Matthew and Marie walked along the shore to Ballycastle. A military patrol of men from the part-time Ulster Defence Regiment was searching cars on the road leading into the town, which had the slightly forlorn feeling of a seaside place in winter. But a cheerful coal fire was burning in the hearth of the saloon bar of the Antrim Arms, Ballycastle's best hotel, and there Matthew and Marie found several other couples from Corrymeela comfortably ensconced. Quite a number of those who have met through NIMMA have become good friends, who see each other for dinner or visit on weekends. They are, perhaps, a little special in the eyes of prior acquaintances who have

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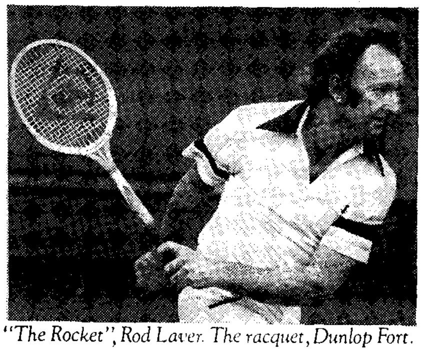

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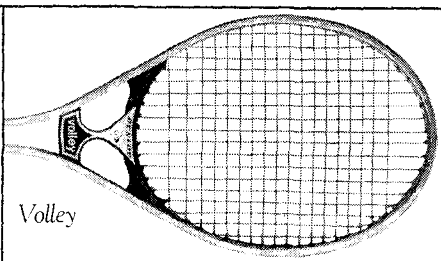
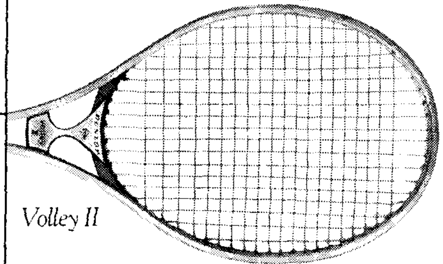
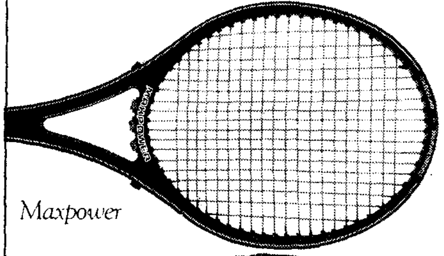


Volley



Volley II



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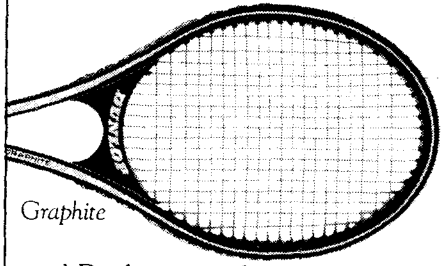

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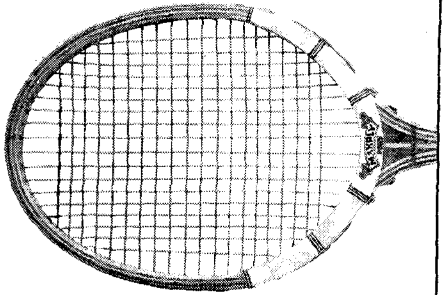

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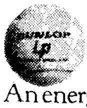

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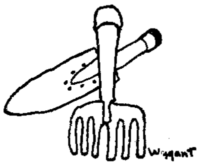
married within their own church. Marie and Matthew were soon at home in this company, and Marie was admitting that—supposing she and Matthew finally got married—the wedding itself worried her a lot. Clearly, she thought of it as the biggest thing in a girl's life, and she didn't want to be robbed of it: of the white gown and the bridesmaids in a church among family and friends. But what if none of her family showed up? What if they did turn up and had a flaming row with Matthew's family?

NIMMA members have plenty of experience in this area. Dave Mills, an engineer, said that none of his family had come to his wedding and that he was relieved, because his mother had threatened to turn up and scream at him in the midst of it. Peggy Brennan said you just couldn't tell. Sometimes parents got over their hostility as the ceremony approached, because they wanted to get involved in the preparations. Sometimes they found that the reality didn't match their dreadful anticipations. Relatives would meet relatives from the other side and say with an embarrassed smile, "I didn't think I was going to like this." Some Catholic parents, finding a priest on hand at a joint ceremony, would be appeased, since they could say, "Father So-and-So was there, so it was all right." Patrick Brennan, Peggy's husband, who is a teacher, said that his bachelor Uncle Joe had met Peggy's Aunt Martha, a widow, at his and Peggy's wedding reception, had been smitten by her, and had pestered her for weeks afterward to go out with him. Sometimes it takes a year or so for the parents to come round. One formerly vitriolic Protestant grandmother now babysits regularly for her Catholic daughter-in-law's children. One father, a Church of Ireland vicar who a few years back denounced his son's marriage to a Catholic girl on doctrinal grounds, has modified his stand: among his best friends now is a Catholic priest.



But, one gathered from the discussion, Northern Irelanders find that the exceptions are few. The fact that one Catholic turns out not to have horns doesn't mean that in Protestant eyes other Catholics aren't closely related to the Devil. (The traditional suspicion was neatly expressed in a Catholic mother's remark to her son about his girlfriend: "She seems a very nice wee girlie. Are you sure she's a Protestant?") Moreover, the fact that someone from the other side proves to be a reasonable and friendly human being doesn't create a feeling that you can talk about anything in front of them. Some areas of comment are taboo. One family had decided that their new Catholic son-in-law was a decent fellow, but had to restrain their usual sectarian remarks when he was present; for instance, during the television news a nudge or wink—"Remember, Paddy's here"—might be called for if it looked as though someone were about to blame a crime on the I.R.A.

And some parents never come round. Patrick Brennan's mother hasn't, four years after his marriage to Peggy, a Protestant. If he calls the house and his mother picks up the phone, she silently hands it to her husband or one of the children. In numerous cases, the bitterness goes terribly deep, and is cherished, and even paraded, like the pains of Irish history. Letters go unanswered or are returned unopened. Possibly because family pride is so strong in Ulster and the moment when children break away from their families is in any event fraught with tension, the additional element of religious difference in the outsider who is carrying off a son or daughter creates hurts or abysses that are often incurable or unbridgeable.

One couple in the Antrim Arms bar, Seamus and Angie Kennedy, told Matthew and Marie what they had gone through to get a Catholic dispensation for marriage. Angie's family, who were Protestants, had emigrated to Connecticut in 1956, when she was nine. Her father runs a small machine shop in a town I will call Conway, not far from Hartford. Angie grew up in Conway but came back to Northern Ireland every second summer to stay with relatives; and in 1971, with a degree in Romance and classical languages from the University of Connecticut at Storrs and a year's social work in Hartford behind her, she returned to be a welfare worker in Derry. (Although many North American political leaders, including at least ten American Presidents, have come from Ulster stock, Protestant Northern Irishmen emigrate with reluctance, and few nowadays for once and for all. Their love of country is fierce. Angie's father plans to move back to Ulster when he retires, if the Troubles have died down. Angie talks with a strong Ulster accent, despite her long American childhood.) Angie met Seamus, a geography teacher in a Catholic grammar school, one Saturday in a pub in a country town where she was on a summer training course. At first, though they were attracted

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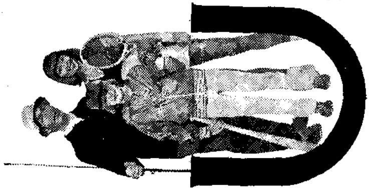

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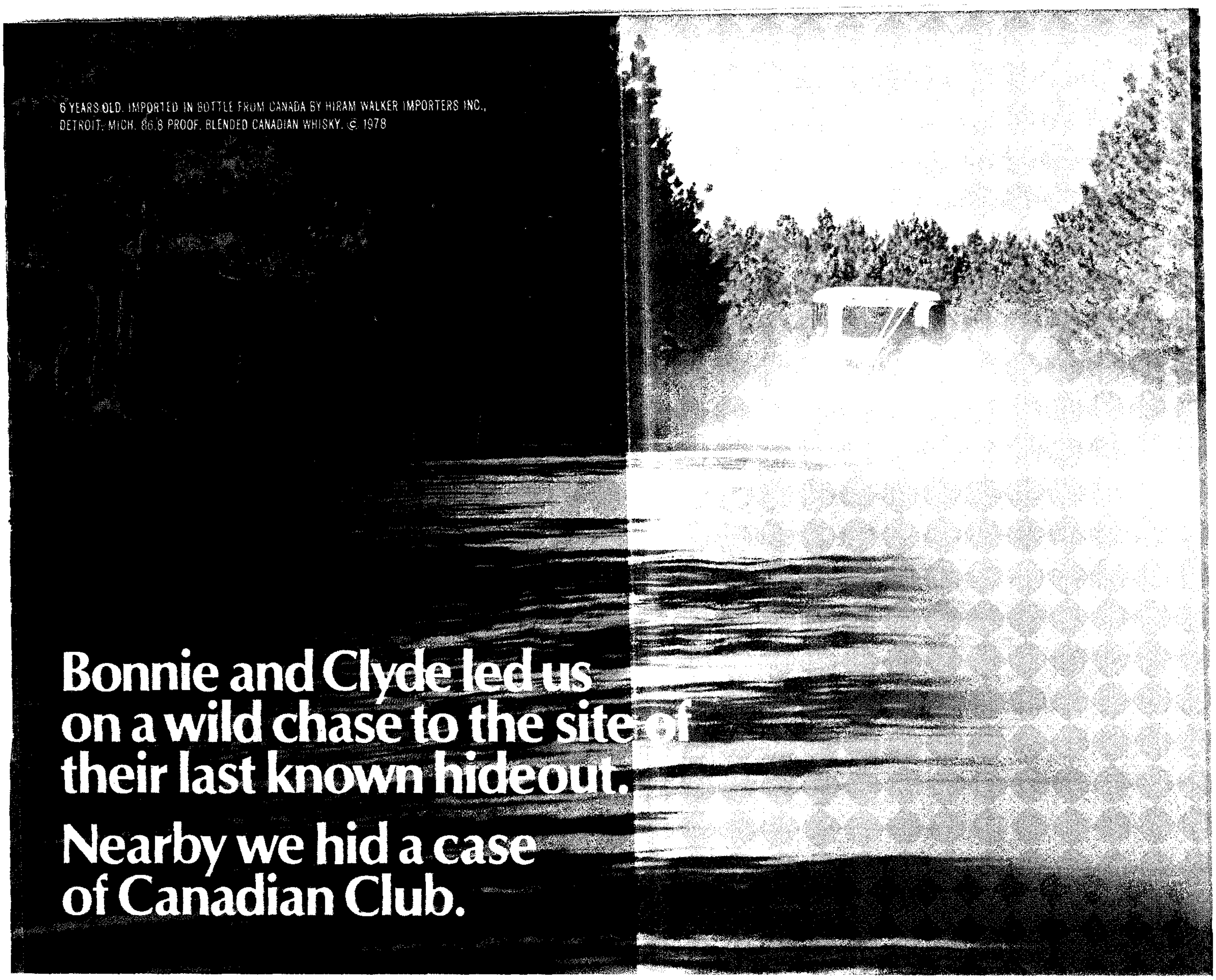

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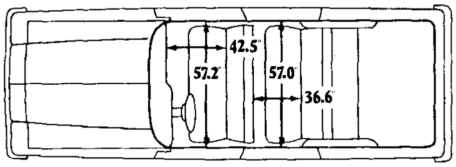

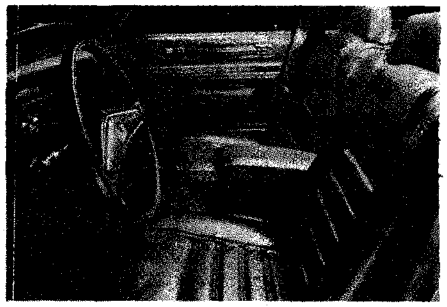

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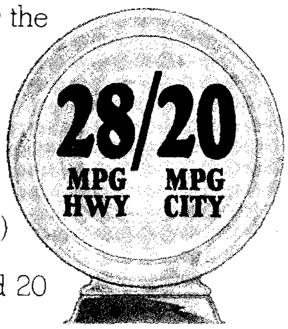

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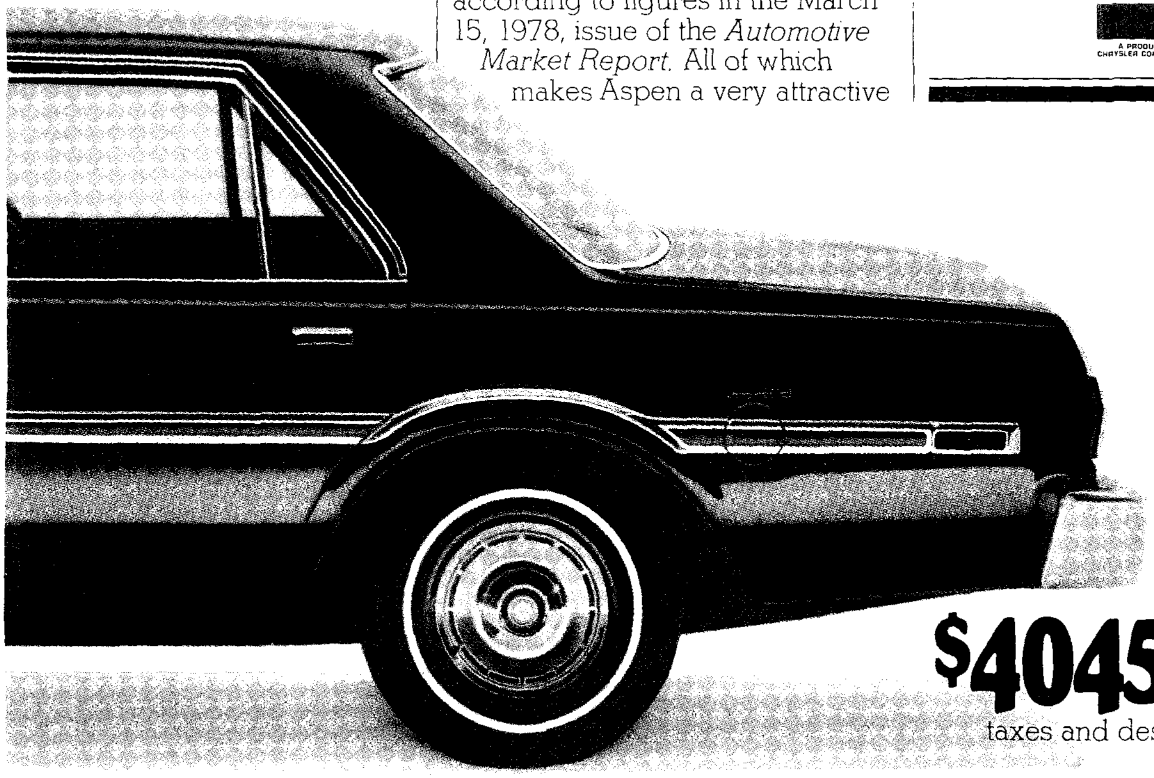

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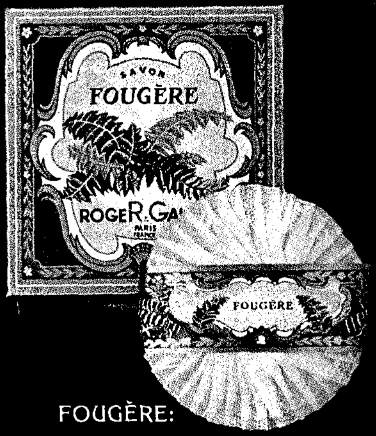
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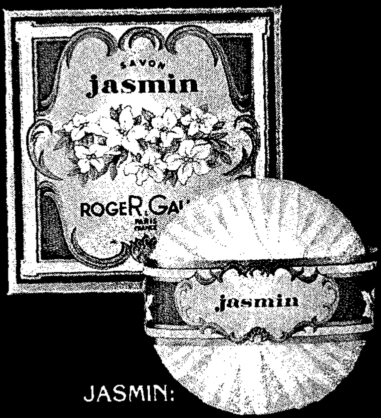
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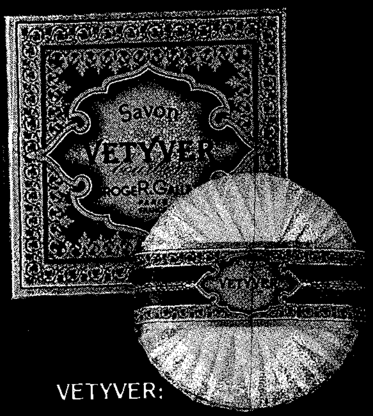
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Tangy green and fresh, not sweet.
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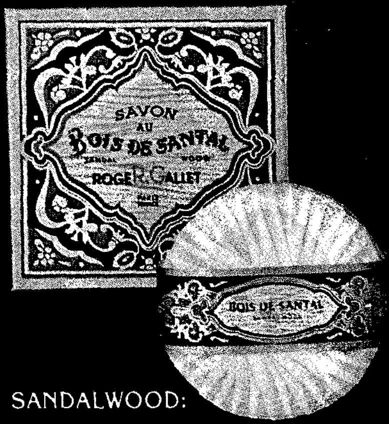
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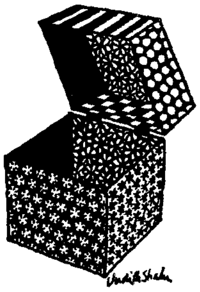
BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH II. MANUFACTURERS OF SOAP to one another, they thought there was no future in getting involved. But Seamus convinced himself and Angie that the Catholic Church was making progress. He bought various pamphlets on marriage from the Catholic Truth Society's bookshop in Belfast. Vatican II and "Motu Proprio" encouraged him. "I read Bishop Philbin's pamphlet on authority and conscience, to learn about the man who would be saying yes or no to our dispensation," Seamus told Matthew and Marie. "The Bishop writes in it to the effect that authority should not be authoritarian. I was sure that we were going to be O.K." Seamus's young local parish priest helped them complete the application form for a dispensation, on which they had to specify the date of the marriage and the church where they wanted it to take place. While Seamus made a trip to the bar for a round of drinks, Angie said, "We were a bit simple. Though I'm not a Quaker, I'd sometimes been to the Quaker meeting in Belfast. The Quakers said we could get married there, and so we put that down, and the date—May, 1973."



The form was then sent to Dr. William Philbin, the Bishop of Down and Connor, and a scholar of Greek and Irish literature. He refused to give permission for the marriage. The priest, sympathetic to Seamus and Angie, telephoned the Bishop to restate their case and was told that too many mixed marriages were taking place, that there was a danger of the Catholic laity's being scandalized. The priest then tried to see the Bishop in person but was not granted an interview. Seamus decided to write to Bishop Philbin humbly asking for advice about getting married to Angie. Two weeks later, he had a reply saying that what he wanted was "not in accordance with the laws of the Church in this country," and adding, "Please be guided by your parish priest." The priest, as it happened, was moved to a less congenial parish later that year. "He was lucky it wasn't Rathlin Island," said Seamus.

"We felt very much alone just then," said Angie, and Marie looked at Matthew, as if someone were speaking her words for her. "There was no NIMMA in those days. We didn't know whom to ask for advice." Angie had been sure of the dispensation. Her dress and the dresses for her bridesmaids had been made. A deposit had been paid to the hotel where they were going to have the reception. One of Angie's aunts, well known as a vehement anti-Catholic, had as a peace gesture offered to bake the wedding cake. Angie had to tell her what had happened and thus arouse her old feelings. Angie lost her deposit on the reception. She told Seamus hotly that if the wedding wasn't fixed by April it was all off. Seamus's mother now decided that the Bishop must have good reasons, and therefore, she said, *she* wasn't coming to the wedding, when, or if, it took place. Seamus was shocked by the Bishop's refusal; he couldn't understand how the Church could claim to be the repository of truth and act like that.

It began to look as if they would have to get married elsewhere. They made a weekend trip to Dublin by bus to see a liberal priest, who offered to help them if they wanted to get married in the Irish Republic. They heard from Angie's father, who suggested that they have the wedding in America. Suddenly this seemed the best thing to do. In April, they filled in a second form asking for permission to marry, and put down for the date and place of marriage August, 1973, Conway, Connecticut. Then they waited. Weeks went by. No word from Bishop Philbin. Seamus's priest didn't hear. Seamus didn't hear. In June, Angie wrote to her father saying that it might all be off—no dispensation. Her father went to tell the Conway Catholic priest, who had agreed to take part in a joint service in Conway Congregational Church. The priest said he had received the dispensation direct from Bishop Philbin in May, had assumed that the Bishop had told Seamus's parish priest, and had been waiting for Angie's parents to confirm the arrangements.

Angie said, "My blood still boils when I think about it. The high-handedness! The Bishop didn't have the courtesy to tell us."

Seamus felt that the Bishop had acted hypocritically, giving permission for the marriage to take place in the United States but not in Northern Ireland. Seamus said, "If it was wrong here, it was wrong anywhere."

They gave a party for their Belfast friends before they left, and were married in Conway Congregational Church in August. The priest and the minister, who work together on various community projects, shared the service. One of Seamus's brothers was best man, and a cousin of Angie's was the bridesmaid; they alone of the two sets of families and relatives in Ulster could afford to

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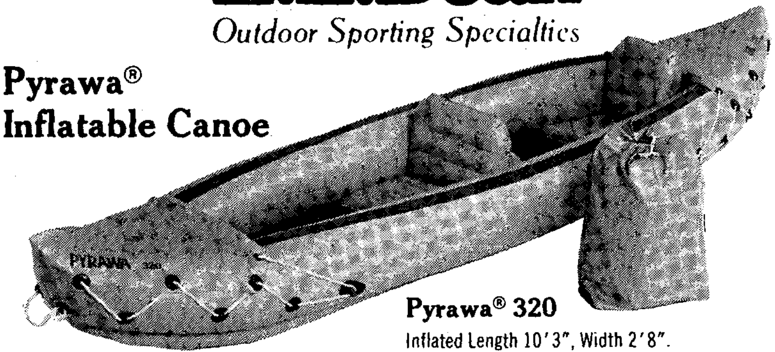

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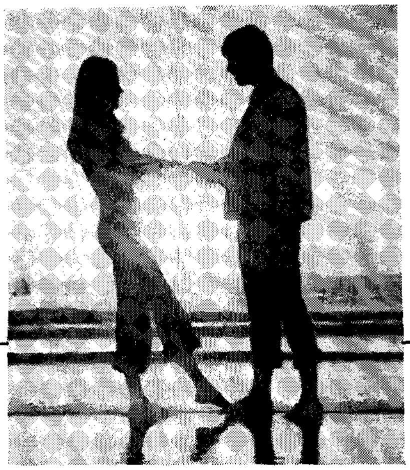
make the trip. Seamus and Angie saw Niagara Falls, the Appalachian Trail, and Washington, D.C. But Angie is still upset that she didn't have her May wedding in the Quaker meeting house in the city she considers her home.

"You're right," said Marie. "It isn't fair."

In most places, the effect of such happenings could serve to turn a couple away from religion. Even in Northern Ireland, some people are known to have had no more to do with churches after encounters of this kind. But the clergy are not alone in being obstinate; many lay people appear determined not to leave their religion in the hands of the clergy. Seamus has found that though he goes to church less, he worries about religion more. Matthew says that until he met Marie he was unquestioning about the Church of Ireland. Now he has questions and wants answers. Angie goes more frequently to the Quaker meetings than she did before marriage, and though she still says from time to time, "The Catholic Church is a horrible institution"—at which Seamus, knowing her reasons, nods glumly—she also admits that not all bishops act as Bishop Philbin acted in regard to them.

Bishop Philbin is considered to be "a hard case." So is Bishop Cornelius Lucey, in Cork, in the Irish Republic. And so are many Protestant ministers, who are terrified of the Catholic menace. There are also many well-meaning clerics on both sides who declare that time will heal but don't attempt to speed up the healing process; good relations between the churches are fine, but best if they don't lead to intermarriage. The Catholic orders are considered by many people to be advanced in social and political matters—the Dominican nuns of Aquinas Hall, Belfast, have a reputation for helping in communal activities across the religious divide—but two of the orders, the Jesuits and the Benedictines, have not been encouraged to settle in Northern Ireland. However, two recent episcopal appointments—Bishop Edward Daly, of Derry, and Bishop Francis Brooks, of Dromore—are taken as hopeful signs. Bishop Daly talks in person to engaged mixed couples, encourages his priests to take part in joint marriage services with Protestant ministers, and has declared that if one partner takes religion more seriously than the other the wedding should be held in that person's church, whatever the denomination. Father Michael Hurley, the director of the Irish School of Ecumenics, in Dublin, says, looking at the whole of Ireland, that mixed marriage is "probably the single biggest divisive issue in Irish life." He has organized inter-church conferences on the subject, which were not attended by any Catholic bishops, but at one of which Garret FitzGerald, then the Foreign Minister of the Irish Republic, who is the son of a Presbyterian mother and a Catholic father, received Communion from a Protestant clergyman. Some hitherto die-hard Protestant ministers are beginning to realize that they need an informed and educated laity, which their churches have rarely had. (Some perhaps bear in mind the words of a Protestant lecturer at Queen's to a Unionist Party meeting a few years ago: "What the Party has to fear is not being outbred by Catholics. It is being outbred by reasonable men.") One of Bishop Philbin's diocesan priests, Father Desmond Wilson, resigned from his post in 1975 and set up as a free lance, supported by local people in Ballymurphy, Belfast. Among the reasons he gave for resigning was the failure of the Catholic Church in Northern Ireland to provide leadership for its flock in regard to integrated education and mixed marriage. Father Wilson proposed a set of new words to replace the present "promise." Both partners should be asked, he thought, "to use their best efforts of wisdom and grace in order to make sure that their children will have the benefit of worship and knowledge of God."

Children create moments at which mixed couples must make new decisions. The "promise" looms larger when the first child is born: is the baby to be baptized a Catholic? The very certificate of baptism may give the impression that the child belongs to one religion only; one parent may have a great feeling of loss. In Ireland in the nineteenth century, some mixed couples followed the practice—sometimes called the Galway convention—of raising boys in the father's religion, girls in the mother's. One NIMMA couple have christened their six children alternately, the first Catholic, the next Protestant, and so on. If, having acquired a religious identity, the children later want to change, then that will be fine, the parents say. Education forces further problems on a mixed family. If they have been successfully lying low until this point, decisions about schools bring them into the open. Unless they can afford private schools, most people will have to choose between state and Catholic schools. The NIMMA couple with the six alternately baptized children have solved the problem by sending them to a Quaker school at Lisburn, a twenty-minute train ride from Belfast, where



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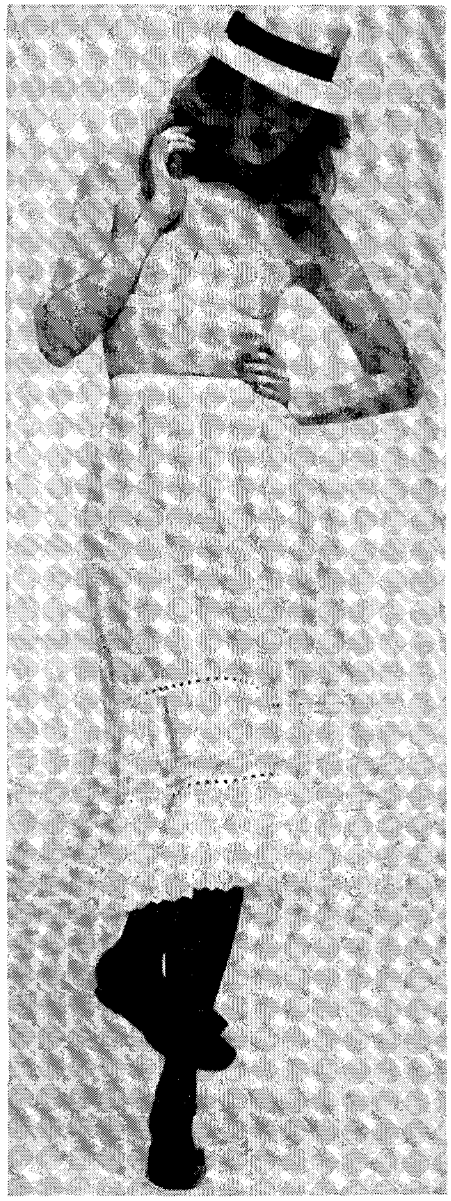

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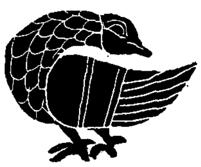
brighter children are educated without fee but others have to pay. Angie is pregnant, and she and Seamus have the Quaker school in mind, though Seamus says, "If the government encouraged an experiment in mixed education, we feel we'd have to support it." As it is, a small number of Catholic parents are said to be sending their children to state schools despite the strictures of some of their clergy. The children may have to put up with occasional taunts of "Mick" or "Fenian," but, as Seamus and Matthew remember, fights between boys from Catholic and Protestant secondary schools have always been frequent—a necessary rite for boys meeting on their way to and from their separate establishments. The chances of fights might be reduced—or, at least, placed on a nonreligious basis—if the schools were not segregated.



Together with the usual pains and pleasures of married life, mixed couples have some intensified ups and downs. The marriage may bring out prejudices the partners didn't know they had. Some find they had better not talk about anything to do with religion; a few split up for that reason. In a book entitled "The Northern Ireland Problem," two Quakers, Denis P. Barritt and Professor Charles F. Carter, write that the churches in Ulster are wise to discourage mixed Protestant-Catholic marriages, "for the tensions existing in a mixed marriage frequently disrupt family life, and are an important source of social problems." NIMMA members don't see it that way. They believe that the heart-searching and opposition beforehand create a marriage (if it takes place after all) that is in most respects stronger than usual. The determination needed, particularly in Ulster, to see a romance through to the altar is a determination valuable in seeing a marriage through. There are pleasures to be got from doing something that various people condemn as disastrous or impossible. Perhaps, too, couples who get involved in such situations are those who by their nature want to break out of the closed family/religious/tribal network of their own kind, in order to find diversity and fresh blood. Marie, one of ten, found it interesting that Matthew was one of two, and motherless. Furthermore, for those who go on taking their religion seriously, new facets of the problem are forever popping up—how grace is to be said at meals; what sort of family prayers there should be; which church one is to go to on Sunday, and whether one goes alone or with one's partner—and successfully tackling them can provide a sense of achievement. One person at Corrymeela said, "A mixed marriage is a down-to-earth form of 'power sharing'—something Ulster politicians have yet to work out."

A mixed marriage is also a sacrament, a sign. On Sunday morning at Corrymeela, everyone attended a well-mixed service. Father Hastings celebrated a simple Mass, interspersed in Protestant fashion with hymns, and was assisted by a young Methodist minister. A kitchen table served for an altar. Matthew and Marie walked up together in the long line to receive Communion: wine in a chalice, which was held by the minister; the communion bread brown whole meal baked at Corrymeela and broken into small fragments, which Father Hastings placed in each communicant's hands. In the afternoon, after lunch had been cleared away, those who had come to Corrymeela for the weekend said goodbye to one another. Matthew was going to leave Marie near her house in Bangor and go on to his aunt's house in Donegall Road. Peggy Brennan told them to keep in touch with NIMMA. As Matthew's car started up, Angie Kennedy waved goodbye and Seamus called out the customary Northern Ireland farewell: "Safe home!"

FOR a short while after their trip to Corrymeela, Marie and Matthew felt more confident. They now knew people who had had difficulties similar to their own, and could call on them for help and advice. They had encountered a few churchmen who were aware of the problems caused by their institutions and were working to minimize them. Marie had liked being in a place where she hadn't felt she was hiding something; it had been pleasant to be somewhere with Matthew for a few days, to be unexceptional, even to do dishes together.

And yet after a week they began to wonder. Were they any closer to knowing what to do? Did it help much to be told that they, and couples like them, were helping to draw the churches together and to produce a common Christian mind when Marie's parents still wouldn't let Matthew into the house? Marie can't help feeling a little envy of a Catholic girl she knows at the hospital who is marrying a Catholic boy; the girl gets engagement presents and talks about shopping for her trousseau, while Marie feels she must keep quiet about her friendship with Matthew. "You don't want too many peo-

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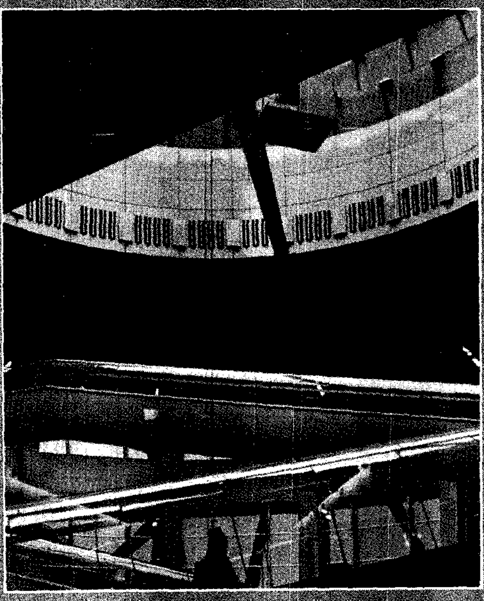

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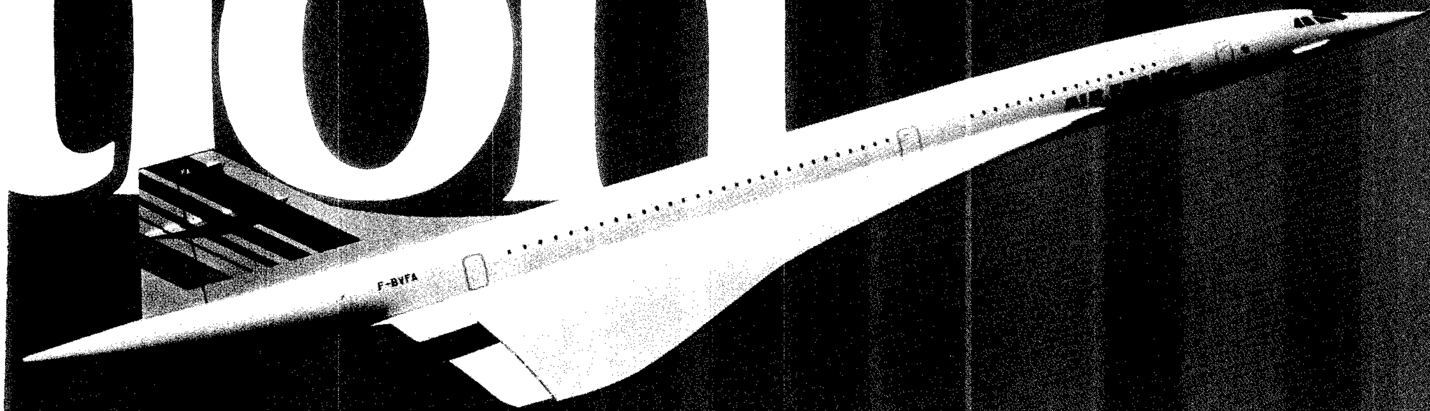

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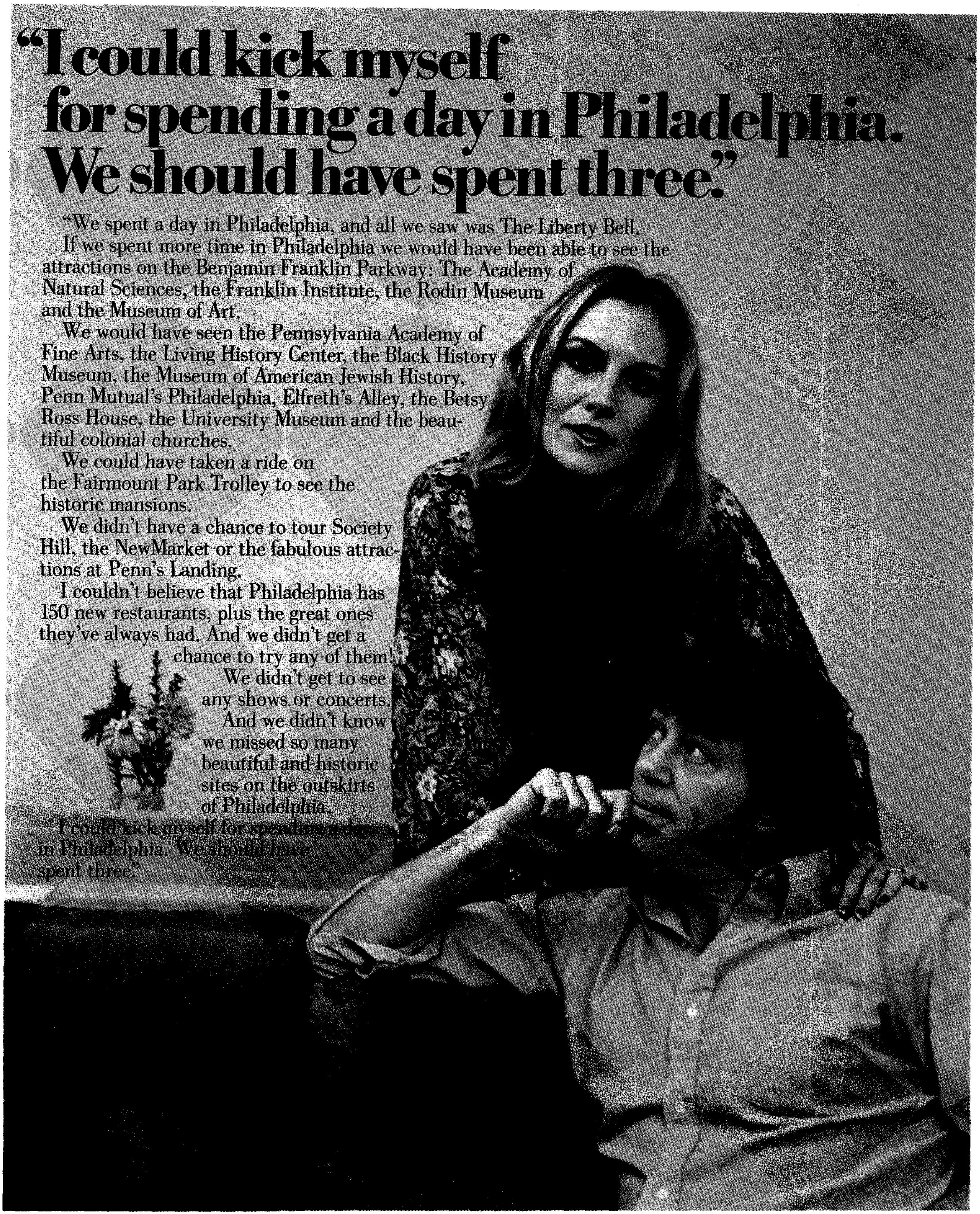

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ple to know," Marie says. "You don't have the usual kind of happiness." As for when they will get married, Matthew says, "We're biding our time." They were going to get formally engaged on Marie's birthday, just after Christmas, but didn't. They don't want to feel they are being rushed into things by outside pressure. They want to make the right decisions. Sometimes they think they might be better off going abroad to get married, and perhaps they would if, like Angie, they had family living abroad—and if Marie's parents hadn't told them to clear off for the wedding. They resent being told to leave their own country. It is hard for an outsider to imagine as he stands in one of those dour Belfast streets, where you can look west and see Black and Divis Mountains looming over the city and turn to the east and see the dark cranes of the shipyards where the Titanic was built, that native Catholic and native Protestant alike feel a passionate attachment to Ulster. Matthew knows there are good reasons for them not only to get married abroad but to work abroad for a while, perhaps in a hospital in a developing country: it would get them away from their families and enable them to save for a down payment on a house in a good, safe area when they got back. Possibly if everyone in Northern Ireland lay low outside Belfast the violence might end, or possibly suburbanization and secularization have their own cost in coldness and apathy. In any event, Matthew is afraid his family would miss him abroad, and he suspects that he and Marie would not fit in in another country—that they wouldn't be outgoing enough to make friends and enjoy it. This is their home, in spite of everything. "We're not going to be like our parents," Marie says crossly. "We have our own future." But they look older than their years. Some who know them have the impression that they are wedded to their present state of courting: going out together several times a week but living in separate, well-established homes, from which they will find it hard to break away.

—ANTHONY BAILEY

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MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Champaign-Urbana (Ill.) News Gazette*]

DETROIT (AP)—A resident of a northeast Detroit neighborhood, understandably reticent about giving her name for publication, says she has found a way to discourage cars from speeding past her house.

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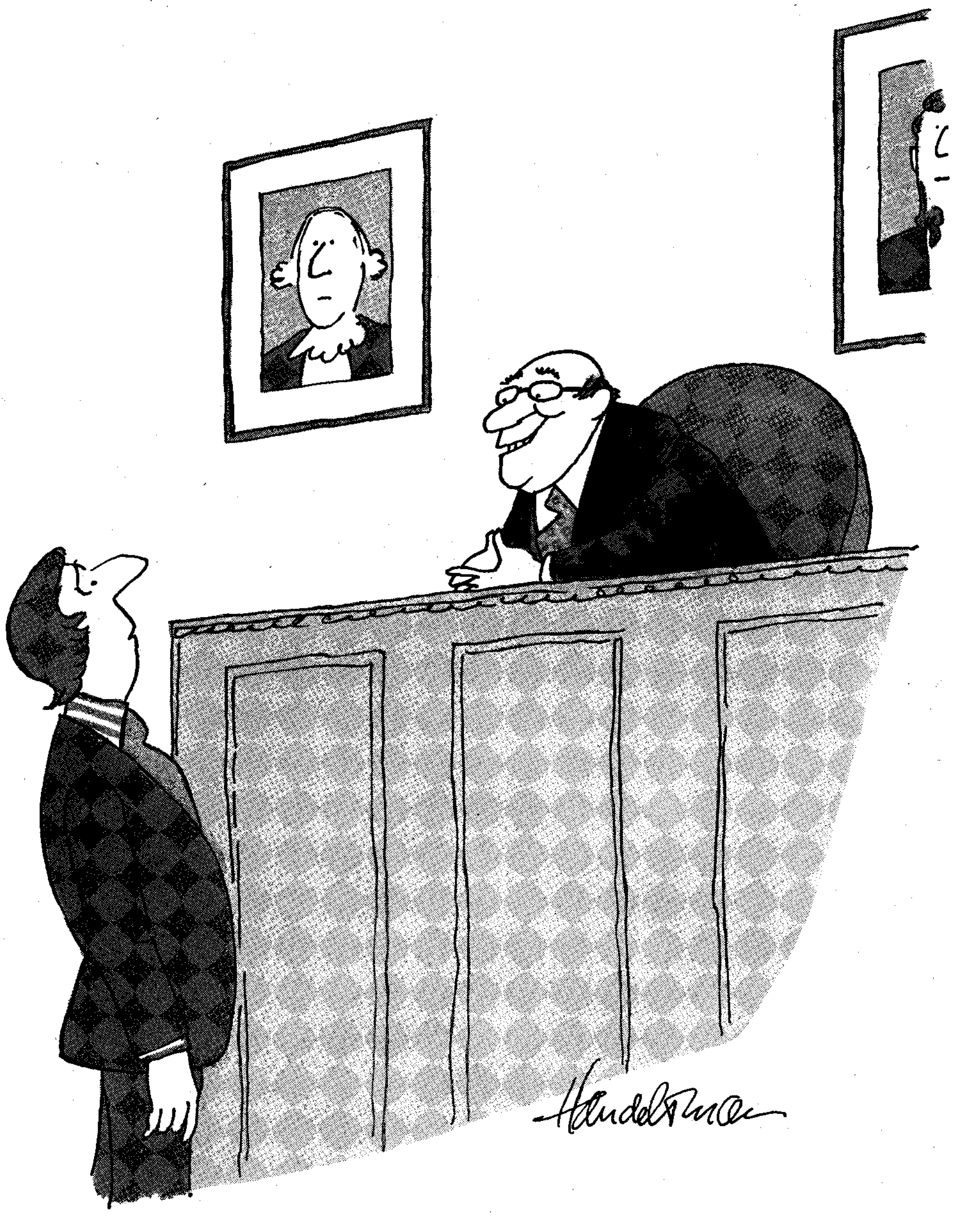
Lanford Wilson's "The 5th of July," which opened last week at the Circle Repertory, is set in a Missouri farmhouse on and around the eponymous date in 1977. Kenneth Talley, Jr., a Vietnam veteran making do with two wooden legs, owns the farm, where he has been living with his male lover, and is eager to sell it. The action takes place on the evening of the holiday and the following morning, when six people—Kenneth's sister; his thirteen-year-old niece; a copper heiress named Gwen, who is also a country-and-Western singer; Gwen's lover and manager, John; her guitarist; and Kenneth's aunt—are staying at the house with him. The house was once the aunt's; she has given it to Kenneth and now lives in retirement in California, and she is back home to inter the ashes of her late husband. Gwen is as much a sales prospect as she is a guest, and she does seem interested in buying the house—when she comes into focus, that is, for she is a self-described "burnt-out case," from drugs and drink, at thirty-three. The action just seems to drift along. There are monologues—indeed, the play at times could be considered an amalgam of these arias which arise out of not much of anything—there are sessions of reminiscence of the old days at Berkeley, where Kenneth, his sister, Gwen, and her lover were activist undergraduates in the sixties; there are dustups and reconciliations; and there are a few passages of genuine comedy. Yet beneath all the apparently random activity there are feelings, most of them sexual, and a story, of sorts, is being told. The evening ends with a burst of violence, a revelation, and a resolution, also of sorts.

"The 5th of July" is Mr. Wilson's most ambitious play so far, and, regrettably, it is his most verbose, seeming at times to be almost smothered in words; those monologues become very trying. There is no doubt, though, that he is a writer, in a profession crowded with non-writers. (But only Chekhov can write Chekhov's plays.) The four principal characters are the Berkeley classmates, remnants of the nineteen-sixties treading water in the nineteen-seventies, and they are on-and-off believable and on-and-off synthetic. The others range from the thirteen-year-old girl, who is ninety per cent plastic (and a pain besides), to the guitarist, a displaced flower child (displaced in time, that is), who is a truly successful comic creation. Delightfully played by Danton Stone, he is the essence of gullibility and the perfect mark for put-ons—and this crowd, whatever its other shortcomings, is adept at the deadpan treatment.

The Circle Repertory Company is not repertory, but it is certainly a company, and the actors work very well together, under the direction of Marshall W. Mason, who is also their artistic director. Separately, they do pretty well with the rather thin parts assigned them. William Hurt, who was so splendid in "Ulysses in Traction" and "My Life" (both at the Circle Repertory), is as convincing as possible in the role of Kenneth; the others are Nancy Snyder as the copper heiress/country singer, Jonathan Hogan as her lover, Jeff Daniels as Kenneth's lover, Joyce Reehling as Kenneth's sister, and Helen Stenborg as his aunt. Amy Wright, billed as a guest artist, is stuck with that tiresome child and performs her capably. John Lee Beatty's settings are especially impressive, his living room, in the first act, giving the illusion of infinite space on the small stage. Costumes by Laura Crow, lighting by Marc B. Weiss. —Edith Oliver



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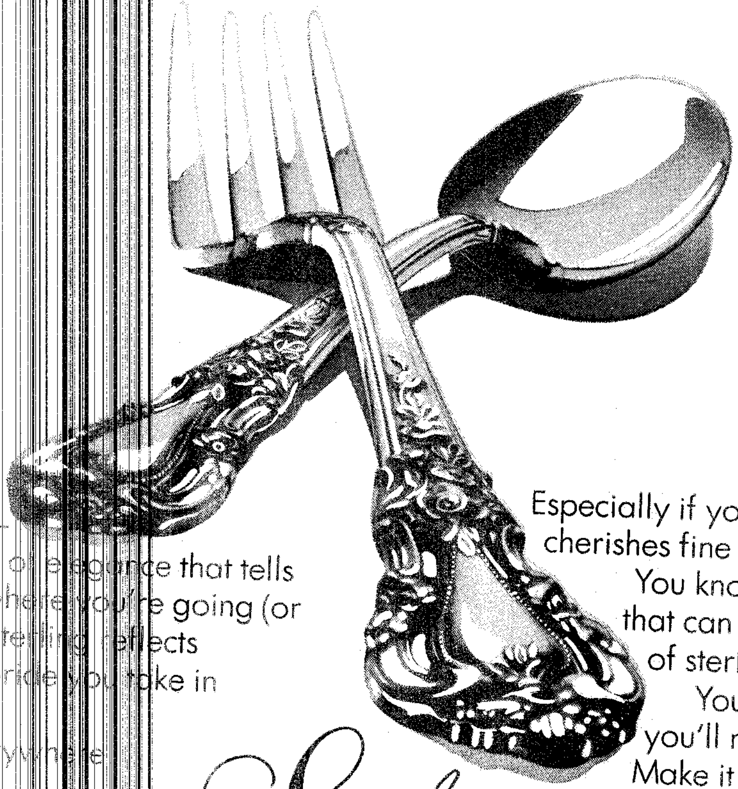

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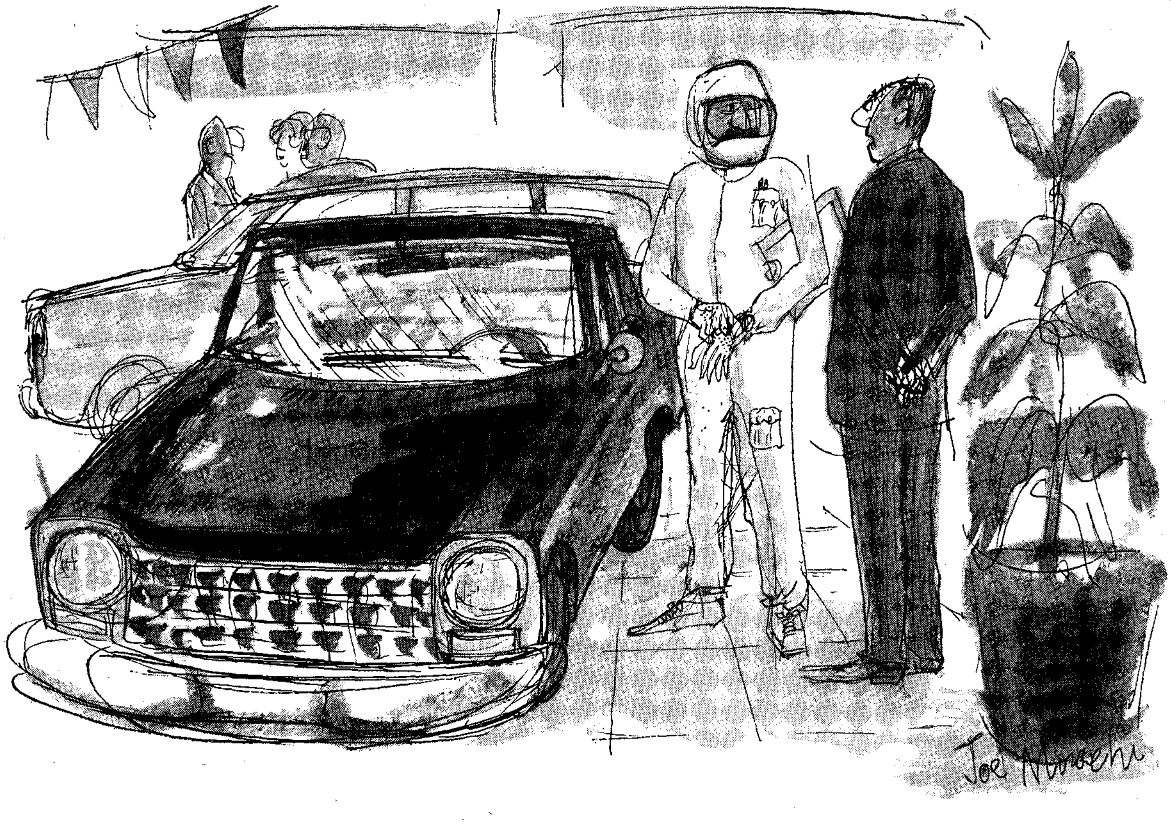
THE SPORTING SCENE

THE PASSING YEARS

LAST October 14th, moments after finishing a well-played round at La Moraleja Golf Club, outside Madrid, Bing Crosby died of a heart attack. He was seventy-three. His death, which deeply affected his family and friends, not to mention the millions around the world who knew him through the motion pictures and recordings he had made over half a century, also greatly saddened the golfing community—for, of all contemporary public figures, he was the one most intimately identified with the game. I did not know Crosby well, but in January I was moved to make a sort of pilgrimage to the Monterey Peninsula, in California, to attend the annual Bing Crosby National Pro-Am, the tournament he founded back in 1937, which set the pattern for many tournaments that have been sponsored in recent years by other stars of the entertainment world. This year, everything at the Crosby, as it is generally called, was much as it has always been. There was, as usual, some terrible weather: On the night before the opening round, an inch and a half of rain fell on the already sopping courses, and, with several of the greens and fairways under water, the start of play had to be postponed a day. Most of the familiar faces—the celebrities, businessmen, and other amateurs who regularly team up with the professional golfers—were on hand, full of the spirit and enthusiasm that the event seems to generate. And, finally, the tournament itself was packed with excellent golf and high drama. At the end of the seventy-two holes, two of the most talented and appealing members of the new young professional band, Tom Watson and Ben Crenshaw, were tied for first at eight strokes under par. This called for a sudden-death playoff, and on the second extra hole Watson won out. It goes without saying that Bing was missed at every moment, and all the more because this was one of the best Crosbys ever. The tournament has apparently grown deep roots, and there seems to be no reason it should not go on and on.

There is no question that the prominent entertainers who over the last ten or fifteen years have become sponsors of tournaments on the rich P.G.A. tour are, with few exceptions, genuinely devoted to golf, but it is also unarguable that being connected with a nationally televised sports event watched by millions is a sizable promotional asset. Crosby's involvement came about quite differently. He was an outright pioneer. In 1937, when he inaugurated his tournament, at the Rancho Santa Fe course, near San Diego, the pro golf tour was comparatively small potatoes, but Bing Crosby was already firmly established as a national institution. What led him to set up his Pro-Am was his intense love of golf and the pleasure he derived from being in the company of crack professionals. For the first tournament, he invited sixty-eight pros (among them Henry Picard, Dutch Harrison, Sam Snead, Denny Shute, Olin Dutra, and Paul Runyan) and sixty-eight amateurs (among them such Hollywood figures as Richard Arlen, Guy Kibbee, Fred Astaire, Zeppo Marx, William Frawley, and Gregory La Cava). Scheduled as a two-day, thirty-six-hole event with a purse of three thousand dollars—which Crosby put up—it was washed out the first day by heavy rain. On the second day, Snead, who was just coming into his own, shot a 68; this won him the professional competition and first-prize money in the Pro-Am, making for a combined haul of $762.30, which wasn't bad in those days, when first-prize money in the United States Open was only a thousand dollars. The important thing was that everyone loved the informal atmosphere of the affair, during which the entire field gathered in the evening at Bing's nearby home, where a battery of cooks grilled steaks, and where the host led off the entertainment with a few songs. The Crosby became a regular fixture on the tour until, after 1942, like many other tournaments, it was discontinued for the duration of the war. During those first six Pro-Ams, Crosby, simply by the obvious pleasure he took in the company of the touring pros, helped to give them a position of much greater social respectability than they had previously held. It brought to mind how,



"Of course, what we usually mean by 'test drive' is a little-run-around-the-block sort of thing."

just after the First World War, when golf pros were still regarded as hired help and were not allowed in clubhouses here, Walter Hagen had led the way in changing that situation. Before and after playing an exhibition or a tournament round, he would walk blandly into the clubhouse through the front door to dramatize his point that if a professional was good enough to associate with club members on the golf course he was good enough to associate with them off it as well.

One reason Crosby was so fond of golf was that he had discovered it at the age of twelve, when he started to caddie at the old Riverside Golf Club in Spokane, where he grew up. From then on, he was fascinated by the game. He played it periodically during his years at Gonzaga University, in that city, and much more often when he became a band vocalist, ending up with Paul Whiteman's orchestra as the lead singer of the Rhythm Boys—a marvellous group, which was as far ahead of its time as the band's cornettist Bix Beiderbecke. After the Whiteman band completed the motion picture "The King of Jazz," in 1930, Crosby decided to go out on his own, and settled in Los Angeles. In no time, he had his own coast-to-coast radio program and was making two or three movies a year. During this period, he developed his fine golf game. He joined the Lakeside Golf Club, to which many people in the film industry belonged, and, despite the rigors of his schedule, managed to play nine or eighteen holes several times a week. A well-coördinated man with a natural sense of timing, he got his handicap down to 2 and carried off the club championship five times. In 1940, he won a spot in the sectional qualifying round for the United States Amateur Championship, but failed to make the match-play rounds in the subsequent thirty-six-hole qualifying test held at Winged Foot, in Westchester, the scene of the championship. During the war, he played many exhibitions—as did his friend Bob Hope, himself a more than creditable golfer—to promote the sale of war bonds.

GOLF is a game that demands constant application, and during this stretch of his career hardly a day went by when Crosby didn't have a club in his hands. For example, he used to keep a shag bag of balls at the Paramount lot and, between scenes, practice chipping with a 7-iron on a small strip of lawn. I first saw him in action near the end of the war, when he was playing with some friends at Cypress Point, one

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of the courses on the Monterey Peninsula. Two things about that afternoon remain clear in my mind. First, I had long wondered whether Crosby was really as good a golfer as he was cracked up to be, and discovered that he was; he had a very legato, nicely grooved swing, and, while he wasn't particularly long, he hit crisp, straight shots down the fairway or toward the flag with the assurance of a man who knew exactly what he was doing. Second, I recall the astonishing way his voice travelled. You would be walking down an adjacent fairway, anywhere from a hundred to two hundred yards from his foursome, and, while you couldn't hear the three other players in his group talking at all or you caught what they said merely as an unintelligible mumble, Crosby's voice had such timbre that every word he spoke in an ordinary conversational tone carried like the peal of a bell, and he invariably sounded as if he were no more than forty feet away. I was told this past January by a friend of his that his hearing was equally exceptional, and that in a crowded room where the average man could not make any sense out of the babble Crosby could hear practically every word uttered and distinguish who was saying it.

At the end of the war, when golf and other sports started up again, Crosby made a brilliant move that transformed his tournament into a far more significant fixture. In 1947, he transferred it from Rancho Santa Fe to the Monterey Peninsula, the spectacular tract of forest and seashore about a hundred miles south of San Francisco. And he extended the tournament to fifty-four holes, with the first eighteen played at Cypress Point, the second at the Monterey Peninsula Country Club, and the third at Pebble Beach. While the Country Club's layout is nothing special, the layouts of Cypress Point and Pebble Beach are indeed. Cypress Point, which measures less than 6,500 yards from the championship tees, was designed in 1928 by Alister MacKenzie—the Scottish architect who later collaborated with Bobby Jones on the Augusta National—and is loaded with original and charming golf holes. It is usually ranked by knowledgeable players with Hugh Wilson's Merion, outside Philadelphia, and Donald Ross's Seminole, north of Palm Beach, as in a class apart from the country's other medium-length courses. As for Pebble Beach, which was completed in 1919, it may well be the best golf course in the world. It was laid out by Jack Neville, an outstanding California ama-

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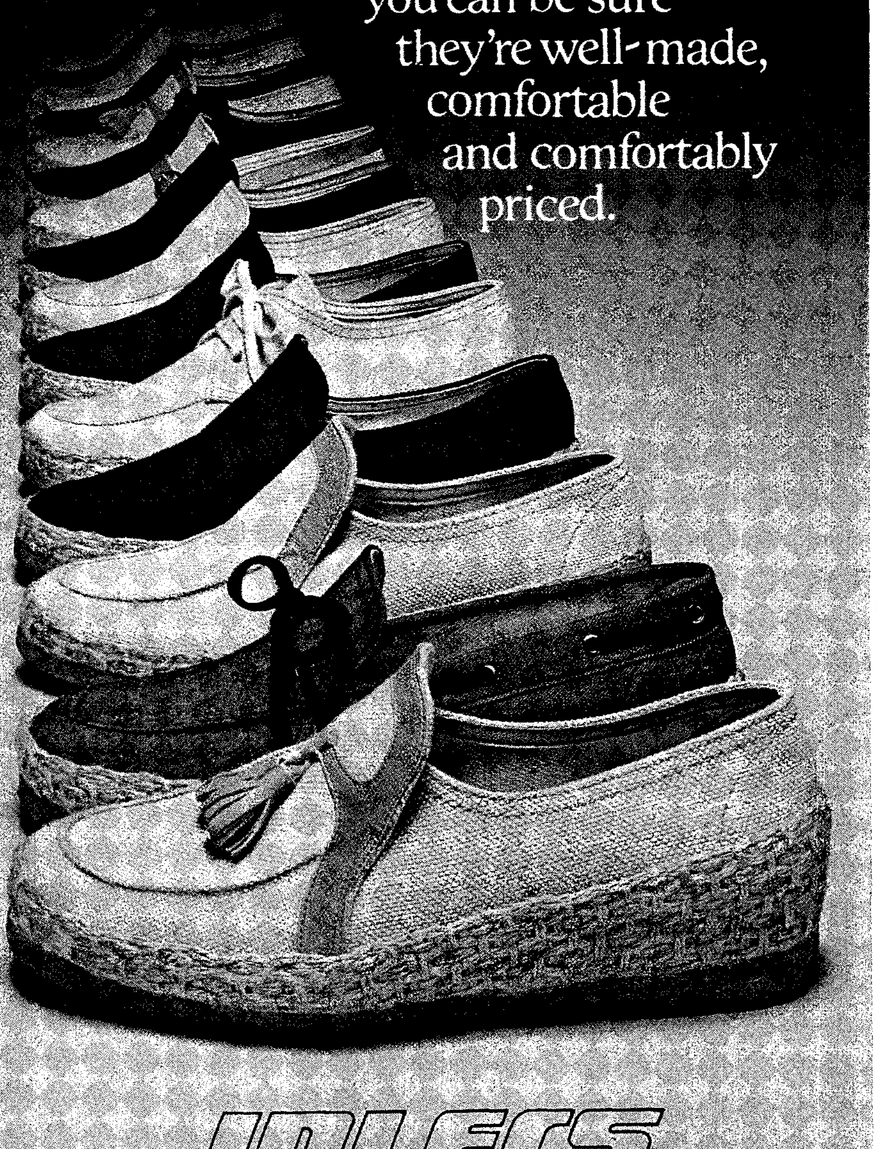

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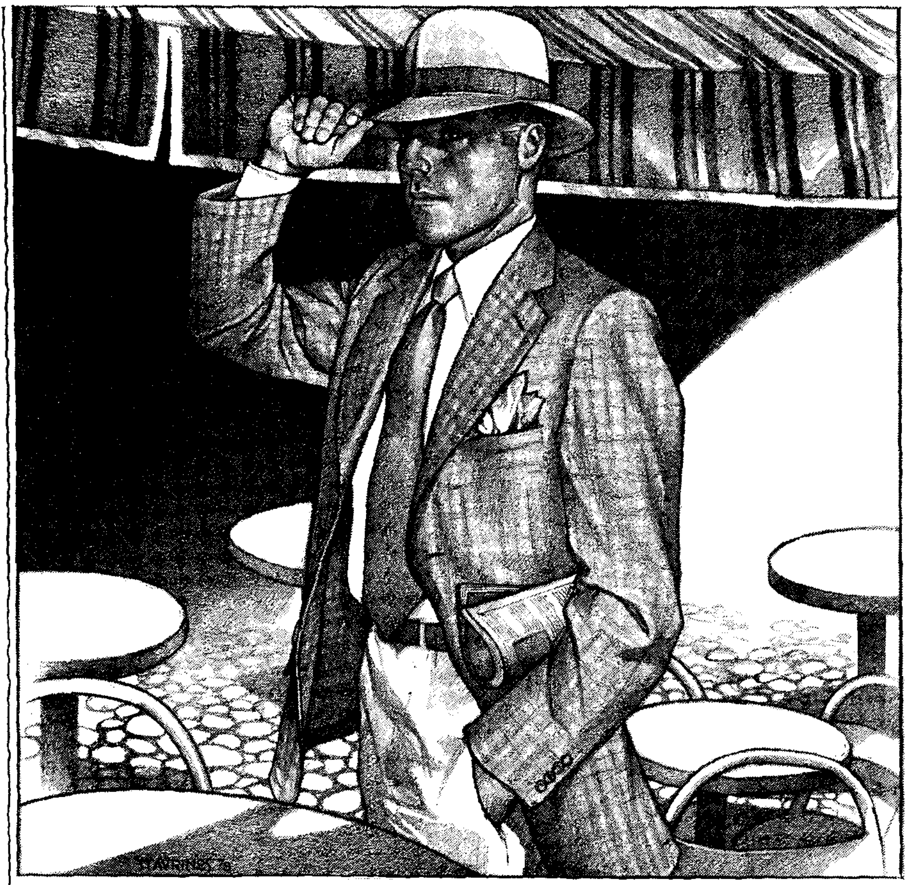
teur golfer, who had never built a course before and did very little golf-course architecture afterward. Nonetheless, at Pebble Beach, where he was given a breathtaking piece of terrain, including high, rocky headlands that plunge straight down into Carmel Bay, Neville came through with an absolutely inspired piece of work, taking full advantage of the natural assets. At present 6,815 yards long from the back tees, Pebble Beach has been lengthened very little and altered only in minor ways over the past sixty years. There are eight seaside holes, all of them magnificent challenges, and the inland holes possess subtle qualities that give the course the proper balance.

The move to the Monterey Peninsula, with its superior courses, gave a whole new dimension to the Crosby. It immediately gained a further distinction, and with time it grew more and more important. In 1958, the year it became one of the first tour tournaments to be nationally televised, its format was changed again: It became a seventy-two-hole tournament, and on Sunday the pros who had made the cut and the fifty low pro-am teams all played the fourth round at Pebble Beach. (By this time, the starting field had been enlarged to a hundred and twenty professionals and a hundred and twenty amateurs, and the purse, which had been raised to ten thousand dollars in 1947, was up to fifty thousand. It is now two hundred and twenty-five thousand.) In 1967, there was another notable change: Spyglass Hill, a rugged layout designed by Robert Trent Jones and completed the previous year, replaced the Monterey Peninsula Country Club as the third course used in the tournament. Down through the years, the galleries, lured partly by the famous professionals but perhaps primarily by the chance to watch celebrities like Jack Lemmon and Robert Goulet execute their patented finesse shots, continued to increase. So did the size of the television audience. This was due in good measure to the fact that beginning in 1958, after he had stopped playing in the tournament, Crosby served as the principal commentator. In 1971, thanks unquestionably to its being broadcast directly after the Super Bowl and on the same network, the final round of the Crosby reached what is still a record audience for a golf telecast: It was watched in more than eleven and a half million homes.

Several times, as the tournament's popularity kept increasing, pressure was put on Crosby to change it from a pro-am to a straight seventy-two-hole



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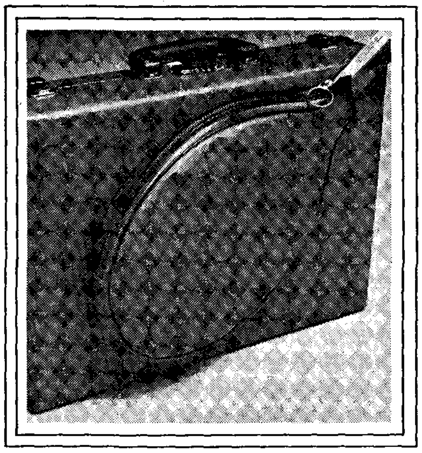

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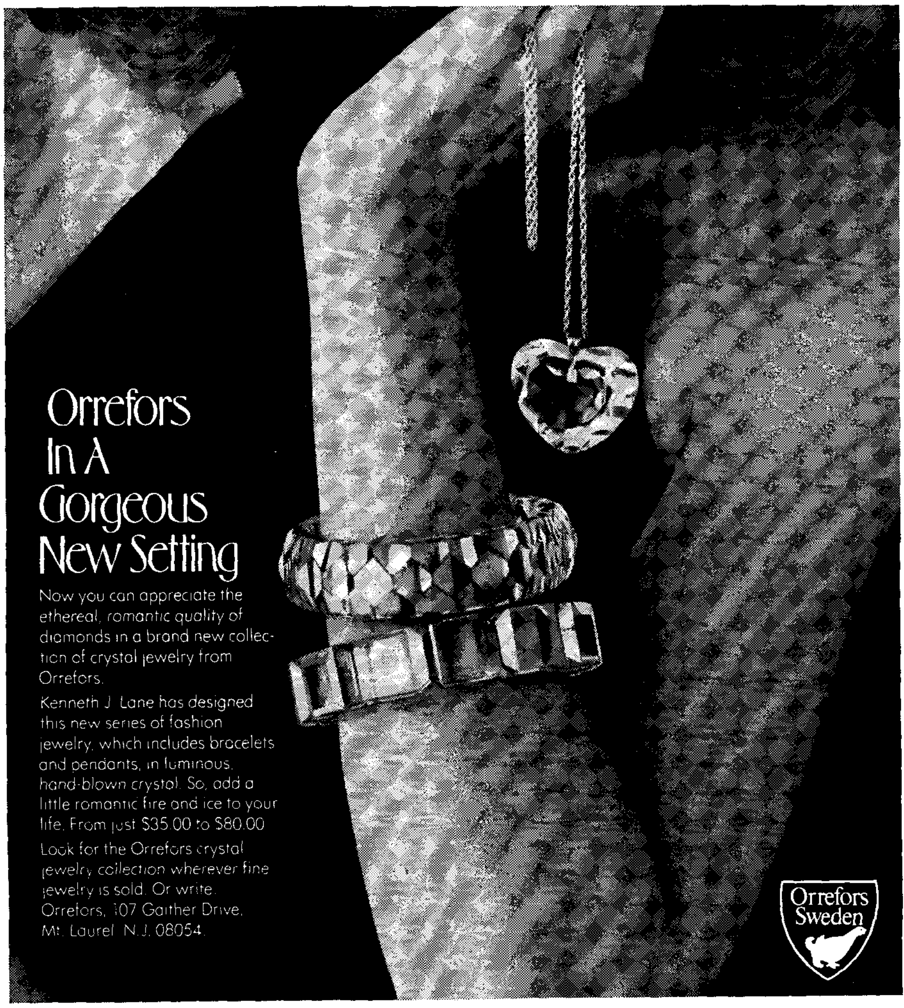

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stroke-play event for the touring pros. A tough man to budge once he had made up his mind, he would not hear of it. "Bing felt that amateurs are the backbone of the game," Bob Roos, of the San Francisco merchandising family, said not long ago. "He liked to have friends from all phases of business and all kinds of professions, and he wanted his tournament to be an amalgam of top businessmen—particularly those who had contributed something to the game—along with championship-calibre golfers and a diversity of lively, interesting, socially compatible people." In recent years, several thousand players have applied annually for the hundred and sixty-eight invitations now extended to amateurs. From the start, Crosby personally selected those whom the invitations should go to—a task he found increasingly painful, since it meant turning down more and more friends. All in all, though, he loved the tournament. He was proud of the way it had taken hold, and liked to recall how in 1947 it had required a staff of only five, while thirty years later the general chairman, Dan Searle, needed six hundred volunteers to get the show done right. Crosby also took satisfaction in another aspect of its growth: The tournament, which made only nine thousand dollars in 1947, from the sale of tickets and programs, has now raised a total of approximately four million dollars for charity. Most of this has gone to youth centers and to needy students, through scholarship funds that have been made available to over ninety colleges and universities, in forty states. In this year's tournament program, alongside a picture of Crosby in a double-page spread—he is seen carrying four irons and a wood over his shoulder—the following statement by Bing appears: "If I were asked what single thing has given me the most

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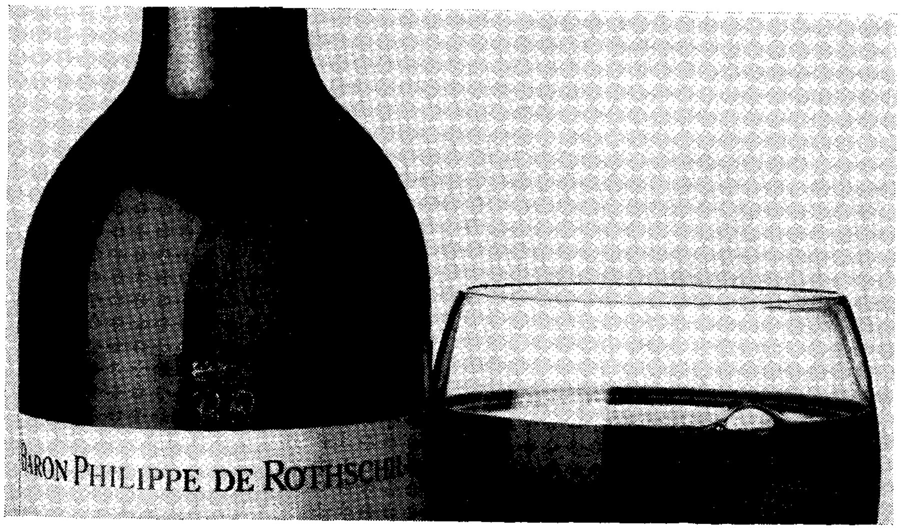

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gratification in my long and sometimes pedestrian career, I think I would have to say it is this tournament."

BECAUSE of their marathon hoked-up feud and the many movies they made together, Bing Crosby and Bob Hope were linked in the public mind as the closest of friends. They were decidedly good friends, but, like most stars of their magnitude, each really went his own way. They were men of extremely different natures. Hope is essentially what he appears to be—a happy, pleasant extrovert who can be funny without a script, loves to be funny, and, as a friend of his once put it, looks forward eagerly to breaking up the next washroom attendant with a few well-tested one-liners. Crosby was far more complicated. He was fundamentally a rather private person, and liked to spend quite a bit of time by himself, reading (something he did extensively), looking into his various interests, or simply thinking. This led some people to refer to him as a loner—a tag he resented, and with good reason, for, while there was a streak of shyness in him, he was at times the soul of gregariousness. As long as a person was bright or amusing or congenial, it mattered little to Crosby how wealthy or socially prominent he might be, and his friends included studio technicians, musicians, chauffeurs, horse trainers, and proprietors of bowling alleys. He had few truly intimate friends. One person he saw a good deal of was Basil Grillo, who over the last thirty years has served as the operating head of Bing Crosby Enterprises. Most people agree that probably the three men who knew him best were George Coleman, a wealthy oilman; Vic Bergeron, who started the Trader Vic restaurants; and Phil Harris, the orchestra leader, whom he met back in 1925. Besides being comfortable companions, these men were in a position to lead flexible existences—to get packed and go fishing, golfing, or whatever at short notice. This was something that Crosby appreciated. When there was work to be done, he was the complete professional—always prepared, always punctual—but during his free time he liked to do what he wanted to do when he wanted to do it. If a friend phoned Crosby at seven in the morning and suggested something that appealed to him, he was one of those men who would be ready to be picked up in fifteen minutes.

Unlike most people of his degree of celebrity, Crosby travelled without an entourage. When the spirit moved him, he liked to mingle with everyday people; he enjoyed them, and the rapport he could establish with them was heartening to him. Once, when he was in New York and wanted to go to the races at Aqueduct, instead of hiring a limousine or a taxi he took the subway. Another time, in the early nineteen-fifties, when he was in Paris and was wandering by himself along the Champs-Élysées on a balmy night, he sat down on a bench near the Rond-Point to enjoy the world, fell asleep, and was roused the next morning by a puzzled *agent de police*. There was nothing singular about his working out with the Pittsburgh Pirates, a baseball team in which he had a financial interest—many owners derive pleasure from that—but it surprised me to learn that in the days when he had a ranch, in Elko, Nevada, he would get on a horse at seven in the morning and ride all day. The intense workout recharged him. If Crosby could be remote on occasion, he could also be extraordinarily thoughtful. One year when he went on safari in Africa with Virgil Sherrill, a New York businessman who had been a Crosby tournament regular for many years, and six other people, he busied himself in the evenings working out lyrics about the various members of the party and putting each set of lines to some familiar tune. On his return to the States, he hired a studio and a small band, and then sent each of his companions a copy of the recording he put together.

Most of Crosby's friends agree that when he moved from the Los Angeles area to the residential community of Hillsborough, south of San Francisco, in 1963, a few years after his second marriage, to Kathryn Grant, the new locale suited him admirably. The move took him out of the old hubbub, except when he wanted a taste of it, and he was able to lead a quiet, orderly family life, as was his wish. A man who basically thrived on routine, he rose quite early in the morning, breakfasted, read the paper, answered his mail, and then called in his butler, Fisher—whom he had found in England—to discuss the schedule for the day. He played his golf at the nearby Burlingame Country Club, where he was treated, as he wanted to be, as just another member. A lot of his rounds were with his sons by his second marriage, Harry and Nathaniel, two pleasantly intelligent young men. Three years ago, when Harry was sixteen, Nathaniel thirteen, and Bing seventy, each played to a 9 handicap. Harry has since spent less time on golf and more on music. A

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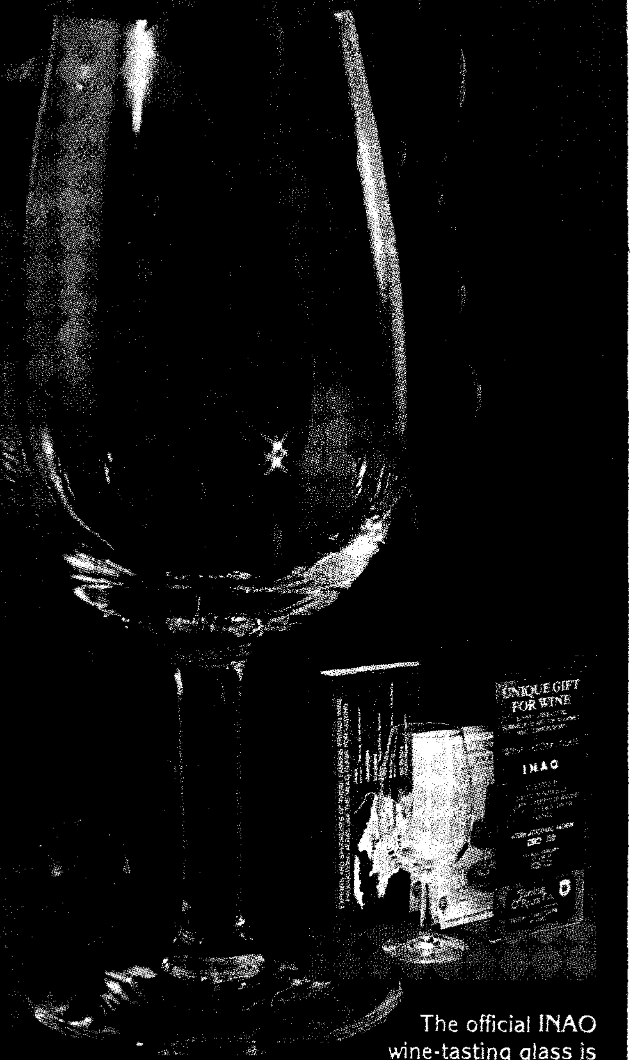

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good classical guitarist, he is now studying at the London Academy of Music and Dramatic Art. Nathaniel, who is tall and slim, decided at the age of eleven that he would like to become a golf professional, and now, at sixteen, that is still his goal. He has an unmistakable talent for the game, and plays to a 1 handicap. This year, he took his father's place as the sponsor of the Crosby, and though the pressure on him was unrelenting, performed equably and well. It is pleasant to know that the family wishes to continue the tournament.

As was generally appreciated, Crosby had an extremely good mind. He was fascinated by language and enjoyed concocting phrases that were out of the ordinary and had a little flick to them. He had a startlingly good memory. One friend has estimated that he knew twenty thousand or so people by name. Throughout his life, of course, he devoted a large portion of his time to sports—more, perhaps, than any other celebrity of our era. They were a source of both stimulation and relaxation. He did not sing very often just for the pleasure of singing, but when he was out on a golf course with old friends he would break into song, hardly aware that he was doing so, and, even more frequently, he would whistle his way down the fairways. He appeared to be just as honestly nonchalant as this when he played in the 1950 British Amateur Championship, on the Old Course at St. Andrews. The news that he would be appearing in the championship sent a wave of excitement through Scotland, a land in which he was a great favorite, and the morning that he teed off on his opening round, against J. K. Wilson, a carpenter from St. Andrews, dozens of buses and numberless private cars converged on that speck of eastern Fife, and approximately twenty thousand fans were soon packed along the borders of the course. Crosby did not let them down: He birdied two of the first three holes. I saw only the first birdie, and it was a beauty. The opening hole at St. Andrews is a drive-and-pitch par 4 only 374 yards long, but it is a ticklish proposition, because the green is set smack on the far side of the Swilken Burn, which twists across the fairway. After a good drive down the right side of the fairway, Crosby took what looked like a 7-iron and hit a very sweet pitch, which cleared the burn by a couple of yards and finished three feet from the pin. He eventually lost the match, 3 and 2, but I have an idea that he did not want to create such a crowd scene again—he hadn't expected anything like it—and intentionally let a few holes slip away as the round wore on.

I think I will always remember how well Crosby played the first hole of that championship—particularly that classic approach shot. It was a remarkable exhibition under the circumstances, but this was a rather remarkable man—a very nice man who gravitated to high standards and who kept on growing all his life.

ROUGHLY two weeks before Crosby's death, golf had lost another man who had been at the forefront of the game for many years. This was Clifford Roberts, aged eighty-four—the financier who had been the chairman of the Masters tournament from its inception, in 1934, until 1977, when he handed over the reins to William H. Lane. In addition, Roberts ran the Augusta National Golf Club, and he ran it as a personal duchy, although a high percentage of the members were men from huge industrial and financial companies who were not reticent about expressing their opinions. Whenever an issue arose at the Augusta National, what Roberts said went. For some reason, a number of the finest golf clubs in this country have similarly been controlled for decades by dictators: One thinks of Charles Blair Macdonald at the National Golf Links, in Southampton; W. C. Fownes at Oakmont, near Pittsburgh; John Arthur Brown at Pine Valley, in New Jersey; and Chris Dunphy at Seminole. On many occasions, powerful members of the Augusta National made no effort to conceal their displeasure with Roberts' autocratic methods, but they had to admit that, at least where the Masters tournament was concerned, he knew what he was doing.

Roberts was born in a small town in Iowa. He made his way to Chicago, where his business career began, and later moved on to New York, where he ultimately became a partner in Reynolds & Company, the big securities brokerage firm. (I once asked him how old he was when he knew he wanted to make his career in finance, and he knocked me over by answering, in his drawn-out, gravelly monotone, "About nine or ten, I'd say.") He was from the outset skillful not only at his business but also at golf, and as a young man was regarded as one of the best amateurs in Illinois. In the nineteen-twenties, he made it a practice to spend part of each winter in Augusta—a celebrated spa in those

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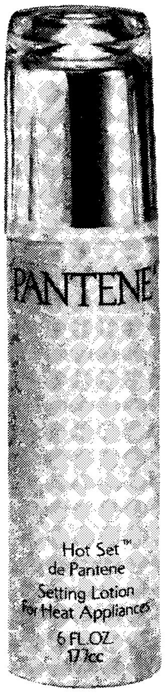

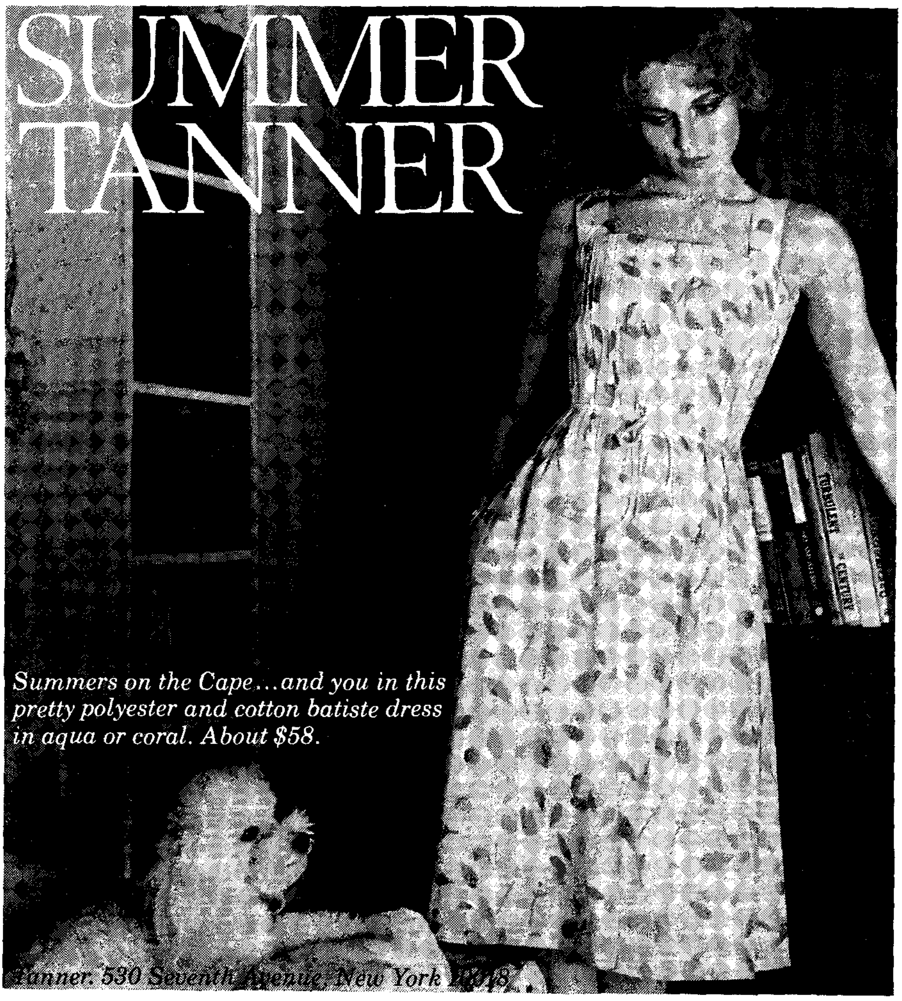

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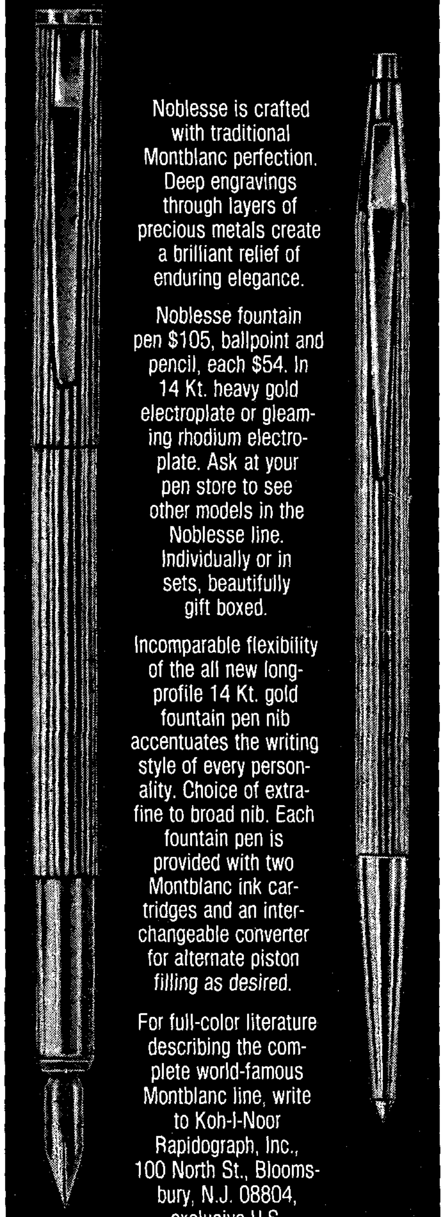

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days—and played his golf at the Augusta Country Club. In this way, he came to know most of the other Augusta regulars, and when Bobby Jones, upon his retirement from competitive golf, in 1930, following his Grand Slam, selected the old Berckmans estate on the edge of Augusta as the site of the "dream course" he had long wanted to build, Roberts was a member of the group that helped him set up the Augusta National Golf Club. (Incidentally, the sole survivor of the men who founded the club is Jerome Franklin, of Augusta.) When it was decided that the Augusta National would stage an informal invitational tournament in the spring of 1934—it subsequently evolved into the Masters—Roberts' thoroughness and his proficiency at threading his way through mountains of detail made him a natural choice for the post of tournament chairman.

It is hard to think of two people less alike than Jones and Roberts, who together developed the Masters so surely that within a score of years it was accepted by the golf world as one of the four major events, along with the British Open, our Open, and our P.G.A. Championship. Jones, a native Georgian, was adored throughout the South and, indeed, throughout the world, because of his wonderful personal qualities. In addition to designing the revolutionary Augusta National course in collaboration with Alister MacKenzie, Jones imparted to the Masters an atmosphere of golf at its best. He was also the perfect host, since it was a true pleasure for him to greet old and new friends and to see that they were made to feel at home. Roberts, on the other hand, was of an extremely reserved disposition. Spare in build and somewhat stone-faced, he said no more on any subject than he had to. It was typical of him that he never publicly disclosed the number of spectators who attended the Masters on any one day or during any one tournament. "Cliff was a fellow who divided the world into people who were his friends and people who weren't," an old Augusta National hand said to me a couple of months ago. "If you were one of those he regarded as a friend, he gave you complete affection and loyalty. To those outside that trusted coterie, he could be, to put it mildly, a Tartar."

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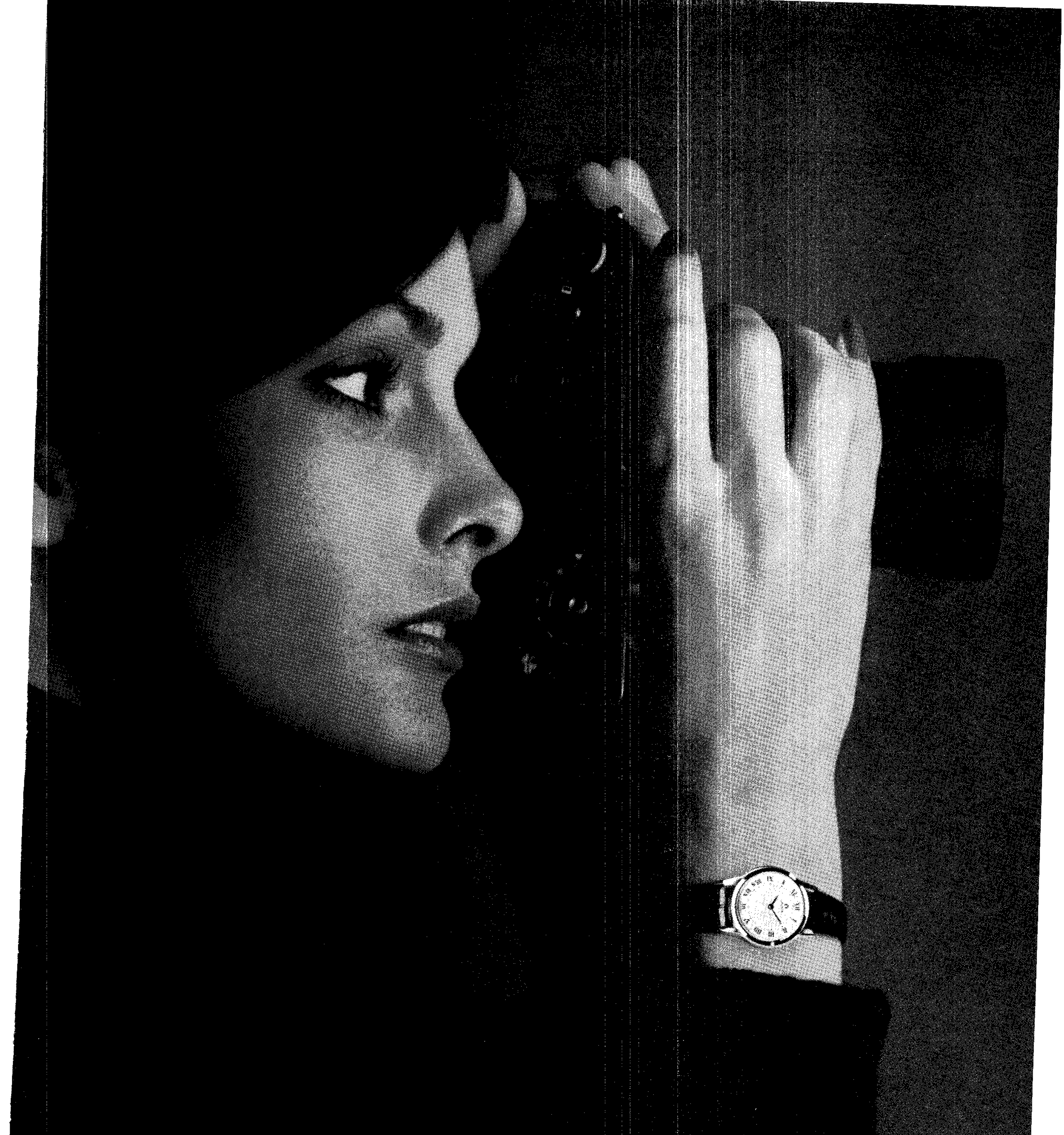

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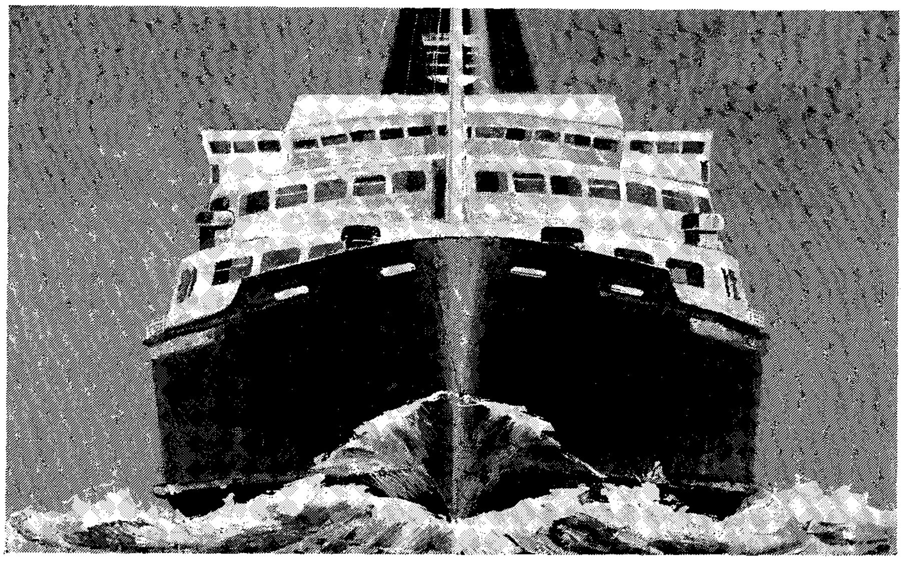

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leries to watch the play, he built, and continued to enlarge, enormous spectator mounds alongside the fairways. No one had ever done this before, nor had anyone padded the collars around the greens to accommodate those spectators who prefer to stay put in one spot throughout the day and watch the parade go by. To increase visibility further, he installed permanent bleachers at many of the choice vantage points, such as those that offered a view of the shot to the green on the eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth, and fifteenth holes, on which water must be crossed or skirted. Not only the course area but the entire club property was kept spotless; during the Masters, special trash squads were out from early morning until dusk spearing and bagging litter. Once a spectator had left the clubhouse area and made his way onto the amphitheatrical course below, he could stay out watching the golf the whole day. All his needs had been anticipated: There were many refreshment stands (where the prices were kept reasonable), and excellent picnicking grounds were provided, as were lavatories. The Masters was the first golf tournament at which there was room for ten thousand autos to be parked on the club grounds. It was the first tournament that spared spectators from having to lug a bulky program around; daily pairing sheets with a diagram of the course on the reverse side were supplied gratis. It was the first tournament whose galleries knew what was happening every minute. As the only major golf event that took place at the same course each year, the Masters could afford to install underground telephone lines between scoring headquarters and the various scoreboards—or leader boards, to use the tournament's preferred term—where the standing of the ten or twelve top contenders was rapidly posted hole by hole during a day's round. The leader boards were mammoth, and thousands could study them at once. Moreover, the Masters introduced an ingenious new method of scoring, which eliminated the tedious business of having to add up a player's hole-by-hole figures and then work out how he stood with par and with the other golfers who were in the running. The Masters system was simplicity itself: A green numeral beside a player's name denoted how many strokes over par for the tournament he stood through the last hole he had played; a green zero denoted that he stood at even par; a red numeral showed how many strokes under par he stood at that point. It required only a glance to take in the whole complex picture.

Roberts ceaselessly made other improvements. He installed an elaborate drainage system in the parking area, and also improved the drainage in treacherous sectors of the course (especially near Rae's Creek and its tributaries) to make them more playable and walkable in wet weather; he continually sought to preserve the beauty of the course, which occupied the site of the first major nursery in that part of the South, by planting new flowering shrubs and trees whenever a hard winter killed off some of the old ones; he expanded the clubhouse tastefully; he built a testing nine-hole par-3 course over which the field competed on the afternoon before the start of the tournament while the ground crews were giving the tournament course a final tidying up; until the last few years, when the TV camera crews were sometimes accorded this privilege, he saw to it that the only people permitted inside the ropes were the players, their caddies, and an occasional official. Nearly all the innovations at the Masters were sooner or later adopted by the leading tournaments on every continent. For instance, while the main factor in the renaissance of the British Open over the past quarter of a century has been the marked strengthening of the field, it is worth noting that at a number of British Opens in the nineteen-seventies there was an efficiently operated leader board at all but a few greens—this at an event where as late as the nineteen-fifties the standing of the contenders had been indicated by nothing more advanced than the scratching in chalk of some names and numbers on old blackboards carefully stationed in partly hidden positions. At some fairly recent British Opens, a small grandstand has been set up close by almost every green, and on the eighteenth hole it has become traditional to erect flanking grandstands that seat about eight thousand fans, who greet each twosome with a tremendous roar of applause as the players stride down the last fairway on the final round. I mention this because it is typical of the way the Masters has tutored the rest of the world in the art of presenting golf—the only game in which the galleries actually share the playing grounds with the contestants. I mention it also because I gather that, with the passage of time, more and more people have come to assume that ever since the halcyon years of Harry Vardon, the greatest of the early British golfers, tournaments have been run with the neatness and

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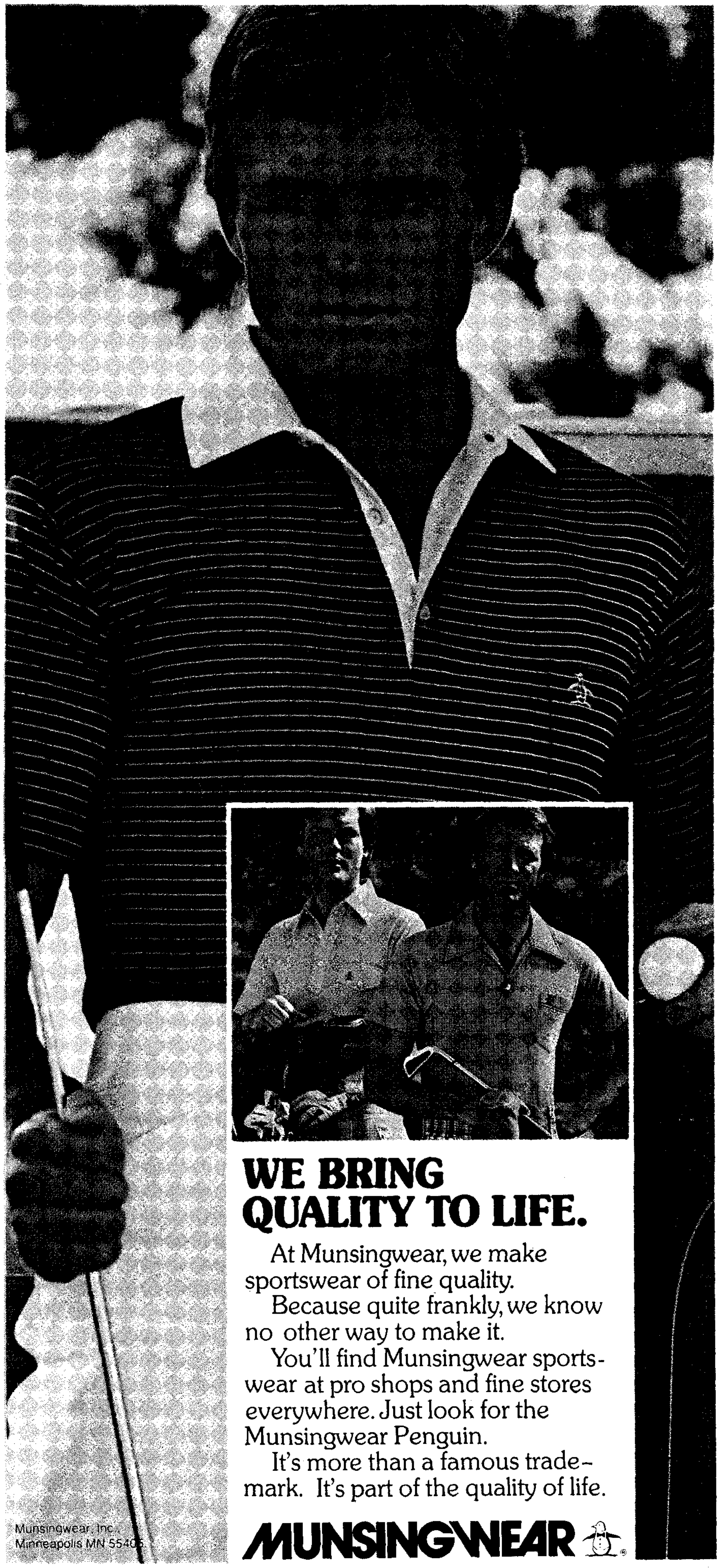
dispatch that are customary nowadays, and also because it seems that fewer and fewer people are aware of the role the Masters played as tournament golf developed from that earlier and easier era in which marshals carried bamboo poles that they used as barriers to prevent the relatively small galleries, who walked and ran down the fairways, from getting in the players' way.

Without Jones's intelligence, character, and valid magic, the Masters, for all Roberts' acumen, could never have become the important and influential tournament it so swiftly did, but Roberts unquestionably had a rare gift for administration. He was fortunate enough to see the Masters "arrive" many years ago: In 1967, its popularity rose to the point where it became the first golf tournament to be totally sold out months before the opening round. The last few years, some of us have had the feeling that on certain days more people than the Augusta National could comfortably absorb—well over thirty thousand, it seemed—were out on the course, but in most ways Roberts continued to adhere to very high standards. For example, he insisted that the TV commercials be limited in number and be presented only at times when there was no action of consequence taking place on the golf course. In short, Clifford Roberts was a man with a great deal of foresight and with the energy and meticulousness to insure that good ideas were converted into realities. His contribution to golf was considerable.

EVER since Gene Sarazen holed out a 4-wood shot for his double-eagle 2 on the fifteenth hole in the last round of the second Masters tournament, in 1935, and went on to tie Craig Wood for first and to defeat him in a playoff, the Masters has been known for the high number of dramatic finishes it has provided. At the same time, a certain law of averages has obtained, and golf fans have learned that, after they have been treated to an especially thrilling Masters, more likely than not a few years will follow in which the tournament will probably be relatively placid, like the P.G.A. Championship or a George Eliot novel. For example, after the 1975 Masters, which was perhaps the most exciting three-man battle in the history of the game—as you may remember, on the last day Jack Nicklaus holed a twisting, uphill birdie putt of some forty feet on the sixteenth green to edge out Johnny Miller and Tom Weiskopf by a stroke in a four-hour



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struggle crammed with the most dazzling kind of golf, which was not concluded until the last green, where Miller and Weiskopf barely missed birdie putts—no one was really surprised when the 1976 Masters proved to be one of the most soporific tournaments ever: Ray Floyd took the lead on the opening day and was never seriously challenged thereafter. In 1977, however, most Augusta regulars, conditioned by the percentages, were unprepared for that year's Masters' tremendously stirring stretch duel, in which Tom Watson, playing half a hole behind Nicklaus and watching all the marvellous strokes that Nicklaus summoned, managed to stand up to the man who is the most awesome competitor in golf (and possibly in all of sport) and, finally, carry the day by sinking a curling birdie putt on the seventeenth green. And certainly none of us expected yet another historic tournament this April, but for the third time in four years we had an extraordinary Masters—one that will be discussed and dissected as long as the game is played.

The 1978 Masters had a different pattern from any of its predecessors. Four men, each with a chance to win, were bunched during the final hour and a half. I am not sure, but I don't think that there has ever been a four-horse race quite like it anytime, anywhere. During most of the afternoon, the interest centered on whether or not Hubert Green, the current United States Open champion, could hold off the challenges of Watson and Rod Funseth, both of whom had started the round three strokes behind him. Very little attention was paid to Gary Player, of South Africa—the ultimate winner—since he had started the final round seven shots off the pace. Slowly, quietly, almost indiscernibly, Player, the fourth horse, crept into contention. He was out in 34, two under par. This put him five under par for the tournament, and his name then went up on the leader boards, but he was still so far back that no one thought that even Player, a nerveless man who thrives on pressure and the big occasion, could mount a serious challenge on the last nine. Well, he did. In an incredible display of solid shotmaking and some fantastic clutch putting, he proceeded to birdie the tenth, the twelfth, the thirteenth, the fifteenth, the sixteenth, and the eighteenth holes while parring the other three. This gave him a 64, eight under par, for the round, and a seventy-two-hole total of 277, eleven under par. When he posted that score, there

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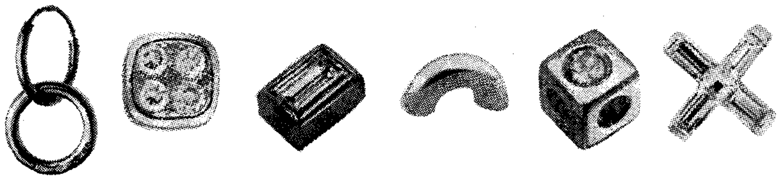
was no assurance that it would hold up and gain him a third Masters title, since Watson, Green, and Funseth were still out on the course with a chance to beat his total or tie it and send the tournament into a sudden-death playoff. While it would be completely wrong to say that Player did not *win* the forty-second Masters—I don't remember any previous golfer's playing the last nine holes of a major tournament in thirty strokes, as he did—Watson, Green, and Funseth also had, in effect, to lose it. For the most part, the decisive shots were played on the last hole, before an enormous horseshoe-shaped gallery that watched the drama in hushed silence. This, it should be noted, was one of the best-run Masters tournaments ever.

Of the men with a chance to tie or defeat Player, Watson, a twenty-eight-year-old Stanford graduate who is probably the most literate golfer on the pro tour, was the first to come to the eighteenth, a 420-yard par 4 on which the fairway swings to the right and runs steadily uphill to a two-level green that slopes from back to front and is protected by two bunkers—a shallow one on the right, and a deep one before the green. On the final round of the Masters, it is customary to place the pin on the lower level of the green on the left-hand side, bringing the front bunker very much into play. The pin was set in that position in this Masters. To tie Player, Watson needed only to par the eighteenth. He made his crucial error off the tee. Playing a 4-wood in order to be sure to end up short of the bunkers that patrol the left side of the fairway, he hit a bad tee shot, hooking the ball into the trees on the left, well short of the bunkers. From that difficult spot he had the option, as he later explained, of either fading his approach into the green from left to right or hooking it in from right to left. He decided on the former, and took a 4-iron. The fade, however, did not come off, and the ball plummeted down among the spectators massed to the left of the green. With his ball lying thirty-five feet from the edge of the green at the bottom of a sharp bank, and with only about fifteen feet of green to work with, Watson elected to play his third stroke with his putter. He hit a very good shot, which trickled some eight feet past the cup. He figured that his sidehill putt would break about an inch and a half from right to left. It did break, but not that much, slipping by just above the cup. What a hard way to lose after all the fine shots he had played throughout



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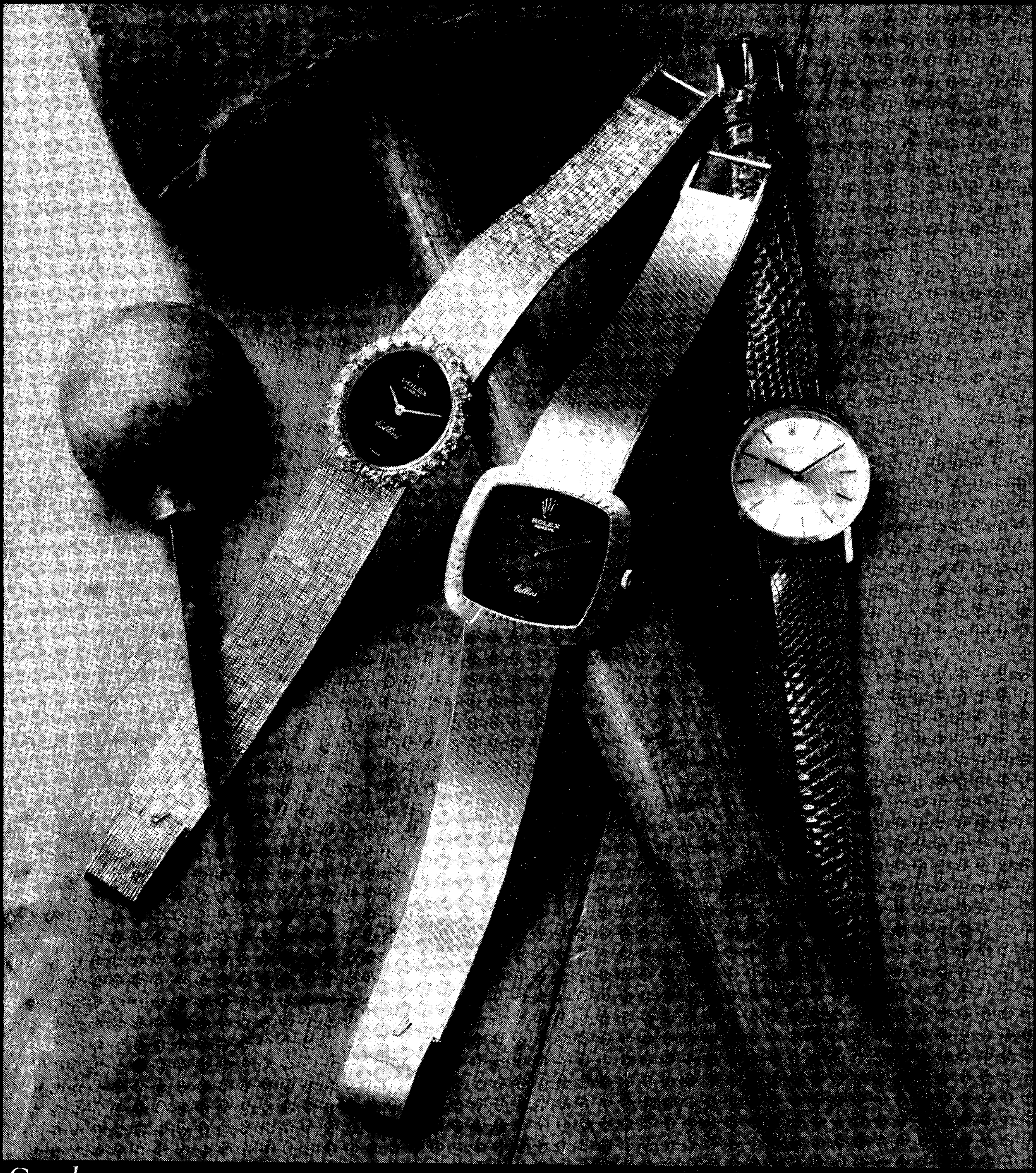

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the tournament, and all the courage he had shown!

Then Green and Funseth, who were the final twosome, came to the eighteenth. Funseth needed a birdie to tie Player. A soft-spoken man of bulky build who, at forty-five, is one of the oldest touring pros, Funseth had been in the lead or near the lead from the start of the tournament, but, curiously, had remained a passive shadow during the four days, partly because his manner is inexplicably self-deprecatory for a golfer of his ability, and partly because he has seldom been a factor in any of the big championships. He flew his approach over the top of the flag. It sat down about twenty feet past the cup, leaving him with a slippery downhill putt. Now Hubert Green. After missing his par on the sixteenth, where he took three putts from fifteen feet, he now needed a birdie to tie Player. Following a good drive, he had only an 8-iron left. In this crisis, he played a superlative approach. On the pin all the way, it spun itself out two and a half feet to the left of the cup. Funseth read his twenty-foot birdie putt to break a shade from right to left, he later said. He played it precisely as he intended to. The ball moved slightly to the left, but as it neared the cup it seemed to veer a touch to the right, and finished on the right lip. Hard luck indeed. Funseth had played a splendid tournament from the first hole on. Green is an excellent putter, and I think that nearly everyone expected him to make his two-and-a-half-footer, although on that tricky green a putt of any length is not an easy one. He missed it. He pushed it to the right, and it slid by the cup without touching the rim. That putt brought back memories of the British Open at St. Andrews in 1970, when Doug Sanders, having only to hole a three-footer from behind the cup on the home green to win the championship, pushed it to the right of the cup; in the playoff the next day he lost by a stroke to Nicklaus. There was an added similarity between the putts that Green and Sanders missed: Each man had allowed his concentration to be broken before making the stroke. In Sanders' case, after lining up his putt he bent down from his position of address to pick up a piece of glinting brown grass, which he thought was a pebble. He did not step away and line up the putt again. As for Green, just when he was comfortably positioned over his putt he was distracted by the voice of a radio announcer. He walked away and then got set again for the putt, but he seemed to take insufficient time with it. In any event, as he

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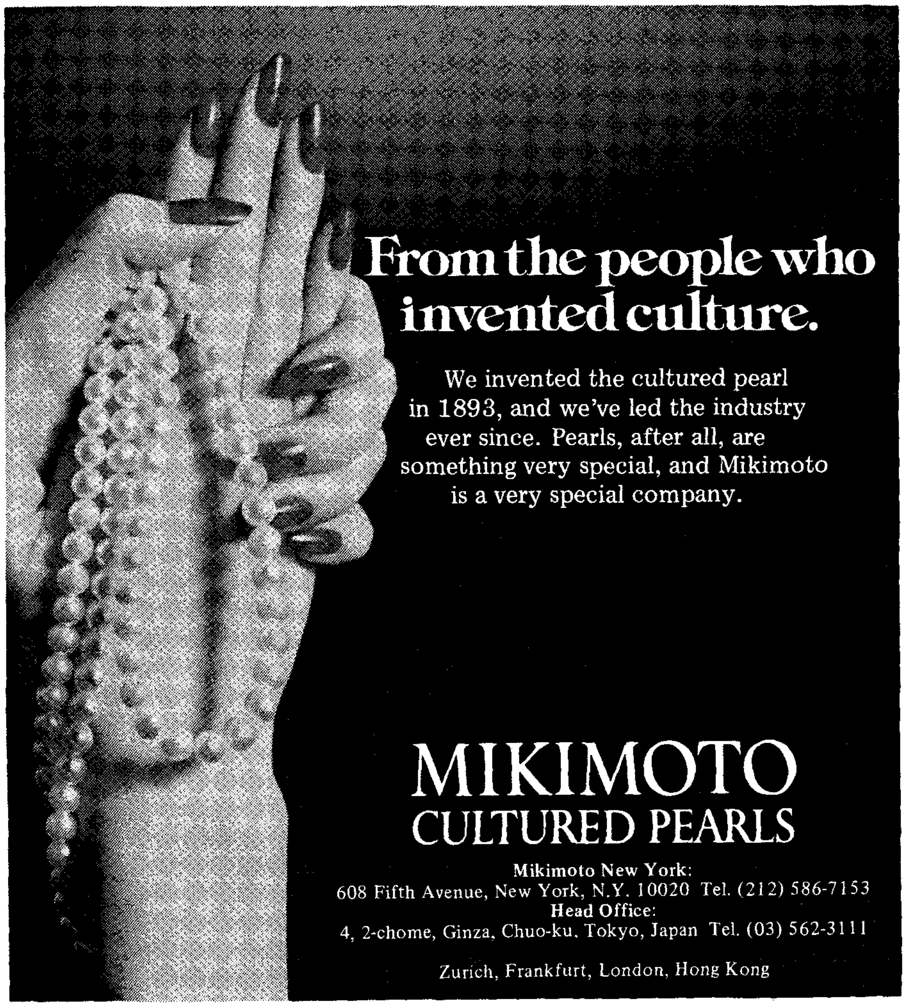

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was the first to admit, he played a poor stroke, lifting the putter up abruptly on the backswing and then opening the blade a trifle as he tapped through the ball. After Green missed this critical putt, it was almost as if reality were suspended for a moment, like motion-picture film jamming in the projector. Everyone at the eighteenth had been thinking only of hurrying to the first hole for the playoff. It seemed like ages before Green walked over and made the tap-in that didn't count. While he did this, the gallery remained transfixed. Then it slowly dawned on the vast assembly that what they had seen had actually occurred: The tournament was over, and Gary Player had won it. The victory brought to nine the total of major championships that Player has won: three British Opens (1959, 1968, and 1974); two P.G.A.s (1962 and 1972); one U.S. Open (1965); and three Masters tournaments (1961, 1974, and 1978). That equals the number of major championships won by Ben Hogan. Only three men have won more: Jack Nicklaus, with sixteen; Bobby Jones, with thirteen; and Walter Hagen, with eleven. At forty-two, Player is the oldest golfer to win the Masters.

THIS year, the Augusta National course played somewhat differently from the way it generally does. The South, like most sections of the country, had gone through a long, severe winter, and it was only two weeks before the start of the tournament that warmish spring weather arrived. One result of the punishing winter was that the fairways were still hard and resilient, adding yards of roll to the drives. On the other hand—and more significantly—the greens were very soft, and, as a result, very holding. This receptivity served to counteract the demanding pin positions that were used on all four days—or so it seemed as the field calmly fired at the pins as if they were playing old Brackenridge Park, in San Antonio, or Waialae, in Honolulu. Furthermore, the greens were uncommonly slow. During the week before the tournament, the greens, which had been overseeded with a mixture of bent, rye, and fescue near the end of the harsh winter, began to grow quickly, and during the week of the tournament, when the temperature climbed into the high eighties, the grass on them germinated even more rapidly. It was cut to one-eighth of an inch, the usual height for the Masters, but the putting surfaces remained heavy and somewhat

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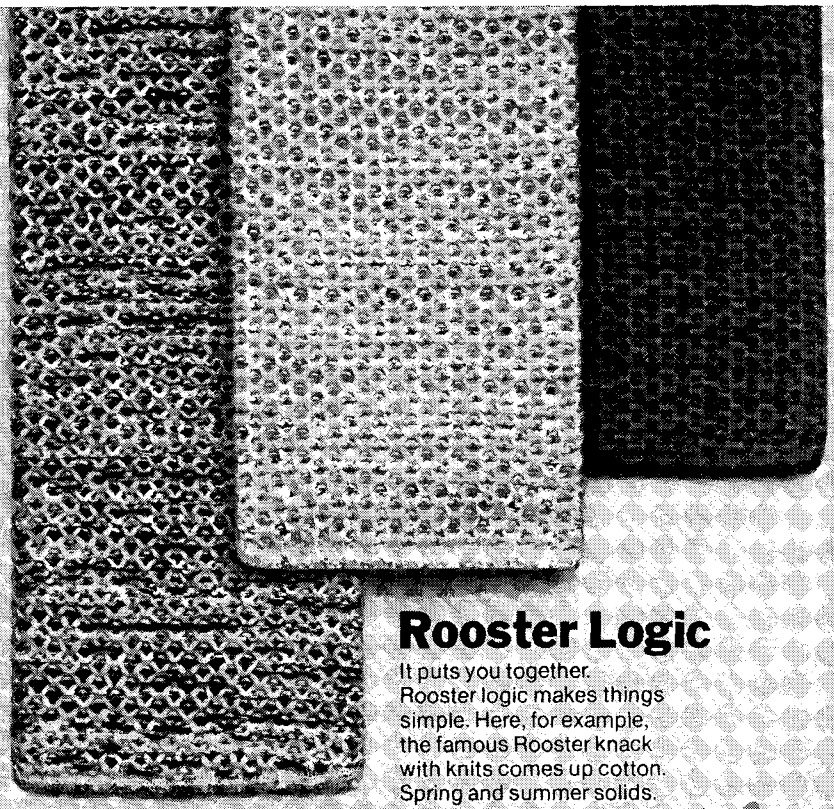

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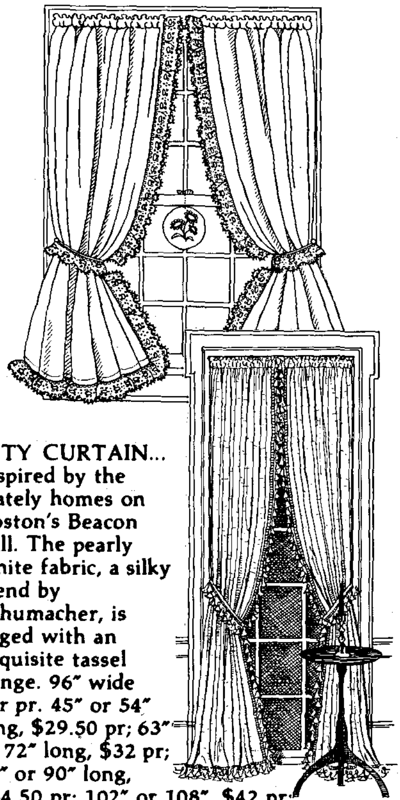

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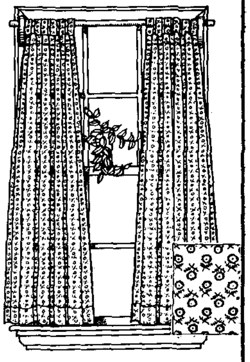

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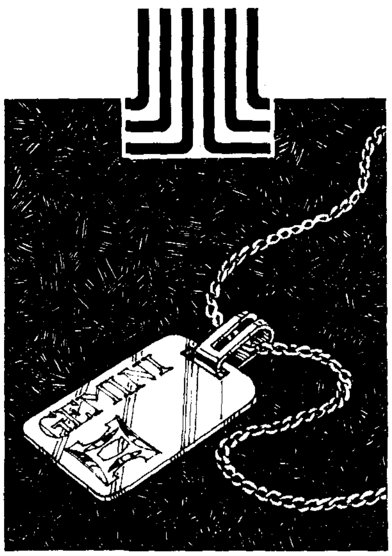
inconsistent. On the opening day, Thursday, a gusty wind did give the golfers something to think about, but it subsided appreciably on the second day, and on the last two days there wasn't so much as a puff. All things considered, then, the conditions were ideal for scoring, and most of the field took advantage of them. One more thing: Because of the tardy spring, the azaleas, camellias, redbud, and pink dogwood were rather shrivelled and pale. It helped immensely, therefore, that the wisteria around the clubhouse was luxuriant and that out on the course the white dogwood, which borders so many fairways, was in almost full bloom, reminding you that you were at the Augusta National, the most beautiful inland course in the world.

On the opening day, when the wind had to be reckoned with, the lowest round was a 68 by John Schlee, a veteran of the tour who for some time has been a teaching pro in Brownsville, Texas, close by the Rio Grande. Day by day, the scoring became progressively lower. A 66 by Funseth on the second round boosted him into a tie for the lead with Lee Trevino at the halfway mark. No fewer than twenty-nine golfers were clustered within six shots of the co-leaders at that stage of the tournament. Interestingly, two of the players who were six shots back were Nicklaus and Severiano Ballesteros, the colorful twenty-one-year-old Spanish powerhouse, who had won the Greensboro Open the week before the Masters, and who happened to be paired with Nicklaus on the second round. Nicklaus had gone into this Masters a heavy favorite, because of his stupendous exploits in the Florida section of the winter tour—in particular, his last rounds in the tournaments at Doral and Inverrary. At Doral, among other things, he holed out a chip shot for a birdie and two wedge pitches for eagles in a last-ditch drive in which he just failed to catch Weiskopf. Two weeks earlier, Nicklaus, in winning the Jackie Gleason Classic at Inverrary, overtook and passed the leader, Grier Jones, by birdieing the last five holes. It was how he did it that floored you: On the fourteenth, he holed a running chip shot of about sixty feet; on the fifteenth, he holed a fifteen-foot putt; on the sixteenth, he holed a downhill chip of over twenty feet; on the seventeenth, he holed a twenty-foot putt; on the eighteenth, he holed a mere three-footer, his 9-iron approach had been gauged so perfectly. It was a dream sequence right out of "Walter Mitty," and I



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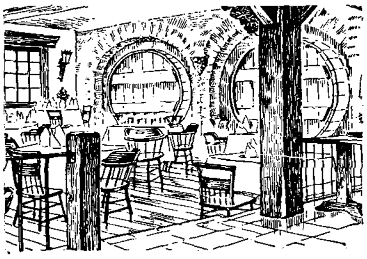

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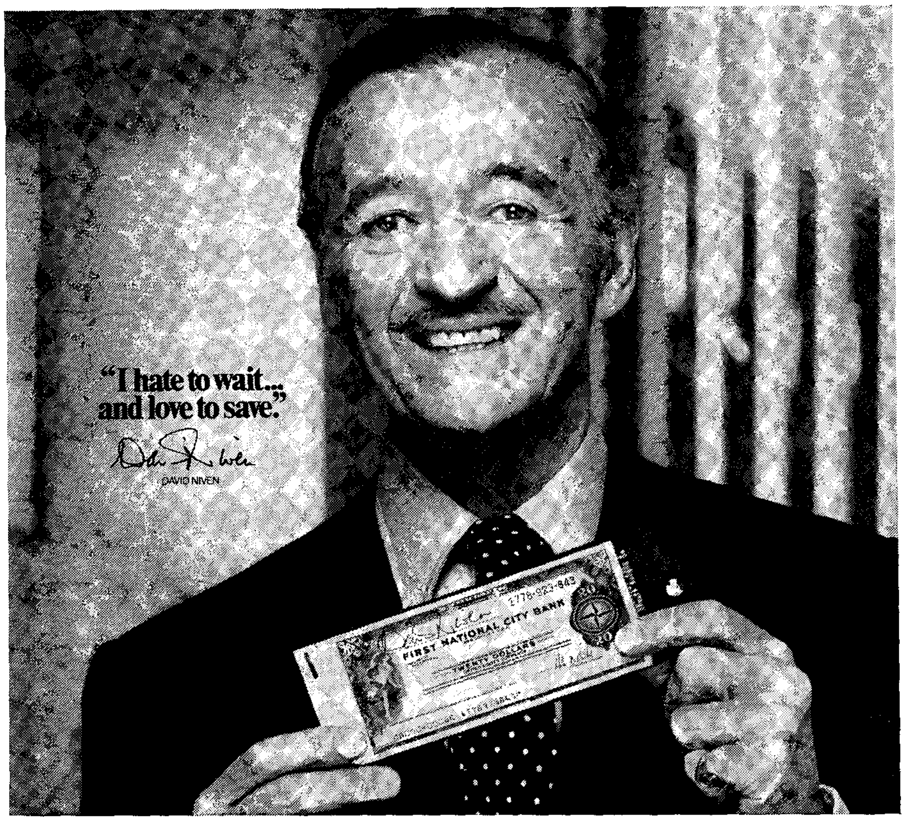
wouldn't be surprised if it is remembered longer than many of the gleaming stretches that Nicklaus has come up with in winning his sixteen major titles. Anyhow, at Augusta, after a 72 and a 73—he had difficulty putting the heavy greens, and, all in all, his game was not as sharp as it had been in February and early March—Nicklaus, characteristically, kept chewing away at the course, added a 69 and a 67, and finished in seventh place, only four shots behind the winner.

As for Ballesteros, he has been the best golfer in Europe the past two years. If he is sensible, and lucky, a fortune awaits him. A handsome young man whose dark eyes flash like Valentino's, he is a wide-shouldered, broad-chested fellow who can hit the ball out of sight. He has, in addition, a fine natural putting stroke. Ballesteros, the son of a dairy farmer and the nephew of Ramon Sota, perhaps the best Spanish professional of the nineteen-sixties, grew up on the Pedreña course, near Santander, on the Bay of Biscay. He plays with the daring and dash of a matador, which is both good and bad: A golfer must be ready to attack a course when conditions warrant it, but he must also learn at an early age that, along with raw talent, a champion needs a basic sense of discipline and a dependably sound technique. Ballesteros' progress will be interesting to watch.

ON the third day, Green took a three-stroke lead, with a 65. A tall, high-strung Alabamian, he did everything right, but his iron play and his putting were outstanding. He holed putts of eighteen, twenty, two, five, and twelve feet for five of the seven birdies he made. The others came on tap-ins after he had reached two of the four par 5s in two. On this round, Green also demonstrated a good deal of assurance. He was paired with Watson, who, after opening with a spotty 73, had got back into the tournament with a 68, and who on this third day added another 68. It was the kind of round you don't forget. After falling well off the pace when he three-putted the third and fourth greens and took three to get down from the edge on the sixth, Watson had the self-possession and the stamina to turn things completely around by playing the last twelve holes in six pars and six birdies. It is not easy for other golfers to match Watson's golf when he is off on one of these tears, but Green managed to. Whereas Watson's method is orthodox and simplified, Green's is singular and somewhat rococo. At address, his legs



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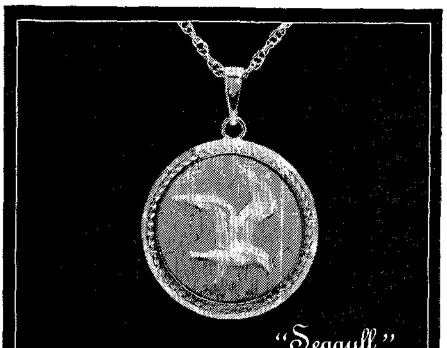
are only slightly flexed, but his back, neck, and head are tipped far forward over the ball. He takes the club back in a very upright arc, cocking his wrists swiftly en route, but there is nothing wrong with his downswing or the crispness with which he strikes the ball. He may be the best iron player in America today, and he is an unusually good putter besides. He lets the head of his putter do most of the work—something that is more difficult than it may seem. He uses a rusty blade model that was manufactured in 1931 by the Great Lakes Golf Company, now long defunct, and on some days he performs marvels with it. Speaking of exceptional putters—and an exceptional person—on this third round, Gene Littler, who is now forty-seven, shot a 70, on which he made not a single bogey. The statisticians, riffling through their briefcases, discovered that Littler had by then gone forty consecutive holes without a bogey. On the first day, he had four-putted the fourteenth for a double bogey. The following morning, his streak ended abruptly and with an ironic sort of symmetry: On the first hole in the fourth round, he took four putts and a double bogey.

Sunday, the day of the fourth round, was hot, humid, and hectic. Player was the first of the four men who were eventually involved in the winning and losing of the tournament to go out. Paired with Ballesteros, he teed off at 1:04; he was three under par at this point. Four twosomes later, Watson, seven under par, teed off, with Littler, at 1:36. Then, at 1:44, the next and last twosome, Green and Funseth, went off, Funseth, like Watson, seven under par and trailing Green by three strokes. On the front nine, where life is often as uneventful as Scotland on the Sabbath, Green, it was apparent, was not hitting his shots quite as firmly as he had the day before, but he one-putted the two par 5s going out, and this enabled him to reach the turn in even par and to remain ten under par for the tournament. Both Watson and Funseth had picked up a shot on him, though, and so were only two strokes back.

The second nine, as usual, was brimful of excitement. In outline form, the consequential action went like this: Funseth moved to nine under by birdieing the tenth from six feet. A hole later, he moved into a tie for the lead when Green bogeyed the tough eleventh: After driving into the rough on the left, he wheeled his approach into the water hazard to the left of the green. As every Augusta regular knows, on



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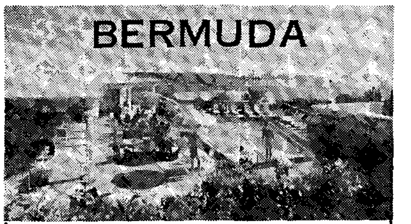

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the second nine there are two par 5s—the 485-yard thirteenth and the 520-yard fifteenth—which can be reached with two first-rate shots. One must always assume that a player in contention will birdie these holes, for if he fails to it can often result in his dropping a stroke to his rivals. Well, Watson, after ten straight pacific pars, suddenly changed the whole complexion of the tournament with a magnificent eagle on the thirteenth. After a well-placed tee shot, he ripped a 2-iron over the creek before the green and then rolled an uphill twenty-foot putt into the middle of the cup, which on this day was set in a slightly mounded area well to the back of the green. Just like that, Watson was ten under par and in the lead by a stroke. He gave that stroke back immediately when he took three putts from seven feet on the fourteenth, but he quickly collected himself and birdied the long fifteenth. On the par-3 sixteenth, the pin was tucked on a treacherous tongue at the back left corner of the green, behind a narrow bunker and close to a water hazard formed by an arm of Rae's Creek. Watson played a strong 6-iron fifteen feet from the cup. In the meantime, Green and Funseth had both birdied the thirteenth. Funseth, however, had three-putted the fourteenth and had also needed three shots to get home on the long fifteenth, where Green—who had parred the fourteenth—was on in two, only sixteen feet from the cup, after a very well-played right-to-left 3-wood.

Let us freeze the action here and go to the eighteenth green, where Player, fifteen feet directly behind the hole, is working on the downhill putt he needs for his birdie 3. He taps the ball, and it slides slowly toward the cup and falls in—his sixth birdie on the last nine holes. This great rush has put him eleven under par for the tournament. Moments later, on the fifteenth green, Green putts for his eagle. He just misses it, but the ball finishes next to the hole; he will leave the fifteenth eleven under par. A loud salvo of applause and shrieks rises from the sixteenth: Watson has holed for his birdie. This puts him in a triple tie for the lead with Player and Green at eleven under. Only seconds later, unspectacular old Funseth sinks a ten-footer for his birdie on the fifteenth. He is a stroke behind the leaders—ten under par.

At this point, most of the spectators began to talk in terms of a playoff. It seemed like a good probability. However, as has been noted, Watson failed to make his par on the eighteenth, and Green, needing a birdie on the eight-

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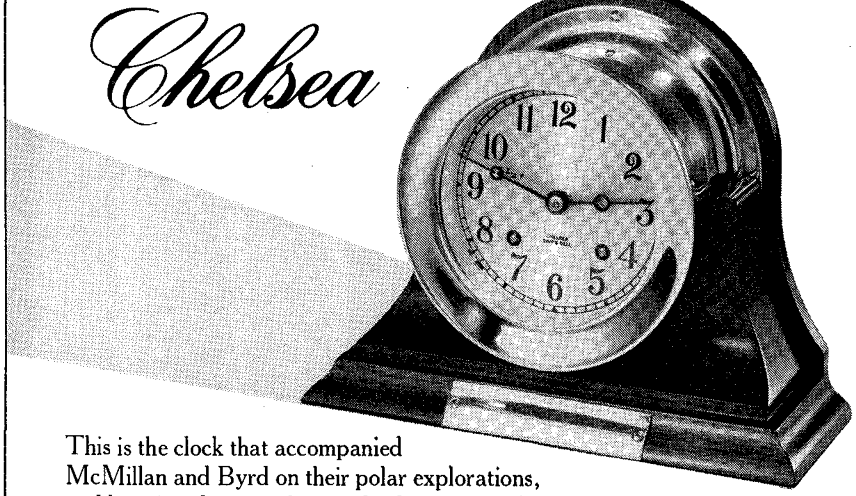

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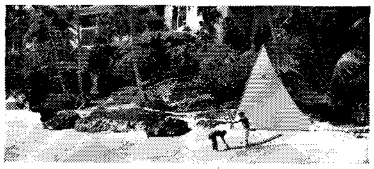

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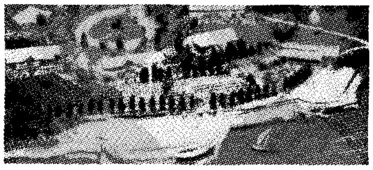

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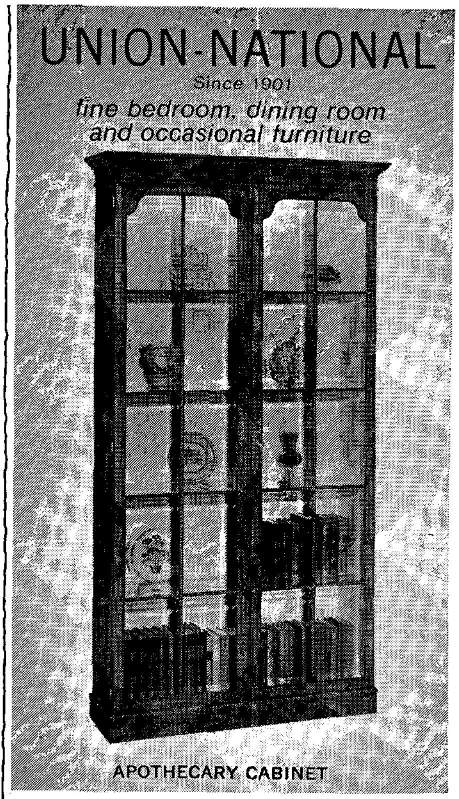
eenth to tie after three-putting the sixteenth from only fifteen feet, threw away the chance that his wonderful 8-iron approach had set up. I was sorry to see Green lose. Over the last two rounds, he had been in front most of the way, and he had stood up sturdily to the burden the leader always bears. Moreover, during the four days, as I saw it, he had hit more A-plus shots than any other player. I was sorry to see Watson lose. He is a lovely shotmaker and, like few golfers, he can fight back after a discouraging batch of errors and turn a bad round into a good one. Along with this, he is a young man with an impressively broad outlook. There is more than a touch of Jones in Watson. And I minded that Funseth had to lose. By my count, he had sixteen birdies and only five bogeys over the last three rounds. He unquestionably played fewer bad shots than anyone else in the field. I liked his statement when it was all over: "I'm not disappointed. I played well and finished second. I didn't throw anything away."

I was also happy that Player won. He is, no question about it, one of the finest golfers of all time. I very much doubt if anyone with a chance to win has ever played the last nine holes of a major championship as supernally well as he played the last nine of the 1978 Masters. An abbreviated review of that stretch run seems to be in order. On the tenth, a 485-yard par 4, he put a 5-iron twenty-five feet to the right of the pin and holed the birdie putt. On the eleventh, a 445-yard par 4, he pushed his 4-iron approach sixteen feet or so to the right of the green, then improvised a little wedge pitch that slowed down as it neared the cup, hit the rim, and twisted out. On the 155-yard twelfth, over Rae's Creek, he hit a high 7-iron fifteen feet to the left of the pin and holed that birdie putt. On the par-5 thirteenth, he was a scant twelve feet from the pin after a big drive and a gorgeous 4-iron; his putt for the eagle grazed the right edge of the cup. On the fourteenth, 420 yards long, his approach, an 8-iron, ended up only six feet from the pin, but he missed his try for the birdie. On the par-5 fifteenth, he was on in two, and two-putted from fifty feet for his birdie. On the sixteenth, 190 yards long, he played a 5-iron to within fifteen feet of the hole and made the slippery birdie putt. On the 400-yard seventeenth, he was on in two with an 8-iron, twenty feet from the pin, but did not make his birdie putt. Then, on the home hole—and he knew full well he needed still another birdie to have a real chance—



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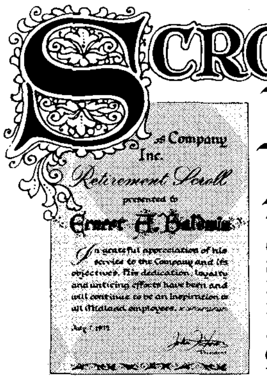

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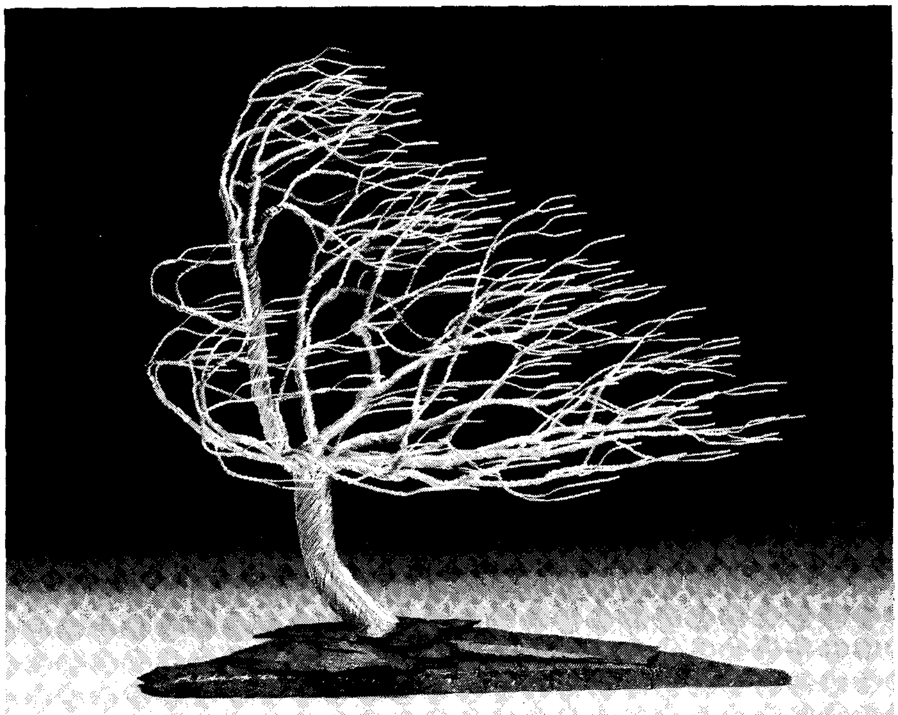
he used a 3-wood off the tee and followed it with an excellent 6-iron approach fifteen feet from the pin. He read the all-important putt correctly and stroked it smoothly into the cup for the birdie that in the end spelled the difference. You simply cannot play nine holes any better than that.

In most record books, Player is listed as standing five feet eight, but he may be nearer to five-seven. He does not, however, give the impression of being a small man. He has a splendid physique, which he has built up and maintained by constant attention to diet and exercise. He weighed a hundred and fifty pounds when he turned professional, in 1952, and he still does. In 1957, when I first saw him play, I was terribly disappointed. He had an ugly swing, for he was intent on hitting the golf ball as far as the big men did, and in his pursuit of length he set up in an overly wide stance, wrapped the club around his neck going back, and practically jumped at the ball at impact. Besides this, he had a defective grip, and on many rounds he was all over the course. Nevertheless, he contrived to bring in some surprisingly good scores, for he used the wedge well and putted like an angel. (In those days, he employed a locked-wrist method of putting, with the movement of his shoulders controlling his stroke.) He was also aided incalculably by his persistence: Success at school sports had convinced him that he had athletic coördination, and he was determined to be a golf champion. When I saw him in action the next year, 1958, I barely recognized his swing. I don't know how he managed the change so quickly, but he had transformed it completely. He now had a good-looking orthodox American-type swing, and he hit the ball nicely and far. Over the last two decades, he has had his hot streaks and his slumps, but he has never stopped working on the technical nuances of hitting the golf ball as well as he can. Since he understands clearly what the proper movements should be in the vital part of the swing—when the golfer moves into the ball and hits through it—he has been able to remedy bad habits (all golfers fall into them periodically) and come back ready for the next big event. Today, when practicing, he works mainly on tempo. Unquestionably, he has long been and still is the best bunker player in the world. In temperament, he is somewhat like Arnold Palmer, in that he can concentrate during the heat of tournament play on at least three different levels simul-



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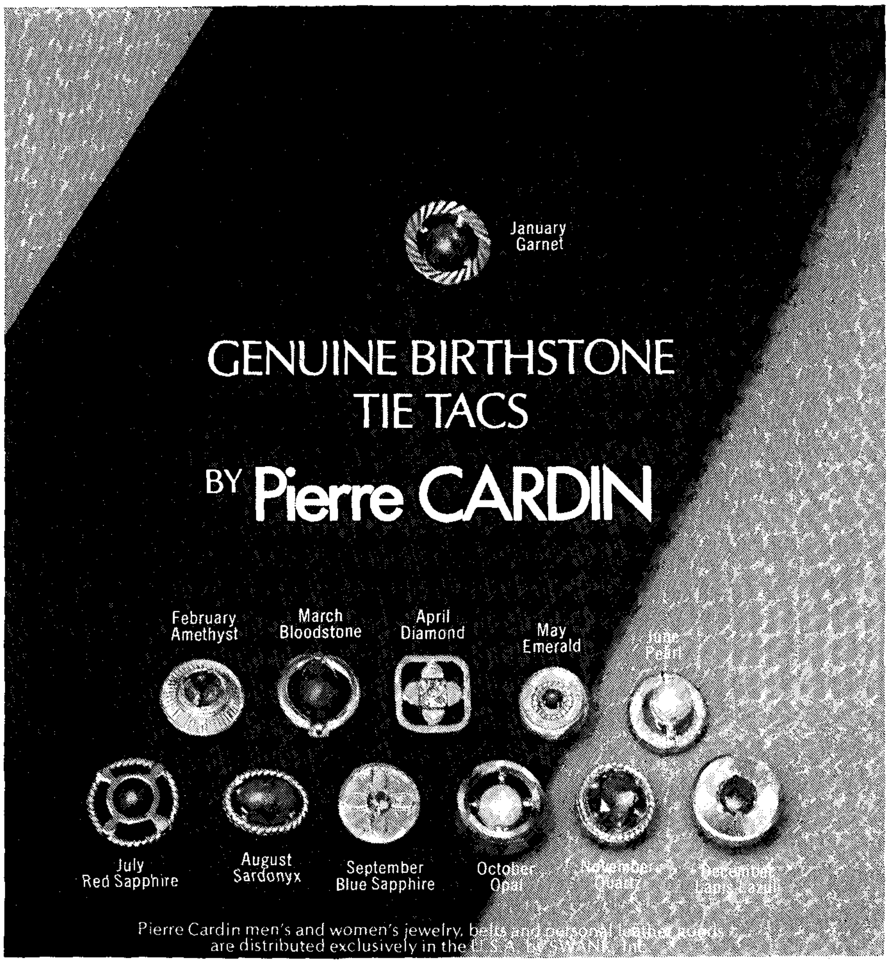

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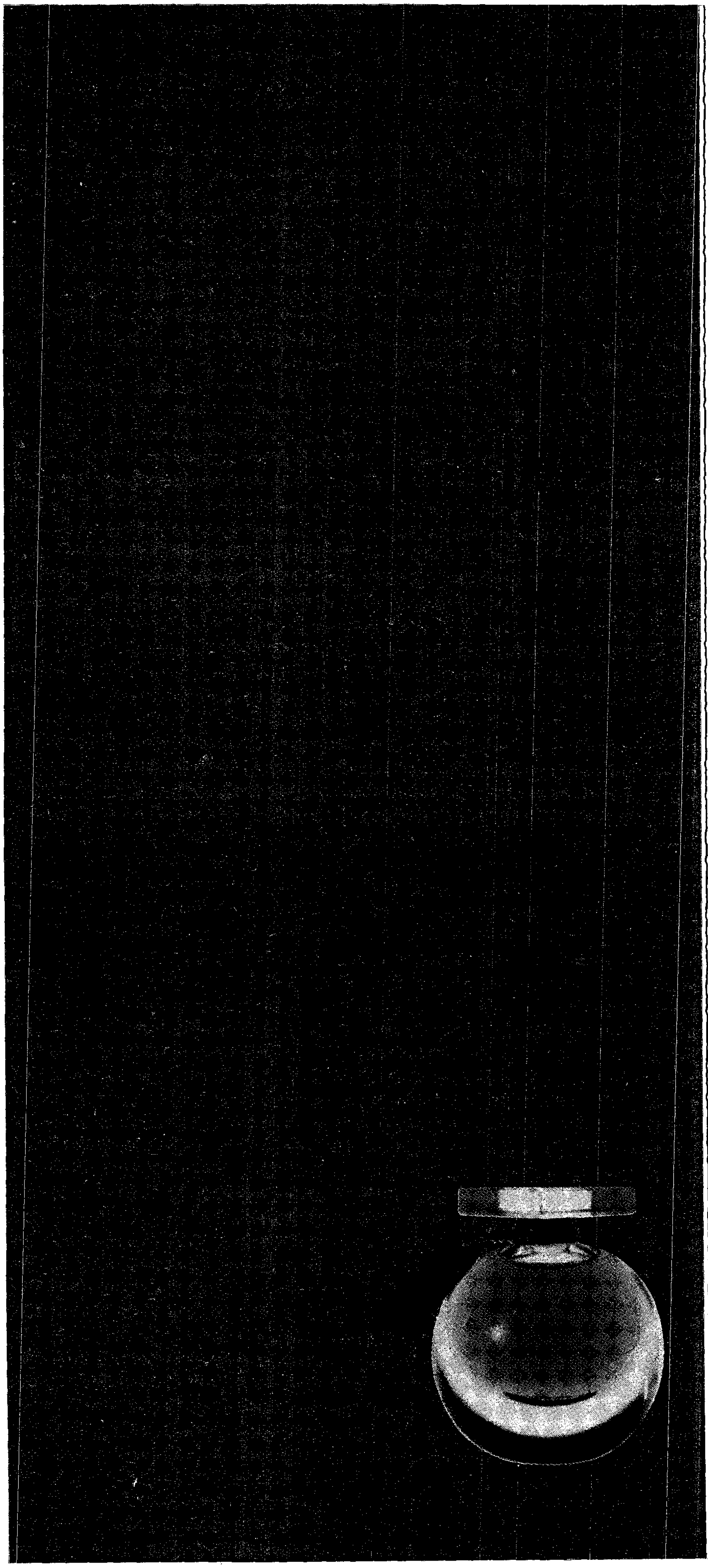


taneously. There is also a helpful theatrical streak in his personality, which enables him to respond well to the strident galleries, the spur of competition, and the dramatic moment.

Player lives with his wife, Vivienne, and their six children in a suburb of Johannesburg called Honeydew, where he raises race horses. He has won the South African Open eleven times. There has never been a golfer who has performed outside his own country as well as Player. This is an index of his remarkable talent, for the game is played under subtly different conditions in every land, and so requires the ability to adjust and readjust. Player has won more than a hundred tournaments around the globe. He has won the Piccadilly World Match Play Championship, at Wentworth, outside London, five times. Teamed with Harold Henning, he won the World Cup for South Africa at the Club de Campo, in Madrid, in 1965; that year, too, he won the trophy for the lowest individual total score, and he won it again last year, at the Wack Wack course, in Manila. He has taken the Brazilian Open twice. He has won in Egypt and in Japan, and he has carried off the Australian P.G.A. Championship twice and the Australian Open no fewer than seven times. He looks much younger than he is, possibly because he has never been out of top condition. "I believe that if a man takes care of himself, then, all things being equal, he should be as competent a golfer at fifty as he was at thirty," he said at the conclusion of the Masters. There is no telling, of course, whether Player at fifty will be a threat in the major championships of 1986, but, you know, he might.

—Herbert Warren Wind

•

Drop Juror for Raccoon Dislike

Nashville, Tenn. (AP)—A prospective juror was dropped from consideration in a damage suit Wednesday because of his feelings about raccoons.

Joe Binkley Jr., an attorney representing a plaintiff in a personal injury suit, asked the jurors if any of them had dealings with pet raccoons. Binkley's client was injured in an auto accident allegedly sparked by a raccoon's disruptive activities in the back seat.

"My daughter had one and I know how they can be," an unidentified jury candidate said.

"They're just like any other pet, aren't they?" Binkley asked.

Antelope can jump a distance of 35 feet and often reach heights of 10 feet in the air.—*Oak Ridge (Tenn.) Oak Ridger.*

Keep 'em out of the back seat.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

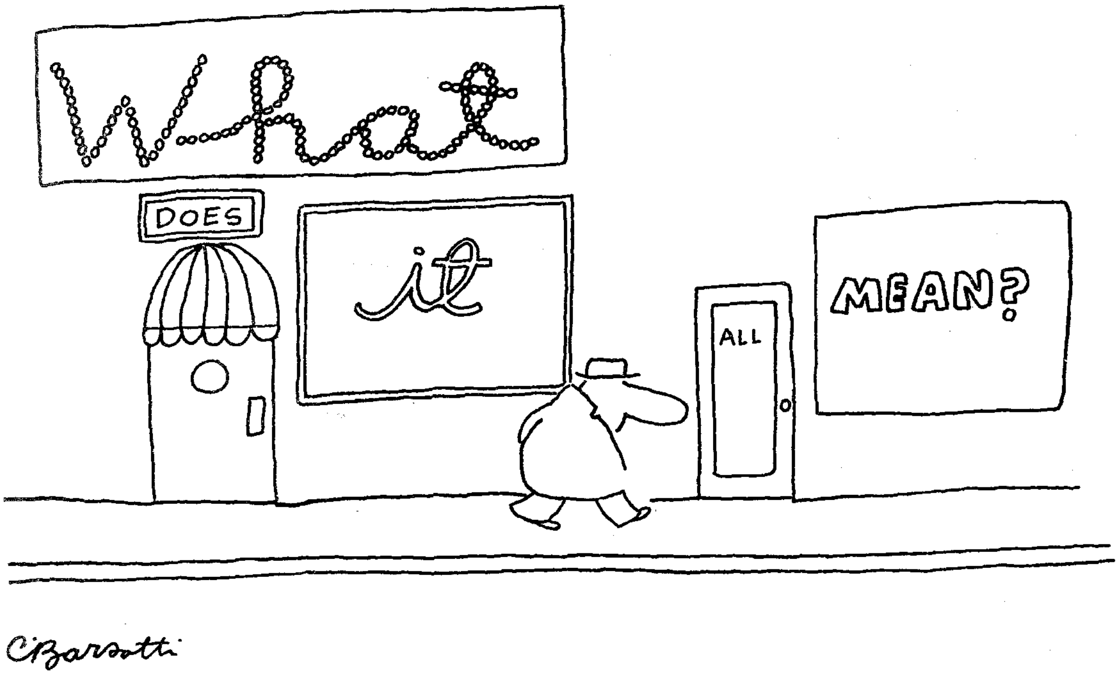
Warlords

IT is one of the more reactionary acts in the Free World to write off labor unions as having become reactionary. No doubt members of the Teamsters—the trucking union that was run by the black-natured and all too entertainingly crafty Jimmy Hoffa, who has since disappeared and is presumed murdered at the hands of his underworld companions—have been notably corrupt, used union pension funds for disgraceful purposes, kept company with belts of organized crime, and so on, and so on. But there is still something unwittingly right-wing about the attitudes of "F.I.S.T.," a long-winded film by Norman Jewison which has to do with a fictional union called the Federation of Interstate Truckers—presumably based on the Teamsters—and run in the end by Sylvester Stallone as Johnny Kovak.

When the film opens, there is a shot of a "Fight for the Right to Work" poster and a gathering of angry men in cloth caps. We are in the late nineteen-thirties, but the feeling is of the Dark Ages of the unions: long, long before Roosevelt. This is not the authentic-seeming mood of the thirties which one encounters in last year's film called "Union Maids," about the upsurge of the labor movement in Chicago as it is remembered in interviews with three working women intent on restoring for us a part of history they find by no means pallid or quieted. That documentary has a blitheness and humor and, above all, a genuine sense of what it is to be Socialist. It is tender toward the long past of Socialism and exact about present Socialism. "F.I.S.T." is neither.

Kovak is a tyrant who is shown rising from the ranks, where he has already begun laying about him and has actually beaten up and killed someone with an axe handle. He goes on to become the head of the biggest union in the country. Everything that moves on wheels belongs to him, he is said to have said. On his way to power, he gets more and more corrupt. Stallone's performance makes him seem a sleepy, overmuscled figure with moments of pre-moral aristocratism: the sort of rock face of a man on whom girls try desperately to gain a purchase. We are told that his parents came over from Hungary. He marries a pretty Lithuanian (Melinda Dillon) who insists that her suitors talk to her charming mother (Elena Karam) about the weather as a way of testing their manners. Some difficult weather conversation with Johnny provides an interlude of true character detail which is one of the best things about the uneven film. Johnny comes into the Lithuanian house holding a bunch of roses and refuses to let them be put in water. He wants to give them to his girl himself. So he sits there obediently talking about the weather with the watchful mother and letting the roses droop as he clutches them. But obedience? When he has it, this sullen man, it is always shown as being an instinctive act rather than a thoughtful one, and this is part of the right-wing sweep of the picture: to rob its union hero of brain. In the same way, the fact of his Central European past and his marriage into a heavily Lithuanian family only serve to prop up the view that unions are irretrievably and regrettably ethnic.

He starts to associate with the rats of the underworld. His corruption grows. He behaves more and more as if he were a child performer: a toddler worn out with playing the wolf in "Little Red Riding Hood," banging his head against the wall of the nursery and sobbing for his nanny to come in and order him to stop. The nanny, it turns out in 1959, is a Senate committee. In the meantime, Johnny has achieved a sort of power that the film, in its determinist way, sees as inevitably corrupting for a workingman, whom, in turn, it sees as inevitably an upstart. Johnny misuses union pension funds by lending them on a huge scale to leaders of organized crime. He gets locked into a struggle for a winning half nelson first with a labor leader called Max Graham (Peter Boyle, good at thugs, here not allowed to use his comic gifts) and then with an old-time comrade-in-arms called Abe Belkin, who is played by David Huffman, memorable for his Off Broadway performance in Tennessee Williams' "Small Craft Warnings." He associates with Babe Milano, a crime leader, played by Tony Lo Bianco, and is egged on by a small-scale criminal called Vince Doyle (Kevin Conway, in a good weasel performance). He takes to strong-arm tactics to stop the delivery of liquor to bars that haven't installed Milano jukeboxes. There is a dirty deal about toy trucks, seen by the film with muggy sentimentality. He has a confrontation with a negotiator for the trucking industry. He is refused an eight-per-cent raise for his men and offered seven per cent. Eight per cent, he says. Hours later, at the conference table, jacket off, he is offered seven and a half per cent. Eight per cent, he says, and he walks out. Some time later, he is able to tell a roaring and awestruck crowd of union



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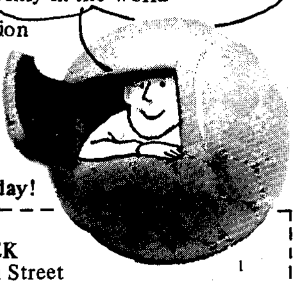

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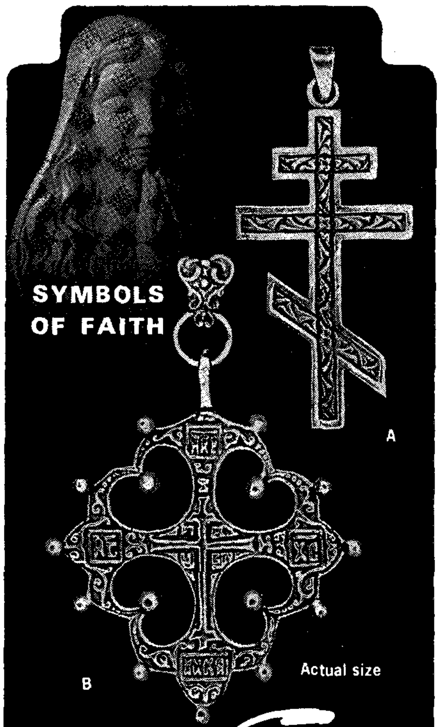
men that he has got them eight per cent. By walking out. This film starts to make one think that honor consists in walking out.

The correct allegations of corruption and the fact of the axe-handle killing come out at the 1959 Senate hearing, which is conducted by Rod Steiger as a senator called Andrew Madison. Looking frailer than before, acting with a force convincingly moral, and wearing the bow tie that seems to be the mark of hell-bent seriousness in American scholars of political history, Steiger thumps his gavel and thunders questions at the witness to a point that eventually makes Kovak again walk out. But never mind, says the morality of the film, which insistently shows that labor is criminal but that its members are rightly victorious in the end: a piece of ethical doublethink if ever there was one. Kovak storms out to meet not calumny but still another roaring and awestruck crowd of union men, this time with their anthropomorphically roaring and awestruck crowd of trucks: forces that have together succeeded in blocking the streets of Washington.

In the years that pass during the film—between the late thirties and the late fifties—Johnny Kovak ages only with the most distinguished flares of gray hair at the temples. This is the way people grow older in such a picture. The process is the male equivalent of a woman's growing old gracefully, the male equivalent of lavender water. "F.I.S.T." is exceptionally genteel, for all its masculine heroics. It is also romanticized, in a way that is obviously and condescendingly supposed to reflect the husky good heart of the workingman. The Stallone character, in a script written by Joe Eszterhas and Stallone himself, is a one-note creature. The film has none of the halftones of class distinction, even though it is about that very thing. The confrontations between labor and management yield nothing of the subtle ignominies and shadowy brutishness visited upon the underdog which we know to have characterized the long struggle of the labor movement. We see instead a great deal of brutishness on the labor side and meet a great deal of emotionalism on the picture's side. Kovak's pledges to the union are made to abominable triumphant music. The score all the way through is overheated. It is an example of the sort of film music that makes points only to lose its wits, that illustrates only to blur, that seems to direct attention to the purpose of a scene only



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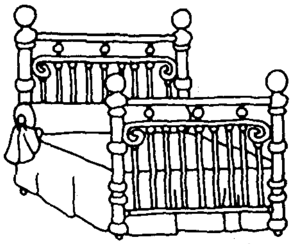

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to draw one's ears to its own banality.

Twenty-four hours in the day: roughly eight sleeping, eight off, and eight working. Heaven knows, a lot of people work a lot more than that, and in worse times a lot more people did, and didn't want to; heaven knows, too, we badly need films about the largely unchronicled working third of the day. In principle, one is grateful for a movie like "F.I.S.T." One is also grateful for films that are political (which is not necessarily the same thing as films about politics). As "On the Waterfront" had in its time, "F.I.S.T." has some finely individualized flashes. A scene such as the one with the Lithuanian mother and the roses strikes you almost as much as the one between Marlon Brando and Rod Steiger about "I could have been a contender" in "On the Waterfront." There is a good wedding sequence, with Johnny's bride doing a Lithuanian dance and with him wearing a bulging dinner jacket and proudly smoking a cigar. Moments like these are moments on a staircase caught by a photographic flash: the faces that are captured in the glare have the look of truth, of life on the wing. But, again like "On the Waterfront," "F.I.S.T." is muddy-minded and sometimes unconsciously more to the right than it clearly means to be. It comes down eventually on the side of the senator, of authority, of conservatism. The union men are pretty well regarded as Bolshevik agitators; the old cry is repeated in the film, and it seems to be supported by the pattern of the story, in which every second die-hard rumor about unions is shown to be true. There is something inherently right-wing about focussing so intently on the corruption of a single union, however accurately the tale is drawn from one actual situation. "F.I.S.T." in no way fulfills the immortal need of art, which is to show not only what is but what ought to be. There is no yearning here, no sense of things other, no sensibility about the mighty suffering and endurance that have brought the union movement to its present state.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

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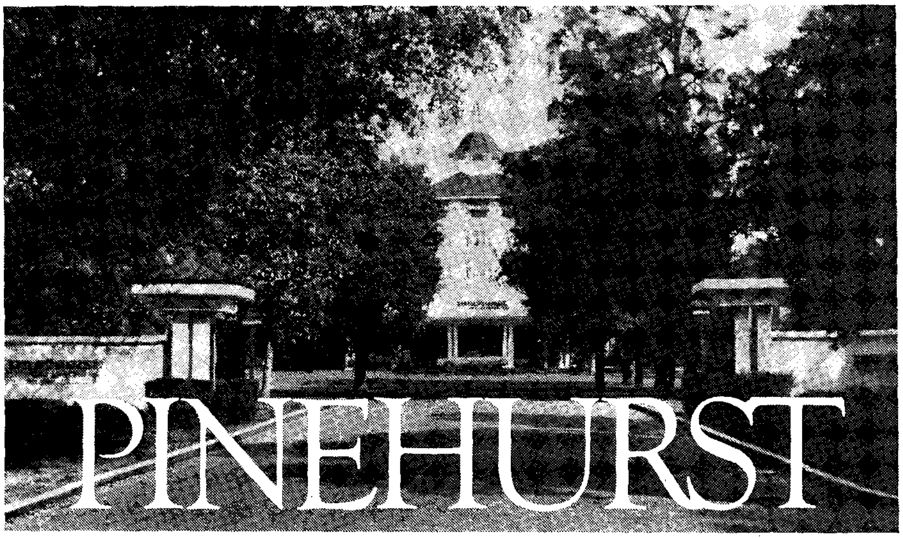

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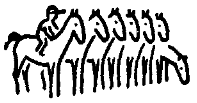
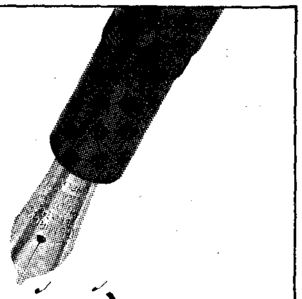
On to Kentucky



It has been a long time since there was so much excitement over the annual extravaganza at Churchill Downs. And, although there are several good colts entered this year, the chief reason for the excitement, of course, is that this will be the first meeting as three-year-olds of Louis Wolfson's Affirmed, who was last year's best two-year-old, and Calumet Farm's Alydar, who was responsible for Affirmed's only two defeats. (Affirmed came off best on the four other occasions when they met.) Both colts go to the post unbeaten this year. Affirmed has won the San Felipe Handicap, the Santa Anita Derby, and the Hollywood Derby. Alydar has won the Flamingo Stakes, the Florida Derby, and the Blue Grass Stakes, in the last of which he romped home by thirteen lengths. Horsemen are still talking about that Blue Grass victory, so I wouldn't be at all surprised if Alydar went off the favorite at Louisville on Saturday. This will be the first Kentucky Derby for Steve Cauthen, who's on Affirmed. Alydar will be ridden by Velasquez, an old campaigner who came home second in last year's Derby. Cauthen was cautious about the outcome. "It's a difficult race to handicap," he said. Not that anyone is calling this a two-horse race. Woody Stephens has a speed horse in Believe It, who won the Wood Memorial handily, and, as you know, the last three winners of the Wood have gone on to win the Run for the Roses. Nevertheless, Affirmed is this department's Derby horse.

Your correspondent, who has seen many Kentucky Derbies, has always thought that the most dramatic moment comes shortly before the parade to the post, when the massed bands in the infield swing into "My Old Kentucky Home," and the colt who has drawn post position No. 1 begins to lead the other three-year-olds onto the track, all of them ready to run their hearts out for the gold and glory that lie at the end of the mile and a quarter. The effect on the crowds in the stands is much as if an anthem were being played. I think Stephen Foster would have liked that.

Mint Juleps will cost $2.50 at the track this year. (A hundred and fifty bushels of mint are on order for the weekend.) They will be served in sou-



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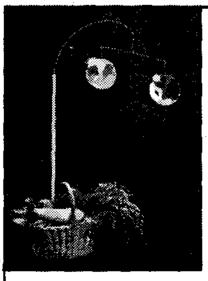

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venir glasses, which you may keep. No such largesse is planned at OTB betting shops, but they will be happy to give you all the action you want.

HORSEPLAYERS got their money's worth at Aqueduct last Saturday. Some twenty-six thousand of them saw Northernette, One Sum, and Dottie's Doll gallop past the post almost level in the $80,550 Top Flight Handicap, and there was much buzzing in the stands until the numbers went up on the tote board in the infield, showing that the three had in fact finished in that order, with Northernette just a neck ahead of One Sum, and Dottie's Doll only a dirty nose behind her. Northernette covered the nine furlongs in 1:49⅖, and gave the Canadian jockey Jeffrey Fell his first winning ride since he had come to the Big A from Florida, two days earlier. —AUDAX MINOR

•

YOUNG OWLS

Now crows mill blackly above them,
yawking as though
something is stuck in their craws,
and a panic of baby white
floats off the nest as if
struck in midflight.

But they are there,
trying deficient wings
and feet like goalies' mitts
at the nest's brink,
trying a gargle of little bones
and a stare like corpse candles,
their black pupils fixed in yellow.

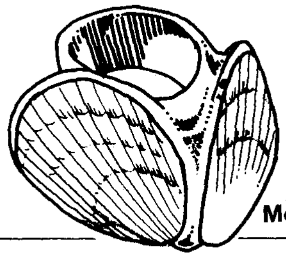
They sit it out,
or lean into the future,
waiting for their buff feathers
to straggle downhill through scrub
till they are dressed like bark.

Visitations of neither
luck nor wisdom, they mean
no frogs in the garden this year,
no hunting the slope under the nest
for lady's slippers
languorous with spring.

Dropping to berry tangles
on feet that later, quicker,
will snatch June bugs from the air
and flip them like popcorn
to their beaks,
they waddle toward dusk

and clutches of young terns
in the hollows on Egg Island,
fuzzy about how shadows
drop out of the sun,
how nothing in this world
gets out of its life alive.

—BRENDAN GALVIN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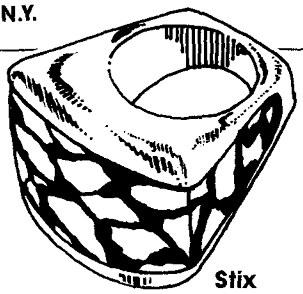
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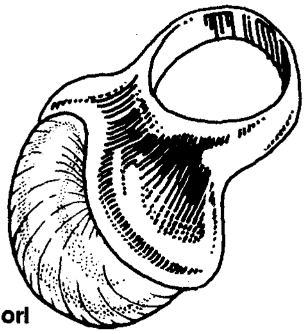
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MUSICAL EVENTS

A Promise of Marvellous Hope

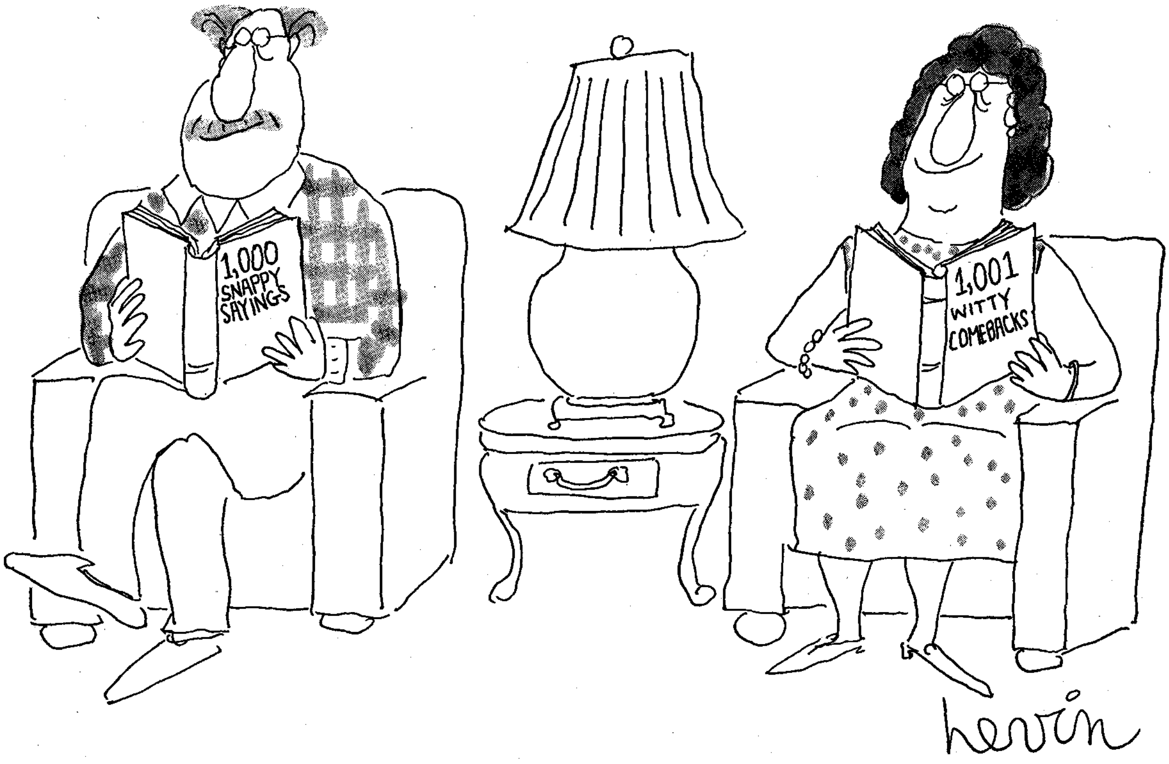
THE Juilliard American Opera Center chose "Jenůfa" for its spring production, and was criticized therefor. A less familiar Janáček opera—"Šárka," "The Beginning of a Romance," "Destiny"—could have increased our knowledge of the composer. "Kát'a Kabanová" has not yet taken the place it should hold in either the Met's or the City Opera's repertory. But for this "Jenůfa" I feel only grateful. The Center did it well—more movingly than the Met in its 1974 production. The Met production has not been revived. And "Jenůfa" is a work—like "Semele," "Figaro," and "Fidelio"—that provides operagoers with sustenance they need to remain emotionally alive. Let me quote a few sentences from the last section of Michael Ewans's sensitive, passionate study "Janáček's Tragic Operas," published last year by Faber:

> In every opera, Janáček presents men and women who are human beings like us; he does so with the deepest understanding, neither raising metaphysical doubts nor offering a pessimistic view of mankind, but snatching some consolation for mortality even from the jaws of extreme suffering. . . . Intellect and emotion unite to illuminate a vast range of truth, offering to all who will listen a triumphant demonstration of the worth and dignity of individual man. . . . Janáček's tragic operas heal our wounds, make sense of our existence: they have within them much of what it is to live.

"Jenůfa" matters in a way that "Thaïs" and "Adriana Lecouvreur," "La Fanciulla del West" and "The Saint of Bleecker Street" don't.

At the Juilliard, there were alternate casts. The three young principals I heard—Awilda Verdejo as Jenůfa; Fredda Rakusin as the Kostelnička, the sextoness, who is Jenůfa's step- and foster-mother; and John West as Laca—had the directness of utterance that Janáček needs. His score is far from simple—the patterning of timbres and rhythms, the long swells and sudden crises of harmony are subtly controlled—but if his interpreters sing with honest feeling and in beautiful tones, and avoid artifice and staginess, the expression can hardly go wrong. Miss Verdejo was warm, tender, and credible. Her portrayal of the hopeful, anxious girl in Act I, the tender mother in Act II, and, finally, the mature, understanding, courageous woman was unaffected and true. She has a full lyric soprano, and at the end of the evening discovered new reserves of shining, ample tone for the great duet. Miss Rakusin's Kostelnička had dignity and force; she was very moving in Act II, where love for Jenůfa drives this strict, upright widow to falsehood, blasphemy, and murder. Her consequent physical collapse was strikingly shown, and so was her newfound, generous grandeur in the penultimate scene. The Kostelnička is a role for a dramatic soprano; Miss Rakusin is a mezzo, and some of the higher notes were strained, but all of her singing was clear, firm, and eloquent. Janáček named his opera "Její Pastorkyňa," "Her Step-Daughter"—a title that seems to compound two title roles and suggest that the relationship between Jenůfa and the Kostelnička is at the heart of the opera. In the Juilliard performance, this changing relationship—at the end, the older woman draws strength from the younger—was accurately and beautifully represented. Mr. West does not have much stage presence, but through his singing he told of Laca's fierce, and finally noble, love. His phrasing was fresh, strongly shaped, and smooth. Števa was well done by Tonio Di Paolo, who has added some pure but not yet quite convincing tenor notes to his beautiful baritone. Števa is no conventional villain; Janáček limns his shallow, selfish nature with understanding, even with sympathy. The confrontation with the Kostelnička in Act II—which Mr. Ewans rightly describes as "a study in overreaction," since both she and he are carried away beyond their intentions—was powerfully achieved.

The staging was hampered by Josef Svoboda's clumsy set, based (like the "Tannhäuser" décor he inflicted on Hamburg and Covent Garden) on two narrow diagonal walkways spanning the stage in a St. Andrew's cross. As a result, what should be natural moves across the mill yard of Act I and the room of Acts II and III became stilted progress around an obstacle course. But Gerald Freedman, who directed, minimized the difficulties, and he had inspired all his cast to a true understanding of their roles. Peter Herman Adler's conducting was masterly—alert to every expressive turn of the music, paced to the thought of the characters, quick and keen in its control of color. The Juilliard orchestra was excellent; the violin solos of Dene Olding, accompanying Jenůfa's scena in Act II, were especially eloquent.



"Jenůfa" is a profoundly moving and at times a terrifying opera. No single person is to blame for the tragedy. A girl becomes pregnant; the young man, her cousin, does not want to be caught in marriage. The drama begins like "Cavalleria Rusticana" but continues with a truth and tenderness far

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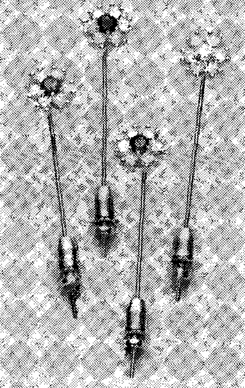

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removed from Mascagni's melodramatic "verismo." Lola, Alfio, and Mamma Lucia are stock characters; Janáček's numerous secondary characters are vivid and individual in everything they say. Gradually, by small verbal and musical details, the past as well as the present is revealed. Števa Buryja's carefree selfishness has been nurtured by his good looks, his inherited wealth, his upbringing as an orphan by a fond, doting grandmother, head of the Buryja family. In his half brother Laca, who is not a Buryja, an Edmund-like resentment contends with an Edgar-like nobility. The Kostelnička was not always formidable and austere. In youth she married a handsome, worthless Buryja; her severity includes a determination that her beloved foster-daughter should not be made unhappy by Števa as she once was by his uncle. These are all real, understandable people. The tragedy develops. Jenůfa bears her child in secret. Števa offers money; Laca offers his hand, but his love falters when he learns of the child. So the Kostelnička tells her lie—"The child died"—and then the stern epitome of village virtues becomes a murderess to make it true. In Act III, the villagers who have arrived to celebrate Jenůfa's marriage to Laca break into horrifying cries of "Stone her!" when the body is discovered. But the Kostelnička, Jenůfa, and Laca rise to greatness—human, not supernatural or mythical, greatness—and achieve it not so much through their own suffering as through their comprehension of others' suffering. All this Janáček has expressed in music that seems to touch directly on the listeners' nerves of understanding and compassion. His methods can be analyzed, his structures plotted, his careful dramaturgy described, and his melodies traced to an origin in the inflections of Moravian speech. But in the theatre one forgets such things in the immediacy of one's response to thoughts, feelings, and character. "The art of dramatic writing," Janáček once said, "is to compose a melodic curve that will, as if by magic, reveal immediately a human being in one definite phase of his existence." And as Rosa Newmarch, an early Janáček champion, wrote long ago, "the disadvantage of the strongly localized accent and lilt need trouble only the unfortunate translator of the text." Whether the first line of the opera is sung in Czech as "Už se večer chýlí, a Števa se nevrací!," in German as "Ach, es wird schon Abend, und Stewa ist nicht zurück!" (which is how I first got to know and love it), or in English as "Soon it will be evening,

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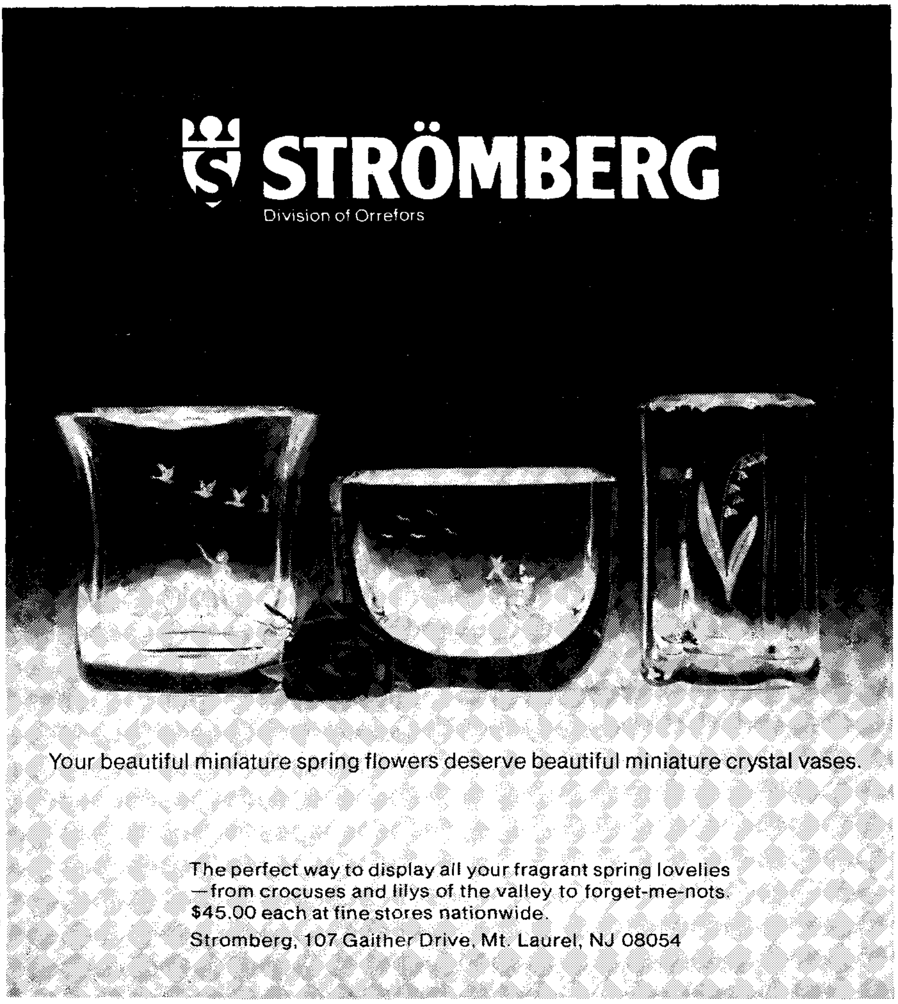
and Števa has not come back!" (the Juilliard performance, like the Met's, was done in English), the shape of the phrase, the length of the break between the first and the second clause, the repeat of the second with the harmony sharpened and the melodic curve extended to reach higher and sink further, and the placing of the voice as it steals into a void between the tremolando of high violins and that of low cellos—all these conspire to reveal, as if by magic, the anxiety and hope of Jenůfa at one definite stage of her existence. Laca's anger and love are similarly revealed. In Mr. Ewans's chapter on the opera, he makes the interesting observation that in Act I Jenůfa is subconsciously trying to slow the action down, and Laca to advance it. Janáček's music measures both against the recurrent, inexorable clacking of the mill wheel. And at the end of his chapter Mr. Ewans says:

> The wonder of "Jenůfa" is the promise that if sufficiently sensitive and understanding of others, we may by our own experiences attain, as Jenůfa and Laca, a moral maturity which is sufficient in itself, and which does not need—indeed rejects and goes in love beyond—the standards of any given community. A promise of marvellous hope, to Janáček's spectators as they go out into the night.

The promise of "Jenůfa" is repeated at the chilling close of "Kát'a Kabanová," and throughout "From the House of the Dead." Those three operas should be central to the twentieth-century repertory.

IN March last year, I wrote about a production at Yale which was misleadingly billed as the world première of Debussy's one-act opera "La Chute de la Maison Usher," and suggested that it could more properly be described as a bold student endeavor to give sound and context to an important, extended sketch for that unfinished score. The sketch (it is in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris, and was published in facsimile in 1962) is a particella—vocal lines together with the orchestral part indicated in condensed form on two, three, or four staves—of the first two hundred measures or so of the opera. It represents little more than a fifth of the libretto that Debussy devised from the Poe story, and peters out soon after the entry of the principal character, Roderick Usher. Debussy described the work as "a progressive expression of anguish;" here is but the first step of that progress. For the Yale production, it had been transcribed by Carolyn Abbate and orchestrated by Robert Kyr; the rest of Debussy's libretto was then played out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as a spoken drama, and rounded off by an orchestration of seven measures that survive on a sheet inscribed "*pour la fin de la m*[*aison*] *u*[*sher*] (?)."

More of "Usher" survives. The particella represents Debussy's attempt in 1915-17, at the end of his life, to resume and complete a work that had obsessed him from 1909 to 1911 and then been set aside. Neither for "Usher" nor for a companion piece based on Poe's "The Devil in the Belfry" could he "find the solution," he wrote in December, 1911. "For any single measure that may be free and alive there are twenty that are stifled by tradition." Debussy's stepdaughter still has several pages of "Usher" sketches dating from this earlier attempt, lapping and extending the passages set in the particella. His widow had the generous but regrettable habit of giving away single sheets as souvenirs of her husband; two of these were published in facsimile, two more have since been discovered, and it seems likely that yet more will turn up. The British Library has a sheet for the passage in which Roderick's friend reads to him—in ordinary speech, against music—the story of Sir Ulrich from "notre roman favori." Last December, Frankfurt Radio broadcast a partial reconstruction of Debussy's "Usher" about twice as long as Miss Abbate's, accurately described as "fragments of the lyric drama . . . assembled, transcribed, and orchestrated by Juan Allende-Blin." Mr. Allende-Blin has not confined himself to the particella but has added whatever he could glean of the opera from all stages of its composition. I have not heard his version; the Frankfurt program book, which contains a libretto, shows that it includes, after the long continuous passage represented by the particella, several further stretches of Roderick's monologue. (One would like to hear Debussy's setting of "J'ai soif de lumière . . .—le soleil ne pénètre ici que pour y mourir" and of the lines Roderick sings about his sister Madeline, "Ah! ses lèvres sur mon front comme un parfum qui rafraîchit . . . ses lèvres qui tentent comme un fruit inconnu où ma bouche n'a jamais osé mordre!") It also includes a second strophe of Madeline's song "The Haunted Palace" (there are three strophes in Debussy's 1909 libretto, but only one in his revised 1916 libretto and in the particella) and most of the "Sir Ulrich" reading. But no music has yet been found for the long central dialogue of the opera, and none—apart from those seven measures "*pour la fin* . . .(?)"—for the dénouement.

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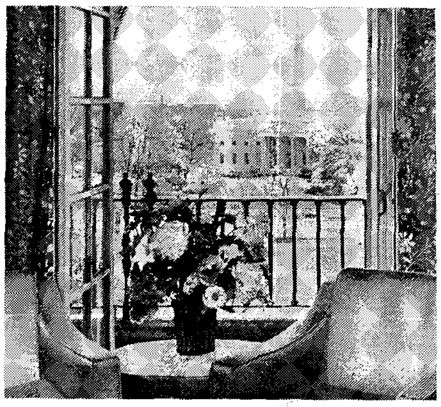

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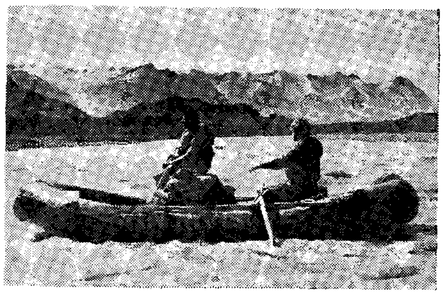

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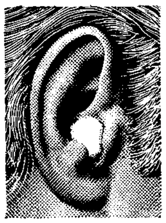

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The Abbate transcription of the particella was heard in New York last month at a Tully Hall concert given by the Bronx Arts Ensemble. It was described now as "'La Chute de la Maison Usher' (reconstructed and edited by Carolyn Abbate)." The Yale score had evidently been revised, and this time no orchestrator was named. In a program note, Miss Abbate wrote "we" in a context to suggest that her collaborator was the Wagner scholar Robert Bailey, her adviser at Yale, and there was a reference to "the Abbate/Bailey edition." The performance, conducted by Johannes Somary, was imprecise and ineffective, but even in a good performance this eighteen-minute fragment, which breaks off just as the drama is about to begin in earnest, could hardly make an effective concert piece. Nevertheless, it is of high interest to Debussyans to hear the composer's preliminary scene setting, his attempt to find motifs, harmonies, and (as revealed by a few indications of scoring) instrumental timbres to suggest the unstable house and the unstable soul of its owner. It should be stressed that the scoring can only be speculative—far more so than, say, Deryck Cooke's scoring of Mahler's Tenth Symphony, made from a particella more precise in its instrumental details than Debussy's. In the Yale stage production, one heard a version for chamber orchestra; a few weeks later, there was a Yale concert performance for an orchestra at full "Pelléas" strength. The Tully forces fell somewhere between the two.

After the Yale performance, I suggested that a reason for Debussy's being unable in 1911 to proceed with "Usher" was, in brief, that he had set himself two impossible tasks: to write an opera on "Usher" which would in no way recall the subject or atmosphere of "Pelléas," and to write an "Usher" opera to a scenario that utterly destroys the carefully balanced symbolism of Poe's tale. When he took up the sketches again, he was already dying. Debussy's "Usher" cannot in any strict sense be "reconstructed," since it was never fully constructed in the first place. But the fragments that remain, the last, morbid imaginings of a great composer, are fascinating.

—Andrew Porter

•

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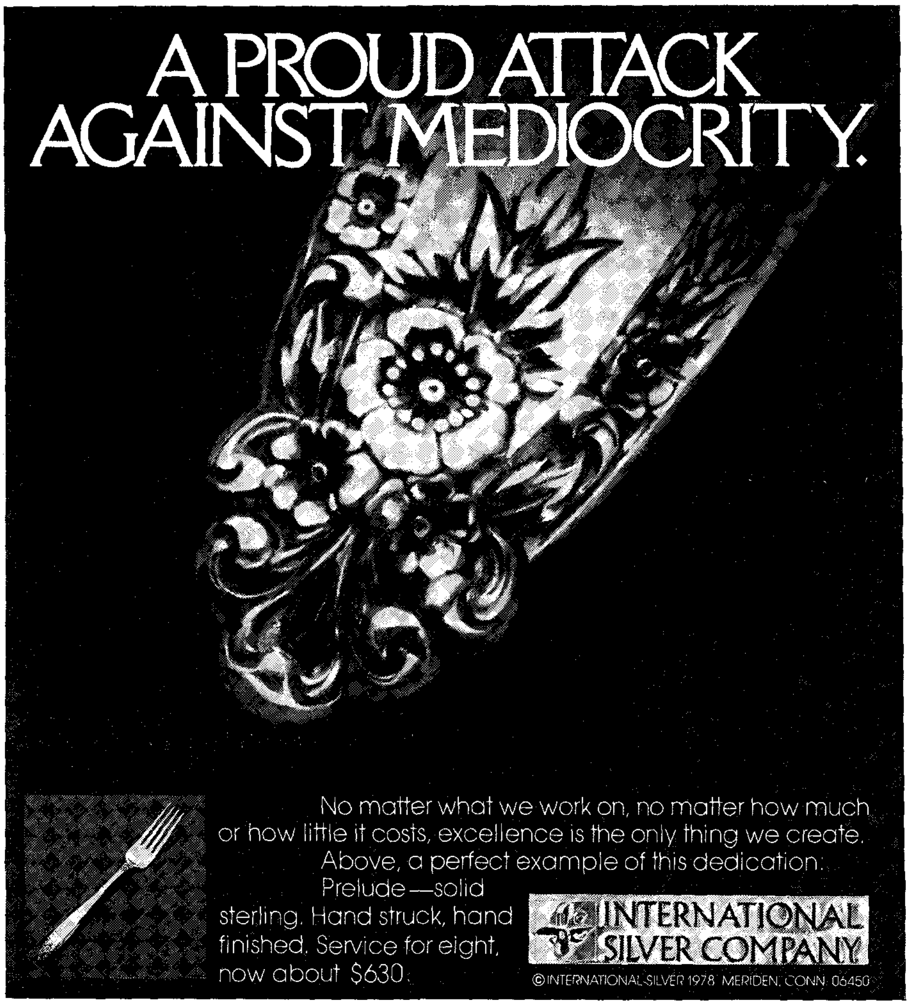

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DANCING

Studying the Masters

THE Shuberts, who booked the Eliot Feld Ballet this winter in Los Angeles, have just presented the company here, at the Plymouth. If the trend continues, this time next year Broadway houses will be filled with dance attractions. The big draw at the Plymouth was the guest artist, Mikhail Baryshnikov, in a new solo devised by Feld. The last time Feld and Baryshnikov worked together, they produced a messy, bad-boy parody of a superstar turn. Parts of "Santa Fe Saga," the new number, look like a sobered-up version of that earlier piece, but the juvenile swagger has, if anything, become more pronounced. And what Feld means by it is a question. "Santa Fe Saga" seems to deal simultaneously with a boy's dream of Wild West virility and an adult's scorn of stereotypes. It isn't very clear-minded, and Baryshnikov, in a set of campy buckskins, danced the role more honorably than Feld may have intended.

Fortunately, Feld's other new ballet, "La Vida," is one of his good ones. Set to Aaron Copland's brief orchestral rhapsody "El Salón México," it doesn't make the mistake of trying to develop more action than the music can hold; it develops just enough. Indeed, the choreography is practically toe-to-toe with this flamboyant yet tightly controlled score, and when the music is over, there isn't a drop left of the ballet. Feld has understood the deceptive latitude of the score. He responds to it by taking two or three visual motifs and turning them obsessively this way and that, until their clustering facets produce a compacted vista we can identify with Copland's. "La Vida" looks like a Mexican mural exploding inside a Lucite cube. The *salón* becomes a visible boxed space. To say that little happens within the space may be perfectly true; little that looks like dancing is allowed by the structure of the score. "El Salón México" is not one of Copland's ballet scores, and although some of the movement adapts Mexican folk dances, most of it is a hermetic reconstitution of the art works that other people have made on Mexican themes. "La Vida" is Feld's name for what we recognize as "El Arte." An anthology of impressions of impressions, the ballet is always one or two removes from its ostensible subject. Feld's purely conceptual approach doesn't suggest the processions in "Billy the Kid" as much as it does George Platt Lynes's photographs of "Billy" or of another "Mexican" ballet of the same period, Paul Bowles's "Pastorela." A poncho handled with stiffly hieratic implications and a dance with a snake headdress are very reminiscent of Martha Graham's terminology in such a piece as "El Penitente." But my guess is that Feld mainly has in mind the murals of artists like José Orozco. When he slings girls head downward on men's backs, he gets a toiling-peasant/beast-of-burden theme to merge with decorative chevron patterns, just as Orozco did. And his surrealistic jokes—female legs sprouting from male backs, a phallic sombrero turned flowerlike to the sun—supply the same touch of comic distortion to the landscape which one hears in the music.

Feld's designer, Willa Kim, whom I usually find incapable of seriousness, here restricts herself to the few iconographic shapes that are essential to Feld's idea. Her hot, earth-toned colors, her bands and striations are forceful, clear, and true to the subject, and Feld skillfully integrates them with his choreography. The only dubious note is the overstylized snake headdress. It's largely because of Kim's frivolity that "Santa Fe Saga" doesn't look like the companion piece to "La Vida" that it was evidently meant to be. Whereas in "La Vida" Feld collaborated with Kim, here he permits her to set the tone. She sets it low, with tarty leather peekaboo chaps that turn Baryshnikov into a midnight cowboy, an image so dumb that Feld's attitudinizing and woolgathering become openly pompous. He's like some infatuated but hopelessly distant European discoursing on the Far West (*la psychologie du centaurisme*, perhaps). The Morton Gould music is strident rather than flamboyant, and the choreography confuses consistency with repetition. Baryshnikov's joyous baroque spirit as well as his Russianness gives the whole thing language difficulties. Feld's method as a choreographer is a frank attempt to make art out of art by copying existing models in other people's ballets. Sometimes he succeeds in converting a model to his own purposes; often he achieves only a reduction. "La Vida" seems to have worked because it synthesizes many models in many art forms; it gave Feld room to make an original statement. But "Santa Fe Saga" picks apart and rehashes antinomies that were perfectly intertwined in the singular poetic statement made by Eugene Loring long ago in his portrait of Billy the Kid. Feld once danced the role of Billy at American Ballet Theatre. He adds nothing to our idea of it now but his willingness to keep us up half the night talking about it.

THE first thought that occurs to most people who are struck by the absence of craft in new choreography is that the new choreographers aren't watching the right models. The assumption is that they know what to watch for. Many young choreographers are blind to the presence of craftsmanship and many more prefer to work exclusively from their own habits and proclivities as dancers, spinning choreography out of their bodies like silkworms. A lot of the choreography that we see is studio work passing for performance. It's rare to find a choreographer who watches and learns as well as Daniel Levans does. One of the directors of the youthful company that calls itself U. S. Terpsichore, Levans has been making ballets only since 1974. Each one seems to have taught him something new. In this, he's like the young Eliot Feld, who set out to learn his craft by doing what the masters had done before him. Levans doesn't work as close to the originals as Feld did and still does. The first two pieces of his that I saw were a Bach ballet that was much more than "one of those" and a captivating version of Stravinsky's Duo Concertant that had nothing to do with the familiar version by Balanchine. This season, during the company's stand at the Brandeis High School auditorium, I managed to see two more Levanses, and again both of them struck me as enterprising works that had obviously been aimed at extending his skill into new areas of expression. But they were also talented, secure, and satisfying on a level well beyond apprenticeship. The more daring of the two, a première, was a large group piece in the Russian grand manner arranged to Glazunov waltzes. Almost no one but Balanchine and Ashton composes in this tradition anymore, and one would not have expected a twenty-four-year-old American choreographer, working without live music or experienced dancers, to produce the glistening bubbleweight ballet that Levans produced and to sustain, moreover, a sense of period

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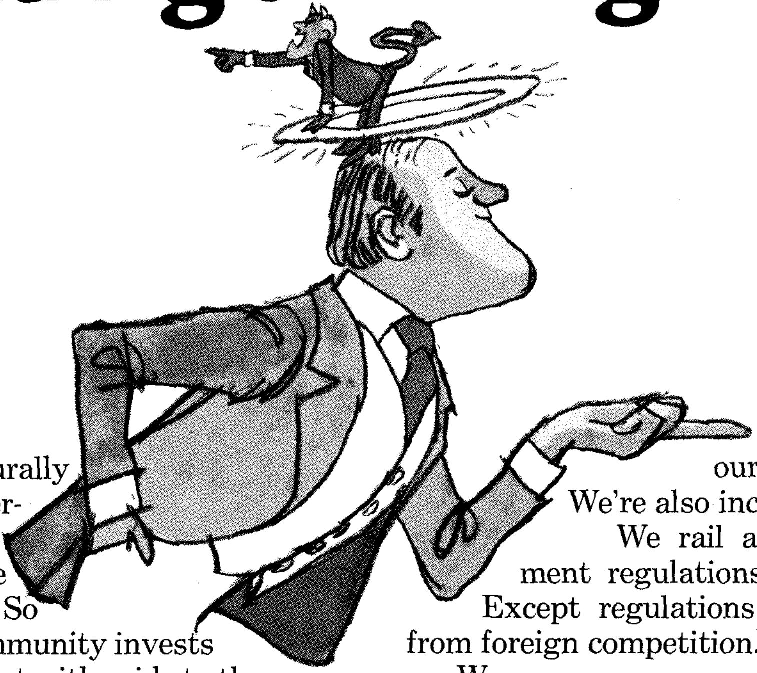

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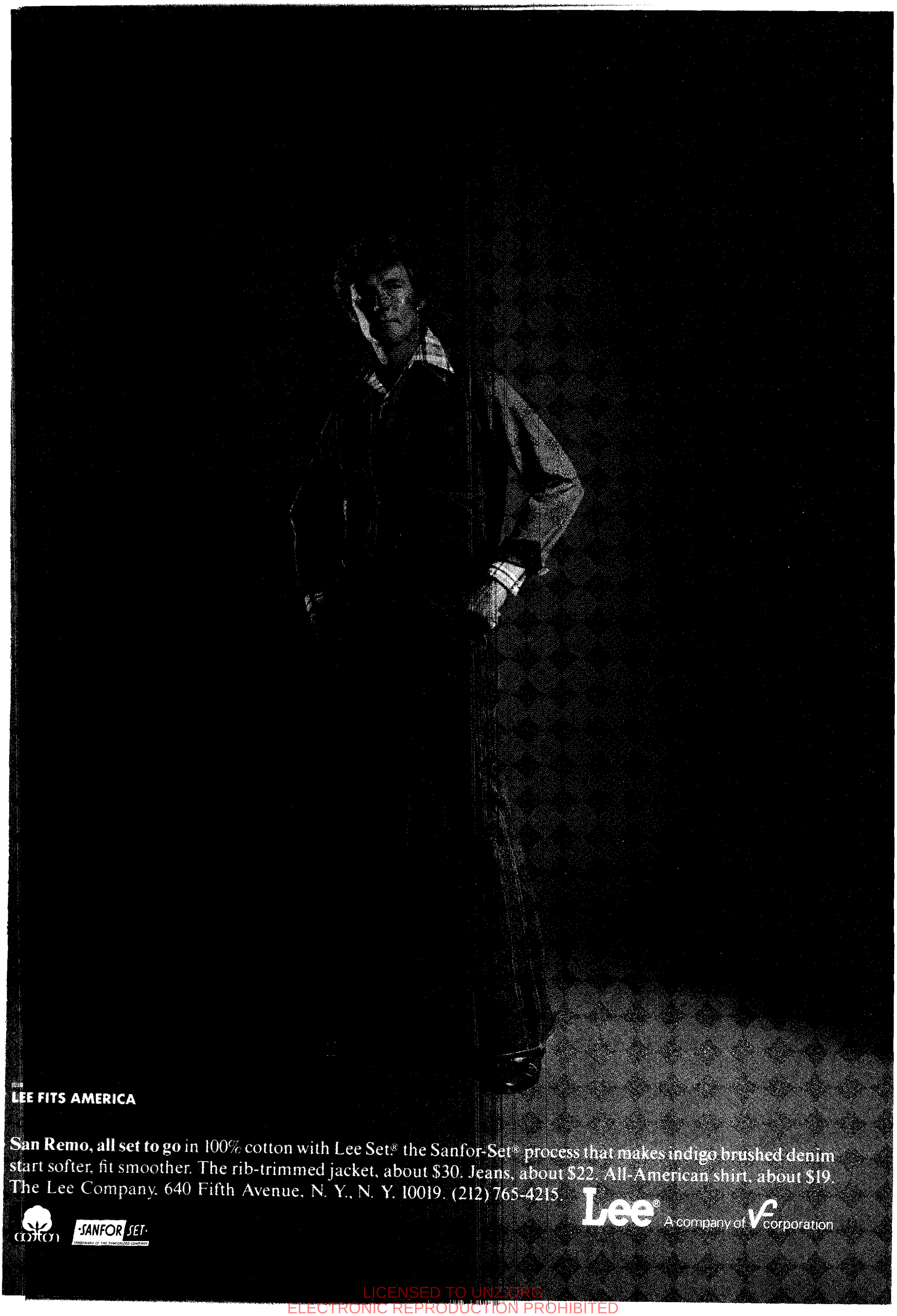
style. Levans went back even further than Balanchine and Ashton, using only steps that would have been known to Petipa.

But the key to Levans' success wasn't in the steps; he doesn't in any of his pieces strive for steps that are in themselves striking. (It is a mistake to identify invention with the appearance of a vivid step.) Levans seems able to look beyond components to the entire wide, variable range of connections between dance phrases and musical ones out of which a ballet is built. He sees the sweep of that kind of continuity, both its immediate gratification and its long-run effect. That is, I *felt* much of the time during "Concert Waltzes" that he saw those things or soon would see them; although the ballet was lively and buoyant, it wasn't consistently clear in its design. The other amazing thing about the piece, besides this grasp of a key principle, was that, for something so traditional, it didn't look derivative—didn't look like Balanchine, or even like Petipa. Maybe it looked like Levans, though he's still experimenting in too many styles for us to tell. Oddly enough, the only work of his I know that does recall someone else's is another piece on the same program—"Canciones Amatorias," to the Granados songs—and it recalls Feld. Levans was (as Levins) a soloist in Feld's first company; he played Arnold, the choreographer in the film "The Turning Point" who seems to have been based on Feld. But I don't think the relation needs to be stressed. Levans has already declared his independence and his promise.

ALTHOUGH Levans has obviously picked up a lot from established choreographers, he may have gained his most crucial perceptions by instinct, before he began to study choreography formally. Access to great ballets is certainly good for the aspiring choreographer, but it doesn't seem to make the difference it should make. Oscar Araiz is an Argentine who works in Canada as resident choreographer for the Royal Winnipeg Ballet. I've no idea how many masterpieces Araiz has seen; from the look of his work, which has been shown here recently both by the Winnipeg and by the Joffrey, I'd say very few. Yet Araiz seems to have grasped the same essential principle that Levans has. In quality of expression, there's no comparing the two. Levans has elegant taste, and Araiz's is naïve and indiscriminate. He's absorbed, too, a lot of the poisonous, phony rhetoric of American modern dance. Apparently, he believes himself to be a dramatist concerned with character and conflict, but his gift is for absolute dance drama, with no connection to psychology. All the pieces of his I've seen are disappointing even when they're not outright failures, because Araiz never makes a move that isn't captioned, and many of the captions are unintelligible. Yet, seen sheerly as dance events timed to musical scores, the same ballets can have unusual scope and power.

Actually, you don't need to adjust your way of looking; the unwaveringly acute rhythm pours right through the text it was designed to support. I'm thinking now of the piece called "Heptagon," which just entered the Joffrey repertory—not the "Romeo and Juliet" that has been there awhile. This "Romeo" doesn't work on any level. Araiz scraps the known story and starts with a troupe of dancers who divide themselves into factions. Hostilities break out, they start putting on costumes, and soon they're identifying themselves with Shakespeare's characters. But the Prokofieff score, which sticks pretty closely to the play's scenario, still isn't given its due. Araiz drops parts of the musical narrative, uses other parts for protracted dance arias, and undermines emotional logic by casting three ballerinas, one after another, in the role of Juliet. (Doesn't this also undermine sanity? Have alter egos ever worked in dance?) What marvellous new sense it is all supposed to make is likely to elude us as the fights and killings pile up in the music, leaving Araiz no choice but to follow the plot just as closely as Lavrovsky and MacMillan and Cranko did in their productions. Araiz can't tell us a better story than Shakespeare and Prokofieff do. Neither can he make us forget that story; it's too much for him, as it would be for anyone else who tried to reduce it to skeletal fragments in the interests of a higher and purer expression.

In his version of "The Rite of Spring," performed here by the Winnipeg, Araiz again did variations on the story that is written into the music, and again the meanings were stuck onto the movements instead of being discharged by them. Not that Araiz should have told Stravinsky's story straight—he's no storyteller at all. I was impatient with the ballet, and yet I couldn't look away from the stage. The



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finale was something I won't forget, though I can't remember what in the scenario called it forth: a girl climbs halfway up a pyramid of bodies, falls back down, tries again, and is still trying with a desperate hunger to reach the top when the lights go out. Though he is not yet forty, Araiz seems set in his ways, and will probably never abandon his chosen idiom. And why should he, when truly dismal failures like "Family Scenes" win him praise? Done for his Argentine company, the ballet misuses Poulenc's Concerto for Two Pianos as a setting for a strained drama about prim people in starched collars. Araiz hears none of the wit and irony in the music. Strangely, it's another Poulenc score, the organ concerto, that gives him his best ballet. Everybody's using that concerto these days; Araiz's use of it in "Heptagon" shows more persuasively than anything else of his I could mention the raw dance power that even a sanctimonious thesis—disciples will turn on their master—can't conceal.

SOMETIMES coincidences occur in the use of a plot or a score that are like unannounced contests. The palm for the worst extant setting of "The Rite" undoubtedly goes to Glen Tetley for his production at Ballet Theatre; it's weak in every way that it can be, save—sometimes—performance. "Heptagon" is superior to José Limón's "The Traitor," with which it shares a plot, and it is far superior to Tetley's "Voluntaries," with which it shares a score. I guess people think Tetley makes dancers look sexy. In his ballets, wearing their inevitable luxe unitards, dancers always seem to be writhing and stretching in a steam bath. Tetley emphasizes turns and extensions and lifts as exposés of the body beautiful. There's never any dance meaning in his sequences; the continuity seems designed to keep dancers narcissistically happy with their reflections in the studio mirror. If ever there was a repertory composed in the isolation of the studio, Tetley's is it; he's the ultimate silkworm. Dancers love the workout his ballets give them, and audiences love to see them working out. But shouldn't there be a little more to a ballet than dancercise? Tetley has no rhythm, either plot-related or music-related; he has no ideas; he hasn't even a sense of the kitsch he's perpetrating in the guise of art. His latest ballet for A.B.T., "Sphinx," enters the repertory with straight-faced program notes on Greek mythology and Cocteau, whose "La Machine In-

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fernale” gives the ballet its semblance of a structure. Well, Cocteau would have known that you’d have to do more with the big stainless-steel playground slide that Rouben Ter-Arutunian provides for the Sphinx’s throne *than just lie on it. Can’t it move?* Can’t those four-story-high wings be portals for entrances and exits? Can’t Martine van Hamel as the Sphinx be a glamorous creature instead of a dull and stuffy dancer working on her routines? And can’t Clark Tippet and Kirk Peterson, who play Oedipus and Anubis (the jackal-headed god of the dead, the program explains), be more than two other dancers using the same studio? The music going on in the background is unbelievably the same Martinů concerto that Paul Taylor used for one of the most exciting sections of “American Genesis.” And Willa Kim’s unitards, decorated with wispy reminders of Noguchi’s Greek bones-and-entrails period, hold whatever theatrical style the piece can claim.

Van Hamel is too large a woman to lift easily or she might have been treated like the women in “Voluntaries,” who get hauled around like dead weights. And the movement—not just the lifts—is peculiarly crotch-happy. The women who spread themselves in midair or on the ground, their partners who can’t seem to put their hands anyplace else—after a quarter hour of these howlers has passed and no sound has arisen but the music’s reverent groan, one starts to think that Tetley may be having us all on. “Voluntaries” is his tribute to John Cranko and is said to be his best ballet. Let those who see in Tetley a vigorous creator decide which is his worst, and let Heaven defend Cranko from his friends. The Joffrey has acquired Cranko’s “Brouillards,” which has been recognized as a signature piece, though only about forty per cent of it is good. Of the nine dances, to Debussy preludes, I like “Bruyère,” “Les Fées,” and “Des Pas sur la Neige,” and I sort of like the title number. The rest I don’t care for, but I won’t fight about it. Choreographers of tomorrow could safely train themselves on anything in this ballet. But what if they go to “Voluntaries” instead? —ARLENE CROCE

•

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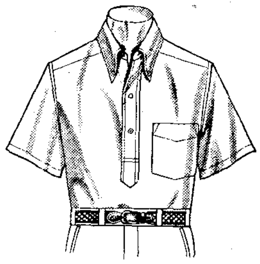

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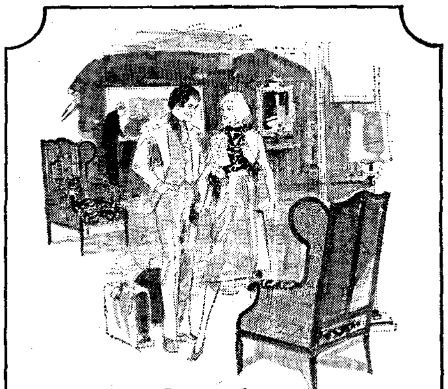

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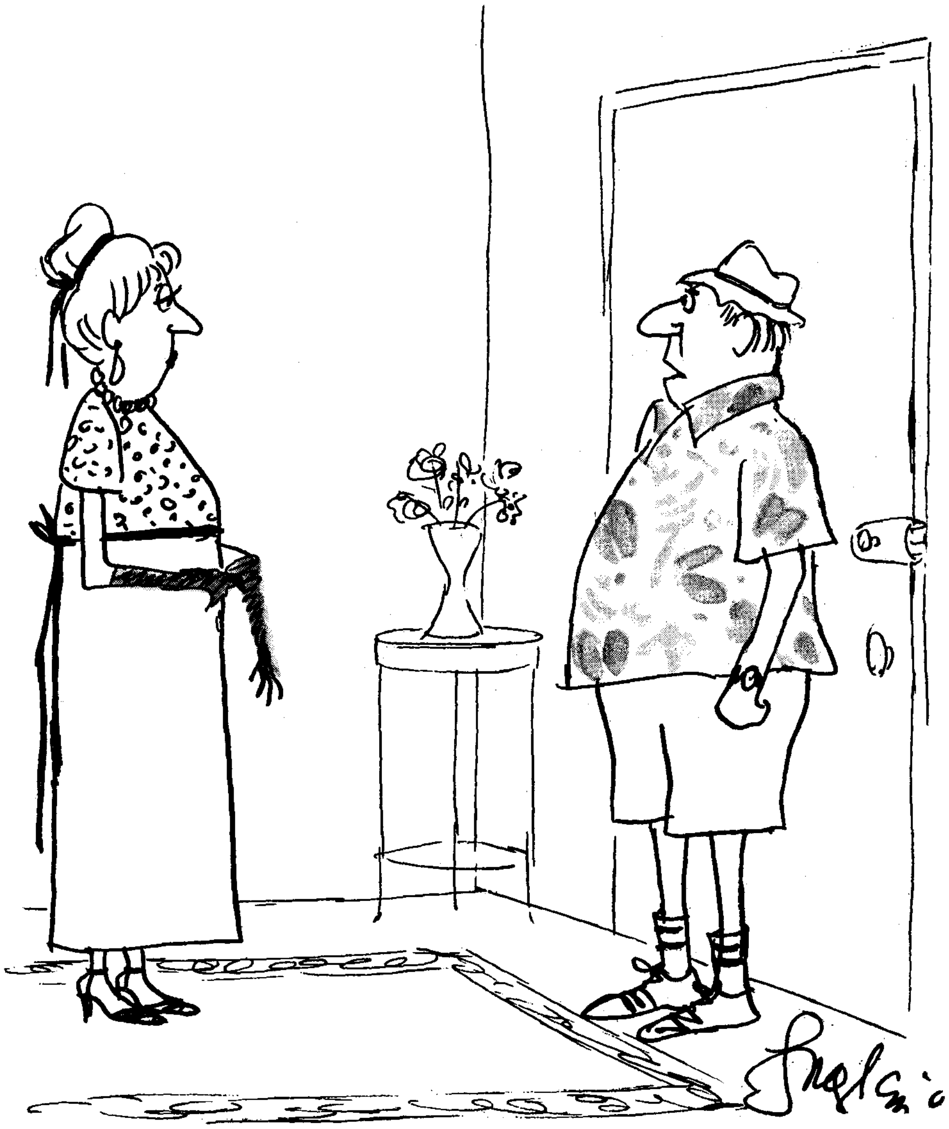
Meg Greenfield, who this year won a Pulitzer Prize for her editorials in the Washington *Post*, recently wrote that she could not recall a time when "interest-group issues and politics . . . dominated events" as they do today. What she meant by "interest group" was something rather different from what President Carter has in mind when he uses the term, as in his populist moods he often does. Discussing tax reform at his news conference last week, he spoke with some bitterness of lobbyists on Capitol Hill who work to preserve "special privileges for people who have them because they are so powerful and so influential now and [have been] in the past." Miss Greenfield's special interests include not only the rich and powerful but many who are anything but rich and whose power, such as it is, lies in numbers and determination rather than in property and entrenched privilege—civil servants, family farmers, coal miners, steelworkers, wage earners strapped by rising Social Security taxes. Their motives, of course, differ little from those of Carter's malefactors of great wealth: they want to keep what they've got and, if possible, get more. But among the interest groups so conspicuously active today are many whose members do not stand to gain or lose by the causes they espouse or oppose. The issues that have recently generated the most political heat and given rise to the most rancorous debate have little to do with anyone's profit or loss or lust for power. Neither the proponents nor the opponents of the Panama Canal treaties, for example, had any financial stake in having them voted up or down in the Senate; partisans on both sides saw the matter as one of high principle, involving differing concepts of honor, justice, pride, responsibility, and patriotism. Arms reduction on a large scale, if it ever comes, would bring distress to defense contractors, but few of those who will undoubtedly oppose a treaty limiting strategic weapons, if one is negotiated this year, can be regarded as spokesmen for or dupes of the munitions-makers; most are people persuaded that the Russians' intent is world conquest and that American security requires military supremacy. Adoption of the equal-rights amendment might in time cut into the profits of those who employ women at substandard wages, but this does little to account for the ferocity of those who are against it, most of whom begin their litany of opposition by saying that they, too, believe in equal pay for equal work. The economic consequences of providing public funds for elective abortions are negligible; indeed, the economy-minded might see such aid as a way of trimming expenses, since it would almost certainly lead to a decrease in the number of welfare recipients. But money and power have little to do with it; those who favor Medicaid assistance see it as a matter of fairness and decency, while those against it see it as a violation of moral and in some cases natural law.

In general, the interest groups that have been proliferating recently and that often seem to be dominating events have as little to do with politics in the traditional sense as they have to do with economic power or the struggle to attain it. Though some groups find natural enemies on the right and others on the left, they tend to be bipartisan, or nonpartisan, and they tend to be more formidable as opponents of specific measures or projects than as supporters. (Exceptions are some of the environmentalist groups, such as Friends of the Earth, Save the Whales, and the like.) Their force and cohesion stem from their concentration on a single issue and the fact that they do not brook division by linking that issue with others. The right-to-life people take no position—though well they might—on arms control, and their adversaries have no common view on deregulation of natural-gas prices or how to combat unemployment and inflation. Those who opposed the treaties with Panama are unlikely to be much concerned with changes in the electoral process or with the plight of the farmers. Although there has never been a time when voters, as individuals, have felt strongly about more than two or three of the dozens of issues on which the major parties, as national coalitions and political brokerage houses, must take a stand, the tendency today is to muster energy and resources for a single, easily defined aim, such as curbing nuclear power, fighting gun control, or rein-



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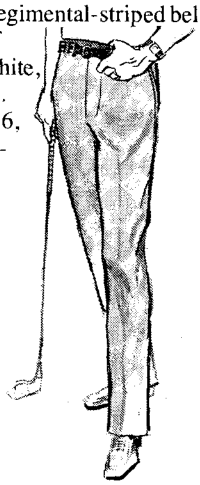

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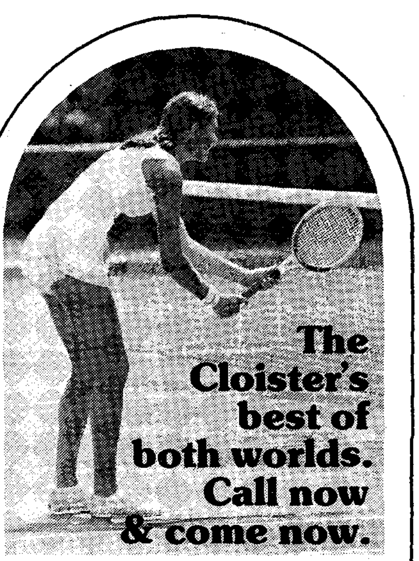
stituting prayer in public schools. Organizations like Americans for Democratic Action, on the left, and the American Conservative Union, on the right—both of which address themselves to a broad range of foreign and domestic problems—are attracting less support than those that focus on a single issue on which passions run high and are undiluted by disagreement over other matters. In 1977, Richard Viguerie, a publicist and entrepreneur of pressure-bloc politics whose position on most questions is similar to that of the Republican Party, and who uses direct-mail solicitation to organize interest groups on a bipartisan, issue-by-issue basis, raised more than three times as much money as the Republican National Committee, and his efforts seem to have been correspondingly rewarded. This is a development of considerable importance, and it helps to explain the peculiar political climate of the last two years. In many ways, the President is both a beneficiary and a victim of the trend toward disintegration of the party system. He won nomination and election in a campaign that appealed to single-issue interests, and now that he must offer a more or less comprehensive and integrated program he is suffering at their hands. To be sure, some of his difficulties in rallying support in Congress are of his own making. He has not mastered the art of persuasion or the techniques of accommodation. Even so, given the kind of majorities the Democrats have in the House and Senate, he should be doing far better than he is, and he surely would be if the ground rules were not changing so rapidly and radically.

The decline of the party system began at least as far back as the thirties, when, under the New Deal, national issues began to supersede local and regional ones, and the central government replaced state and city organizations as dispenser of welfare and patronage. The growth of the central government was unaccompanied by structural changes to nationalize the parties in the way that other institutions were being nationalized. Mass communications advanced the process. Politicians found ways of building personal followings outside and largely independent of the regular organizations; audiences were assembled by radio and television networks rather than by local leaders. Party discipline became increasingly difficult to maintain. Even when they had majorities in Congress, Harry Truman and Dwight Eisenhower could not get the domestic legislation they sought, and John Kennedy's pro-



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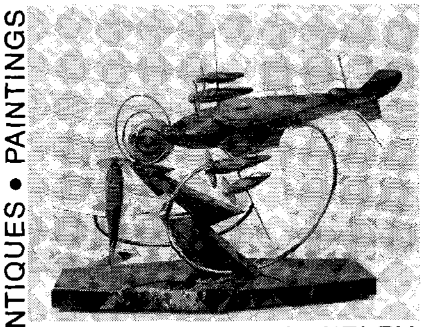

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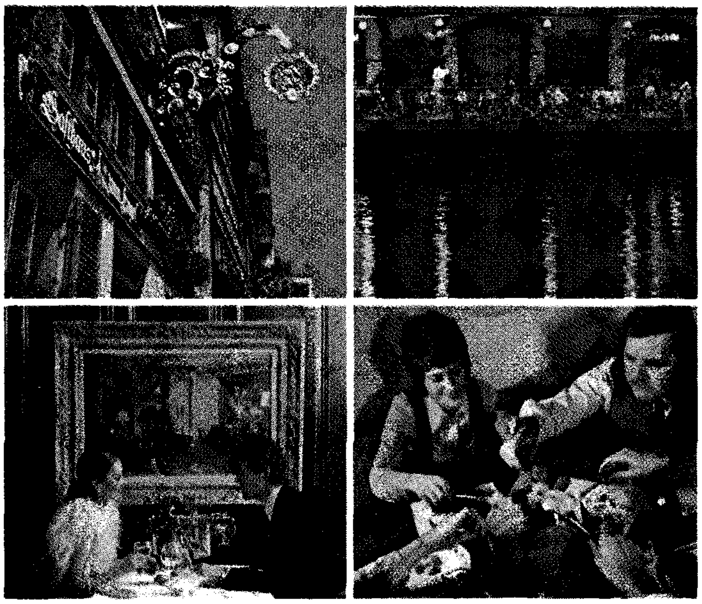

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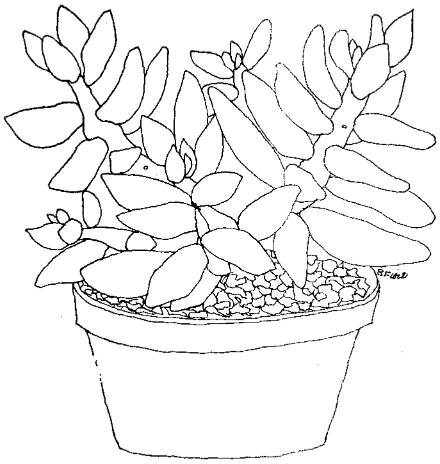
Swissair SWISSAIR Swiss National Tourist Office gram succeeded only after he died and Lyndon Johnson, skilled at accommodation and consensus-building, took charge. Richard Nixon and Gerald Ford never had majorities. Vietnam led to widespread disaffection among Democrats, and Watergate among Republicans. Esteem for both the Presidency and Congress fell sharply, as did that for the parties, which were part of the machinery of deception. Candidates began playing down their party affiliations and, in some cases, deliberately distancing themselves from the organizations, as Carter did in the first part of 1977. (In statewide contests particularly, there is often no hint in the advertising as to which party, if any, the office seeker represents.) Public financing and enforced limits on campaign expenditures, though they promote rectitude and discourage venality, restrict and weaken the parties and almost force a candidate to seek support on an issue-by-issue basis. When the money came in large sums from well-heeled donors, the clubhouses were still effective instruments; they could not organize a movement, but with the necessary funds they could get out the vote. Now other organizations have that function. The civil-rights groups mobilize the black vote. The trade unions, limited in direct contributions, spend the money on political education of their members and in getting them to the polls. Nonpartisan organizations like Common Cause and Public Citizen and the National Rifle Association are in many places more effective than the local parties. And the finance committees, which were never well served by the skills of district leaders, must seek out donors of limited means and inevitably with limited political concerns. The recent Supreme Court decision which holds that corporate contributions to political causes are a right protected by the constitutional guarantee of free speech (this would seem to revive the old controversy over whether



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the corporation is or is not a human entity, with all the rights and responsibilities of an individual) may negate some of the laws on campaign financing, but since the majority opinion went no further than to authorize donations to influence the outcome of public referendums, it seems likely in the short run to encourage the development of single-issue politics.

THE rise of single-issue interest groups is a reflection of the growing complexity of American life and society, and particularly of the frustrations and impatience that this complexity breeds. It is also a measure of a growing sophistication and a heightened sense of political responsibility. It is almost impossible to imagine the long and divisive controversy over the Panama Canal having taken place thirty or forty years ago. Before the students in Panama began to riot fourteen years ago, there were few Americans and few Panamanians who questioned the propriety of our arrangements with the government in Panama City. Our maintenance of the waterway seemed a service to all nations, and our presence in the Canal Zone did not offend our anti-colonialist traditions, we were there not by conquest but by contract. Nor did it seem to offend—at least by comparison with today—the sensibilities of Panamanians, who were not yet caught up in the revolt against imperialism. But by 1964 the grievances the students expressed, if not their means of expression, seemed justified, and American opinion was ready for a generous redress; although the matters under negotiation were well known, there was little opposition to the efforts of the representatives of Presidents Johnson, Nixon, and Ford to conclude a treaty that would give full sovereignty to Panama over all the territories within its boundaries. It was not even an issue in Barry Goldwater's jingoistic campaign for the Presidency in the year negotiations got under way, and it might not have been an issue twelve years later if Ronald Reagan had not stumbled on it in New Hampshire—almost by accident, according to his strategist. But by then we had suffered defeat in Vietnam, and while this was accepted with better grace than had seemed likely a year or two earlier, there were millions who felt that the flag had been dishonored and who would feel further humiliated if we gave ground closer to home and yielded a strategic position that we ourselves had built. (In fact, the unskilled labor force was mostly West Indian. Our contribution

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was in financing, engineering, and defense. But, like the railroads and the interstate highways, it was a product of American enterprise.) At that, the issue may turn out this November to have been more contrived than genuine; it seems unlikely that the voters will punish candidates who are acceptable on bread-and-butter issues merely because of the possibility that certain difficulties will arise in Panama after 1999. It is possible, though, that despair over the ability of government to deal with bread-and-butter issues leads to a preoccupation with contrived ones.

Single-issue politics is a cause of frustration as well as a product of it. It is at least a partial explanation of why an unprecedented number of senior members of both houses of Congress have decided not to seek reëlection this year. Other causes are a desire to collect improved retirement benefits, to avoid the new requirements for disclosure of assets and income, and to make more outside money than is currently allowed. The work load is heavier than it used to be; last year, there were more than seven hundred recorded votes, as against approximately one hundred fifteen years ago. The post-Watergate reforms—many of them brought about by the zeal of Common Cause and other agitators for righteousness—have led to disclosure of political and moral as well as financial assets and liabilities. In the House, vote tellers now record how members vote not only on major bills but on amendments as well; it is no longer possible to conceal with the left hand what has been done by the right. But the most frequent complaint is that the mushrooming of interest groups has made the work of a legislator vastly more exasperating than it was a decade or so ago. No one knows how many of these groups are operating now or how great the recent increase has been—the register of lobbyists has always been an inadequate guide, because many of them do not register and many are only occasionally active—but it has been estimated that in the last few years more than two thousand new lobbies have come into existence. In the field of environment alone, there are hundreds, and merely to understand their complaints and demands requires that politicians develop expertise in the natural sciences and industrial technology. Matters that Congress was never called on to deal with in the past are now high on the agenda. Committees study drug abuse, child abuse, consumer abuse, the rights of women, the rights of the aging, and the rights of coyotes and wolves. It

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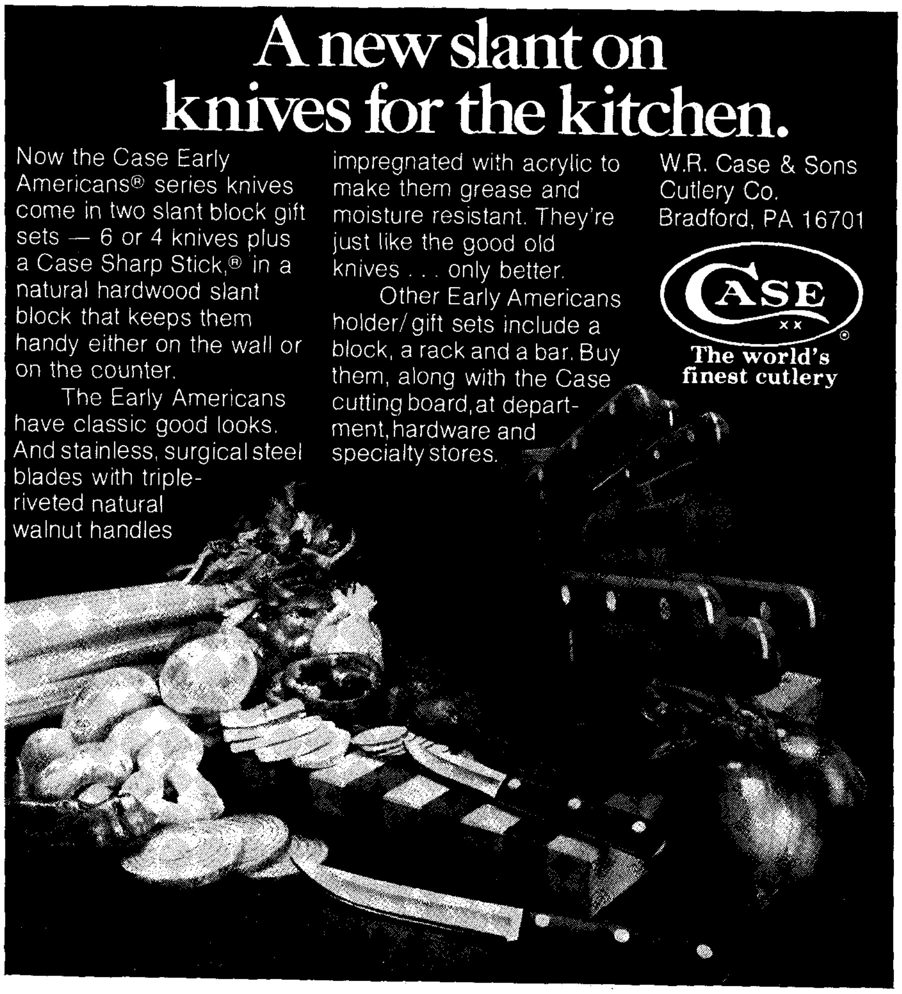

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used to be that lobbyists could be dealt with on a simple, businesslike basis. If the deals they offered were unconscionable, they could be dismissed; if they were acceptable and promising, votes on the floor were bartered for votes at the polls, or the money to produce votes. But money—at least in large amounts from private sources—is no longer legal political tender, and votes must be garnered by appealing to constituencies that have little in common with one another and cannot be effectively organized by party machines.

In some ways, this seems a healthy development. There is a fragmentation of political interest, but most of the issues are genuine, and many of the new lobbies, very few of which are tainted by venality, represent legitimate public interests. The public the politicians deal with is far better educated than the one served when the parties controlled the process and dispensed the largesse that produced discipline, which is useful in an army but of questionable value in a deliberative body. There is no reason that those who make the laws of a nation should not be required to master its problems one at a time. Still, the party system has qualities that are seldom to be found in the interest groups. Henry Fairlie, a student of British institutions who is now examining American ones, has made a useful distinction between parties and movements. Political parties, he has written, produce political leaders; movements at their best produce educators and, sometimes, moral leaders. Parties exist to govern, and the major ones in most democracies are capable of governing; movements serve by influencing governments. Parties are instruments of compromise, which movements, as a rule, despise and consider corrupt—as often it is. Without compromise, though, there would be anarchy, and that is a condition which parties abhor and which, when they are strong and well led, they spare us.

—RICHARD ROVERE

•

The Book Review is now set in cold type by computers, and locally written columns such as this one are typed out on the keyboards of Video Display Terminals, the words produced not by metal, ink and paper but by electronic impulses on a screen. The process makes us all wonderously faster and more efficient. Still, the misspelling of T.S. Matthews's name two weeks ago was a human error. Human beings, you see, remain in charge here.—*Richard R. Lingeman in the Times Book Review.*

We see.

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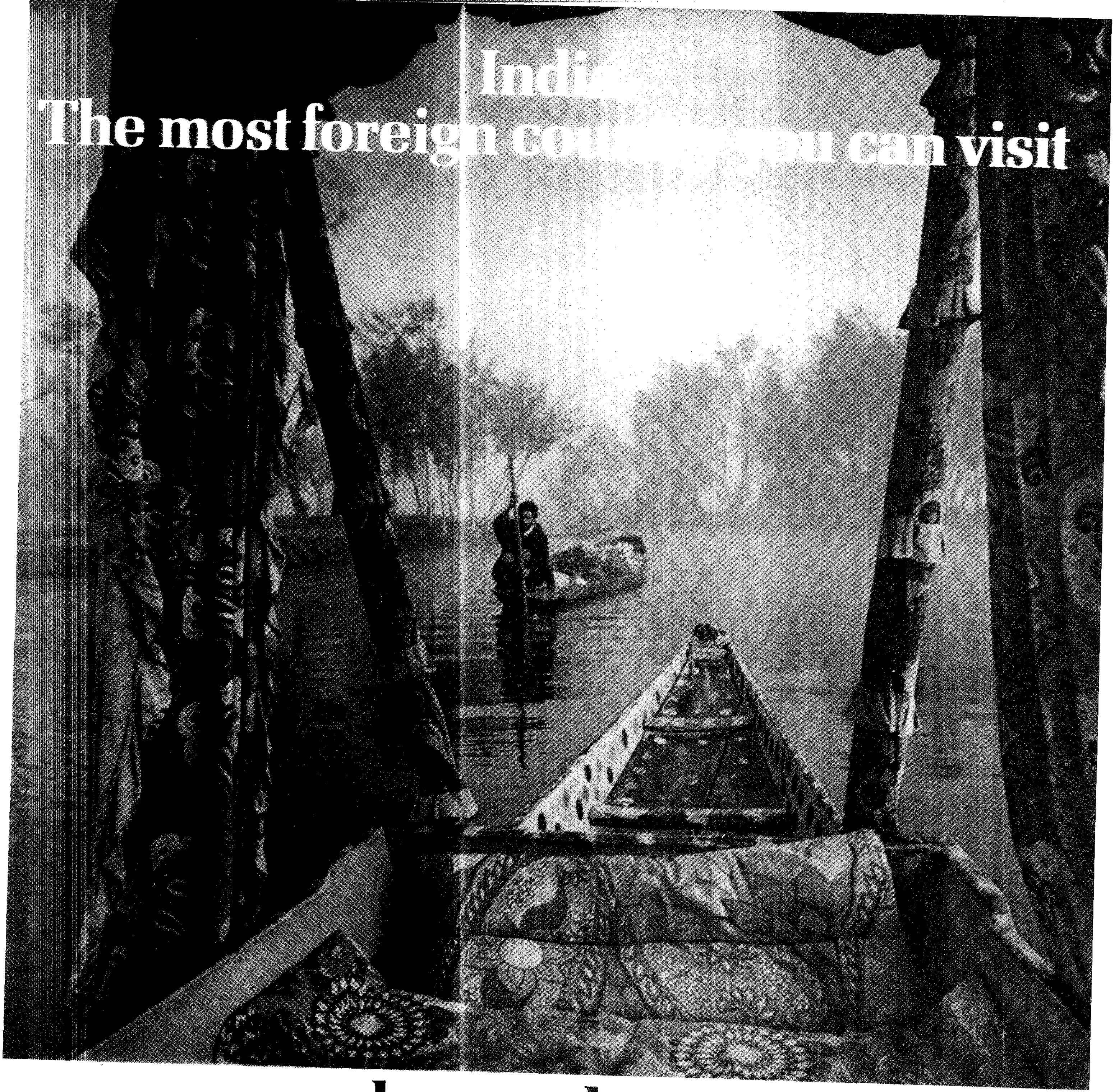

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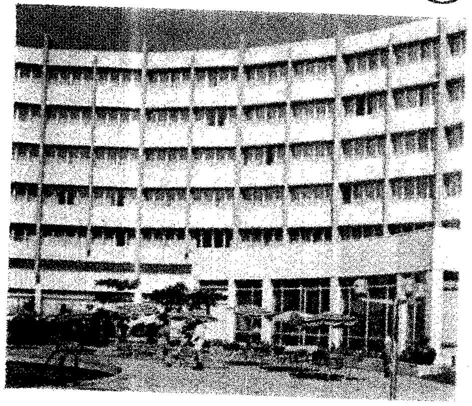

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God's Spies

IT has been from the start a dirty business. The first spies of whom we have record were wormed by Joshua into Jericho. They found a "safe house," as it is called in today's intelligence jargon; it was that of the harlot. The second-oldest espionage tale is that in Book X of the Iliad. It is a sordid episode of penetration and counter-penetration in the night, ending in muffled butchery. Appropriately, the narrative is regarded by scholars as a late addition, a bit of melodrama not by Homer. Yet the fascination of the genre is perennial. Among the first mature American fiction is "The Spy." In it, James Fenimore Cooper lights on a characteristic modern motif: that of the actual or putative double agent. In the context of the American Revolution, with its shared tongue and frequent kinship between adversaries, the ambivalence of the secret agent was present almost by definition. This was again the case during the War Between the States, whose clandestine couriers and intelligence runners embodied in their own persons and murky ventures the rent of divided allegiance.

Incipient duality is the agent's demon. How could it be otherwise? The craft of spying is based on intimacy with the party being spied on. The agent must melt into the enemy city. The code-breaker insinuates his own being into the labyrinthine heart of the encoder. (John Hollander's arch and subtle long poem "Reflections on Espionage" allegorizes the mirror closeness between raveller and unraveller.) Snared in the arcane web of his own "cover," smoked, winkled out of his mask, the intelligencer is often offered the escape of a second treason. He now starts working for his captors while seeming to retain his first loyalty. He has, as the term goes, "been turned."

But further pirouettes can ensue. A double agent may in fact be just that: he may be delivering authentic goods both ways, thus becoming one of the mail drops or nerve synapses that keep even the most bitter of national foes in necessary contact. Often, the two masters, or "controls," know that they are being reciprocally but usefully betrayed. The agent is allowed the naked immunity of no man's land. At other times, only one of the paymasters will know that his man has "turned." (During the Second World War, such knowledge allowed the Allied "spooks" to filter false data into the main arteries of the German counter-intelligence network.) But there are numerous cases in which neither party to mutual deception can ever be certain where the agent's truth or falsehood finally lies. A seeming double—was the young Stalin working equally for the czarist Okhrana and the Bolsheviks; was he selling out more of the one than the other; had he turned back to his first recruiters after betraying them to the second?—burrows irretrievably into the maze of his own occult purposes. Does the spy himself, Joseph Conrad opines in "The Secret Agent," recollect where his loyalties lie?

To this question, which can be made symbolic of the uncertainties of human identity, of those capacities for self-deception and selective forgetting which make men teeter or stumble when they descend the spiral staircase of the inward self, twentieth-century espionage and its fiction give a new answer. Even the treble agent, who sells both his employers to a third bidder, even the most venal and chameleonlike of peepers (spying, "private eyeing," is the art of the voyeur), does have an ultimate adherence. He is, in the nauseous hour before dawn when he waits for the torturer's decorous rap on the door, loyal not to the nation-states or governments that have bought and sold him; he is loyal to his profession, to the cobweb, incessantly torn, incessantly repaired, that knits in a common intimacy of mistrust all agents, all miniature-camera men in unlit filing closets, all calligraphers in invisible ink, whatever the flag under which they ply their trade. No spy ever wants to come in from the cold. His only home is the tundra of his shared craft. His only brotherhood is that of professional esteem as between hunter and hunted.

In British sentiment, this bleak paradox has taken on an obsessive edge. Kim Philby's penetration, on behalf of Soviet intelligence, to very near the top of the British secret service and the related treason of Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean, whose escape to Moscow Philby crafted, grow more haunt-

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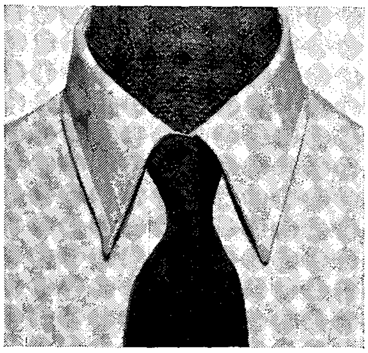

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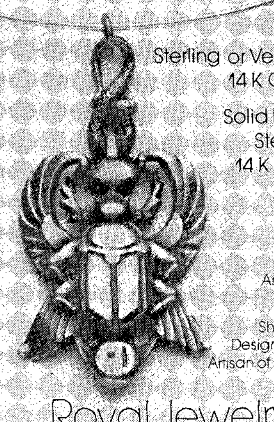

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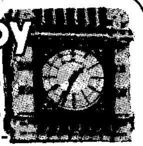

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ing as time passes. Part of the reason is the ruthless effrontery of the coup together with the inefficacy of official response. (Was it worse than that—was there collusion or coverup in even higher places?) In its bumbling ugliness and high cost—United States intelligence has never again found it easy to coordinate fully with its "first cousins"—the Philby disaster has come to represent certain central infirmities of imagination and technique in British public affairs.

But there are deeper grounds for malaise. In their social background and schooling, in their idiom and guise of life, Philby and his minions embodied the genteel caste on whose absolute fidelity, on whose unargued devotion to public service, Britain has based its trust in government through and by an amateur élite. Judas had belonged to the right clubs. Worse than that: he had been on the house committee. The shock of disclosure went to the heart. It induced E. M. Forster to put forward one of the most unsettling of all modern propositions: that a true gentleman and humanist is one who would rather betray his country than his friend (the inference being that the friend also is a "gentleman," that the betrayal of a cad poses no comparable crux). The Philby drama gives a special density—though, in the most recent case, a sentimental overblownness—to the spy novels of John le Carré. It is the topic of Alan Bennett's current play "The Old Country," in which Sir Alec Guinness gives a virtuoso performance as "Philby" in his Moscow repose. And it is, inevitably, the background of Graham Greene's twentieth novel, "The Human Factor" (Simon & Schuster; $9.95), which, one understands, started out, a good many years ago, as a reflection on Philby.

Graham Greene has long been a master of the politics of sadness. In this, he is heir to Conrad, from whom the new novel takes its desolate epigraph: "I only know that he who forms a tie is lost. The germ of corruption has entered into his soul." Maurice Castle (the name points toward both Forster and Kafka) has formed a tie. He loves Sarah, his black wife, and Sam, his black stepson. Their escape from South Africa, from race laws that would have made life together and marriage impossible, was a dangerous contrivance. It could not have been managed without the help of Carson, done obscurely to death in a South African jail, and his anti-apartheid associates, Communists among them. This debt binds Castle

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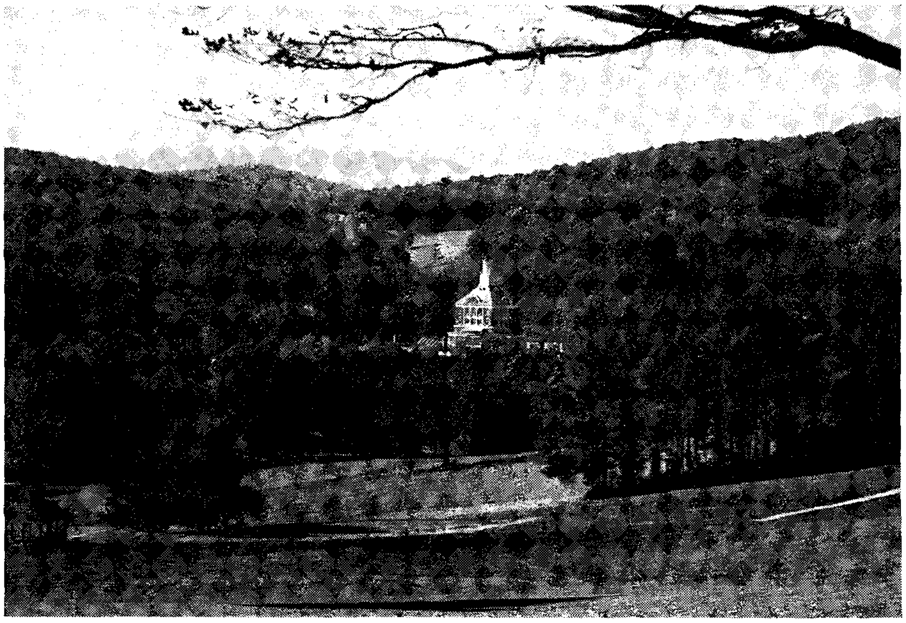
closer to Sarah. He honors it by dishonoring his own trust and office. He is a double.

Castle occupies a mildly senior niche in a dusty dead end of British intelligence. He keeps a sad eye on former African colonies. He detests South African policies and passes to his Soviet contacts whatever information might help to inhibit the spread of apartheid and the further suppression of liberal and left-wing resistance within South Africa itself. When Sarah speaks of "our people," he experiences a momentary at-homeness more immediate, more vital to his graying heart than that of his native Englishness or official function. A leak is detected in Castle's department. Counter-intelligence suspects a "mole"—the word used to designate a traitor in one's secret midst, a burrower from within who is working under the mandate of a foreign espionage organization. The logic of suspicion, casual at first, then mendaciously coherent, points to Davis, Castle's drifty, gently careless second. Colonel Daintry wants solid proof before proceeding, but Dr. Percival, who looks after health problems in "the firm" (the intelligence team), is less sentimental. Davis dies of poison.

Meanwhile, Castle has been ordered to collaborate closely with the very man in the South African secret service who once hounded him and Sarah. Uncle Remus is the code name for one of those anti-subversion, mutual-advantage schemes in which South Africa and the United States pursue their common anti-Red interests. Castle transmits one final dossier of crucial information and, knowing that the sappers are closing in on him, presses the eject button. He is spirited out of England. At the end of the novel, the phone line that had, momentarily, brought Sarah's voice goes dead. We are left to infer that it will be a very cold time indeed before Castle will see her and Sam again. In the limbo of his Moscow flat, he is reading "Robinson Crusoe." How long was the mariner marooned in the solitude of remembrance? "Eight and twenty years, two months and nineteen days . . ." But Moscow is an island more remote.

Throughout, we are in the spare, diminished ambience that Greene has made his own. The note is one of terminality. Castle is sterile. British spies and counter-spies operate from a base of drastically diminished power or relevance. The dreams of Marxism have turned to nightmare or staled to a set of gestures and metaphors as vacant, as corrosive as are those of classic



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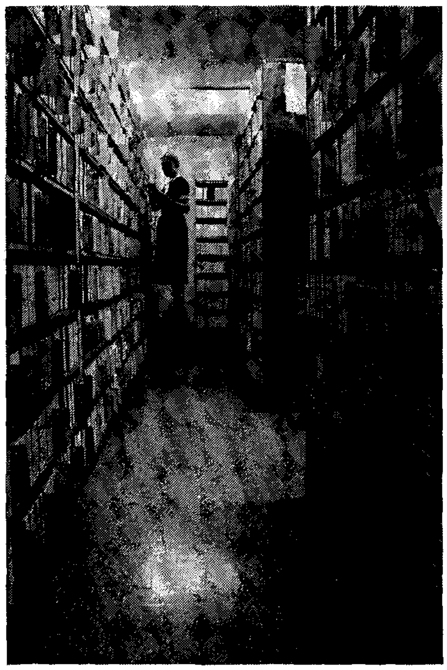

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Western liberalism. (Here Greene is even more disenchanted than le Carré, who has made the "missing center" a constant element of his plots.) What élan there is resides either with the purposeful brutality of BOSS (the South African intelligence agency) or the distant pushiness of American naïveté. In Daintry, the high code of the English gentleman and public servant has withered to ineffectuality. (The one scintillating set piece in the book shows a fumbling Daintry routed at his daughter's déclassé marriage by the hectoring wife from whom he has long been separated.) In Dr. Percival, this same code has decayed to bland murderousness.

Of the faded clubs on St. James's, of the bookstores with their line in erotica, of whiskeyed suburbia, Greene makes images of a whole society wheezing its way toward some faintly nasty future—this vision being already seminal in "Brighton Rock," in 1938. An exchange between Castle and Davis early in the tale voices the low-keyed sardonicism of the entire narrative:

> "What was the most secret information you ever possessed, Castle?"
>
> "I once knew the approximate date of an invasion."
>
> "Normandy?"
>
> "No, no. Only the Azores."

There is mastery in that "approximate."

But although this is a lean, finely governed piece of work, it is not one of Greene's major achievements. The text is replete with self-reference. The reader is asked to flesh out the shorthand of motive and characterization by recalling closely similar episodes, snatches of dialogue, motions of pathos in "Our Man in Havana" and "The Honorary Consul." As often in Greene, the treatment of married love, pivotal to Castle's treason, is fitful. The dialogue between Sarah and Castle goes wooden; their aching intimacy is stated, not realized. It is the rapid vignettes that stand out: Bellamy ("Philby") dropping in on Castle in Moscow.

By far the most interesting motif in "The Human Factor" is Greene's suggestion that both Roman Catholicism and espionage provide an instrument of truth and of solace which neither Protestantism nor secular rationalism (its fated offspring) can match. There must be eavesdropping upon the soul; there must be occult listeners empowered to chastise and console. The agent reporting to his controller and the Catholic kneeling before his confessor are in the same perilous boat. But via

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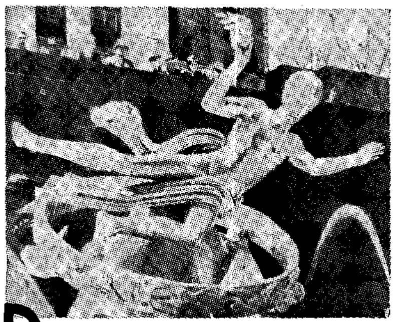

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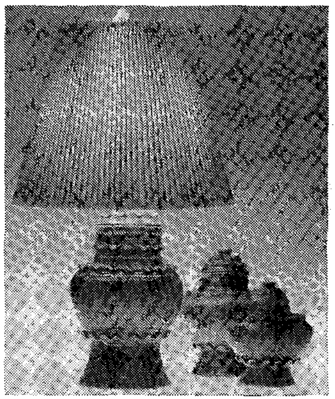

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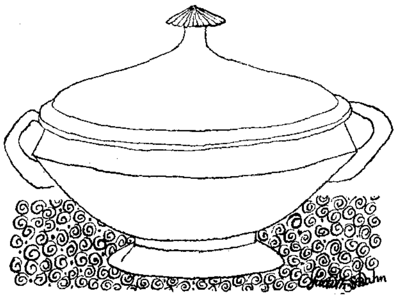
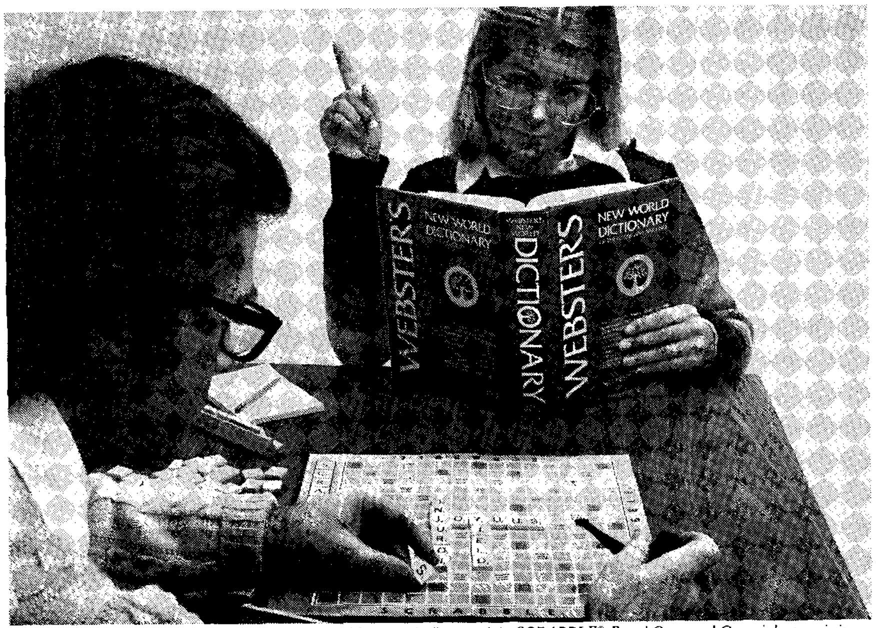
that traverse, with its stripping of the spirit, with its acquiescence in penitential labors, lies solidarity. Greene enforces the parallel. Castle once saw a genuine priest, a ministering servant of God in the Soweto shanties, and knows that there are human faces to Communism, too—that some last truth in the Communist vision has survived Prague and Budapest even as Catholicism has survived the Borgias. And in the crucial scene in the book, a scene written in explicit recall of Greene's finest work, "The Power and the Glory," Castle, who has no church, seeks to purloin the comforts of the confessional. Like Kierkegaard, Greene knows that the loneliest of men is he who has no secret—or, more exactly, who has no one to whom to betray a secret. Thus there is a bizarre communion in all treason, and a theology echoed in Lear's mysterious admonition to Cordelia: let us be "God's spies" and sing like the birds in their cage.

The notion has its sombre spell, as do those fantasies of clandestine identity with which so many of us shore up our daydreams. It is poor Davis who lets the cat out of the bag: "What a damn silly profession ours is" (wherein "profession" carries, as always in Greene, the pull of its etymological roots). But it is just this realization that Greene, le Carré, and their swarming tribe evade. There are devices rumored to be capable of detecting the heat from a tank exhaust at seventy thousand feet. Investigative journalism and the now universal ethos of gossip flood the newsstands with top-security information. Popular magazines have diagrams on how to assemble nuclear bombs. Is there anything genuinely new or decisive in the stuff spies peddle to their clients? Did Joshua need four hooded eyes to tell him that Jericho had walls and that its denizens would not welcome invasion? It may be that the whole espionage industry has become a fatuous game, a homicidal hopscotch in a house of mirrors.

"I wish all the lies were unnecessary," Castle confides to Boris, his Soviet control. "And I wish we were on





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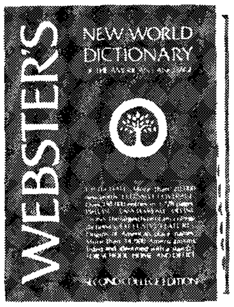

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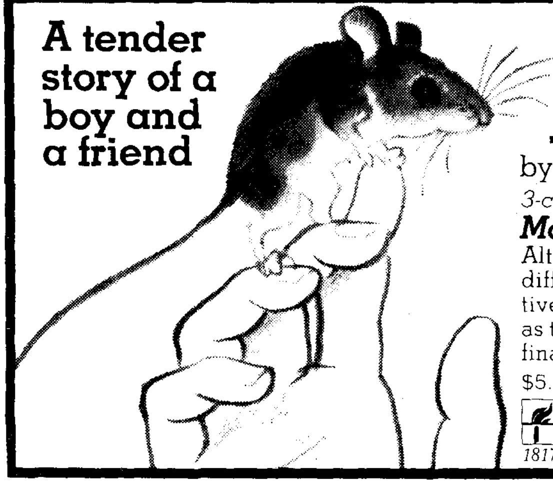

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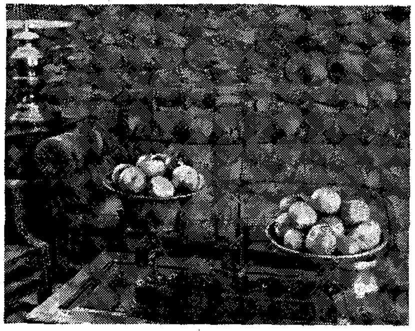

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the same side." Perhaps we are, and perhaps Mr. Greene is whispering to us that it is, nonetheless, the losing side. Confiteor. —GEORGE STEINER

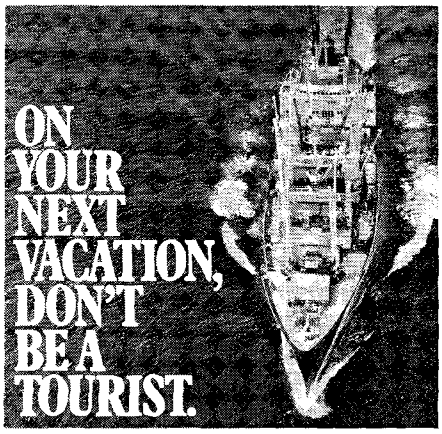
BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE WORLD ACCORDING TO GARP, by John Irving (Dutton; $10.95). An impressive, if dizzyingly uneven, novel about love, writing, sex, originality, children, fidelity, sex roles, prep-school life, publishing, memory, the suburbs, and the power of the imagination. This is an incomplete list. Like his central character, T. S. Garp, a writer who is the illegitimate child of a rich, independent-minded New England heiress, Mr. Irving possesses an "excessive," and even "baroque," vision. Garp's mother is not merely independent; she becomes the world's most famous feminist and a *cause célèbre* for her publicly stated aversion to sex. A great deal of the book is about the fragility of life. Mr. Irving writes movingly about the absoluteness of death, but to illustrate his point scores of characters die violently and dozens are melodramatically (and unconvincingly) maimed. Garp is a mostly unsuccessful novelist, and to show us why he's such a failure the author unflinchingly serves up whole chapters of Garp's "bad" works. This is daring, and sometimes funny, but too often it is more than a little boring. On the other hand, Mr. Irving can make one laugh at almost anything (including boredom), and even his most minor characters (a stuttering English teacher, a lascivious young rich girl, a nasty dog) are impossible to forget.

GENERAL

CHATEAUBRIAND: A BIOGRAPHY. VOLUME I: THE LONGED-FOR TEMPESTS, 1768-93, by George Painter (Knopf; $15). The successful biographer of Proust has undertaken a life of Chateaubriand, which makes perfect sense, since both men, in their respective eras, revolutionized French prose. This is the first of three volumes, and though Chateaubriand has published only a few verses at its close, Mr. Painter has persuaded us that his own work is going to be magnificent. We see here the evolution of a Romantic personality—a youngster at crisscross with the world, longing for solitude and yearning for love; tim-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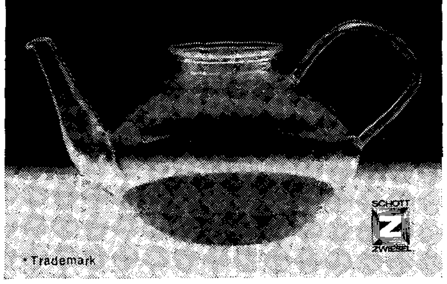

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id in company and daring in exploration; critical of ideas and quixotically joining the émigré counter-revolution, in which he disbelieves, when he ceases to believe in the French Revolution. Mr. Painter makes everything real—late-eighteenth-century Brittany, where Chateaubriand grew up; the not very impressive literary circle to which he gained entry in Paris; the French peacetime army; the North American wilderness through which he roved; and the half-baked royalist forces in which he learned defeat.

Two Cheers for Capitalism, by Irving Kristol (Basic Books; $10). This collection of essays composed between 1970 and 1977 is a mixture of common sense and exasperation. Sometimes the latter gets out of hand, but for the most part Mr. Kristol is admirably lucid as he argues that the historical association of capitalism and personal liberty is not fortuitous, and that if we Americans wish to remain free we must maintain an economy with a flourishing private sector, especially one that makes plenty of room for small and medium-sized firms. (He is less approving of large corporations.) Much of Mr. Kristol's annoyance is directed at his own "neo-conservative" team—at the assorted failures of the business community, and at the failure of the Republican Party to devise a program for a conservative welfare state.

A History of Rhodesia, by Robert Blake (Knopf; $15). How, one wonders, can the biographer of Disraeli profitably turn to this sorry subject? Yet Mr. Blake pulls it off in this definitive account, which moves us into unfamiliar terrain, takes us through several eras, and records the doings of two races. The British conquest of Rhodesia is a failed epic: there is nobody to root for, and blacks and whites alike take turns being brutal, disingenuous, and (what epic figures dare not be) ridiculous. Mr. Blake shows a movement toward liberalism after the Second World War, but the beginnings of a bi-racial society were blighted by the intransigence of black nationalists, who wanted more, and of radical racist whites, who wanted to give less. The author has interviewed many participants in the ups and downs of these years, and he offers us shrewd summings-up of British and Rhodesian politicians. Along the way—and so subtly that the reader is scarcely aware of it—he shows us

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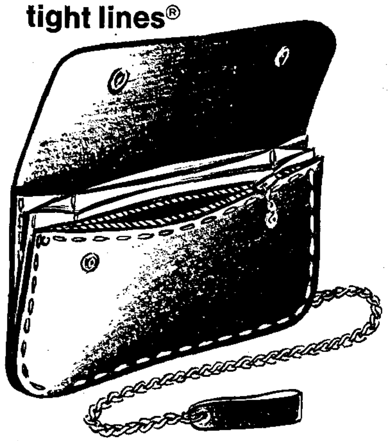

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the land itself, with its natural wealth and its natural beauties that *make it (alas!) worth fighting over.*

THE PLEASURE GARDEN, by Anne Scott-James, with drawings by Osbert Lancaster (Gambit; $7.95). Eighteen essays that trace the fashionable contractions and expansions of the English garden from the snug enclosure (to keep a threatening nature out), to the open park (to let a now tamed nature in), and back to the enclosure (to keep the neighbors out), in the form of the urban patio. They are a delight, and an illumination, to read. Miss Scott-James (who is also Mrs. Lancaster) is both a bright and lively writer (as when she suggests that the parterre "looked best from above and was rather like a decorated ceiling upside down") and a thoughtful one: "Lovers of nature are curiously reluctant to admit that a completely natural garden is a contradiction in terms." Mr. Lancaster's drawings are also doubly rewarding, being characteristic examples of his comic art and functionally illustrative as well.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

VICTIM OF THE AURORA, by Thomas Keneally (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $7.95). The scene is the winter quarters of the New British South Polar Expedition on McMurdo Sound, and the time is 1910. The period, with its rigid (if hypocritical) code of gentlemanly behavior, is crucial, for the plot that Mr. Keneally has put together requires that most of the officers of the expedition have incidents in their past (adultery!) that render them vulnerable to a blackmailer in their midst, and when the blackmailer is killed the roster of possible murderers is a lively one. It is also the period—and Mr. Keneally's ability to recall it in all its innocence and decency and honor strictly guarded—that gives this book its strength and character. It *is* strong, it does have character, and it is altogether an admirable accomplishment.

•

Through co-operative efforts of three fire departments the home of Mike Lewis, who lives near Harbin's Store in the State Line neighborhood, was almost completely destroyed Saturday afternoon. —*Lewisville (Ark.) Lafayette County Democrat.*

When the laddies see those bright parabolas of hose water thrusting into the sky, there's no containing them.

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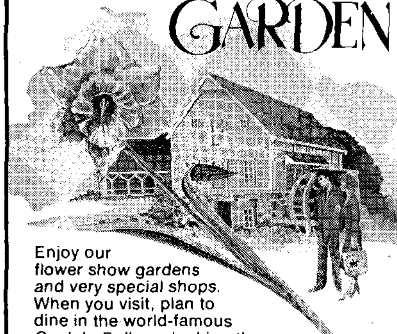

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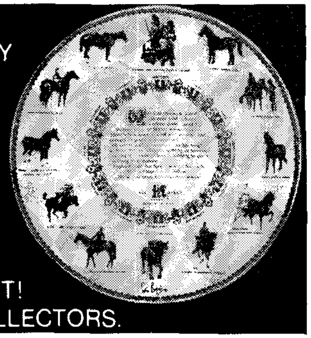

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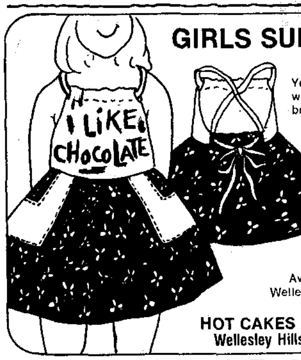

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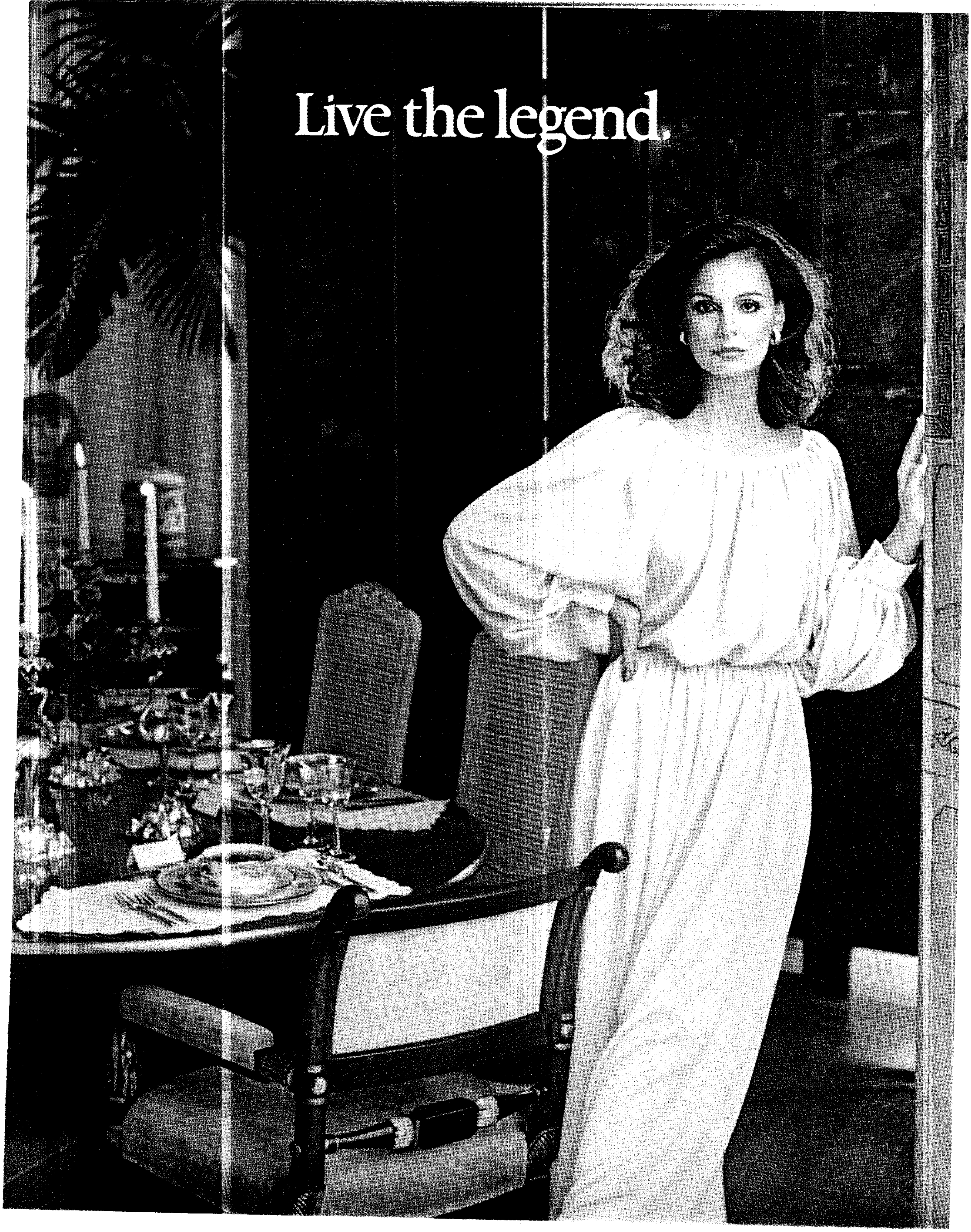
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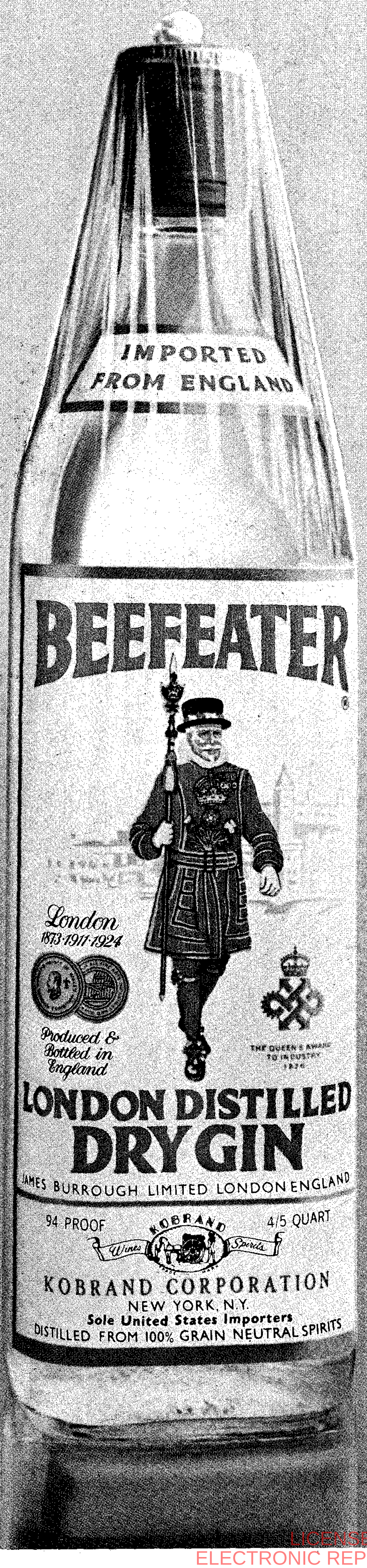
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